

July 22, 1959

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



HOW TO ARRANGE FLOWERS — pages 29-35

"Bathing Beauty"



Susan Munsie, 2½, of Lewisham, N.S.W., is the youngest competitor ever to compete in the Railway Eisteddfod. With the confidence of a veteran, Susan sang and danced her way through two solo routines. "Practice can be tiring" says Mrs. Munsie, "but a Dettol bath quickly refreshes her". A little Dettol in the bath is so pleasantly relaxing and refreshing. Try it yourself for all-over freshness!



"Dettol is an old trusted friend to me", says Dorothy McCulloch, fashion commentator. "Besides making my bath most refreshing, I protect my throat with a Dettol gargle". A few drops of Dettol in water brings cool comfort and helps protect against infection.



Smart girls use Dettol for personal reasons. Fragrant Dettol is gentle to use—harmless to everything but germs—and an excellent deodorant. That's why so many women use it for personal hygiene... it keeps the skin delightfully clean, fresh and sweet.



First Aid? ... first Dettol! You'll invariably find a bottle of Dettol in the First Aid Kit. Gentle Dettol assists in promoting fast healing and helps to guard against the risk of septic infection. Keep Dettol in your home ready to kill germs and help heal the wound. No other antiseptic is so effective yet so safe.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does... (ask him)... use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning... in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential... in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)... in the room from which sickness may spread... to disinfect linen and crockery. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic... a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4688WW, G.P.O. Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 1850, G.P.O. Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 469P, G.P.O. Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O. Perth: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O. Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

JULY 22, 1959

Vol. 27, No. 7

Our cover

● The overseas model is as delicately beautiful as some of the blooms used in the special feature, "How To Arrange Flowers," in this issue. She combines the new "fragile" look in make-up with a semi-bouffant hairstyle.

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The Weekly Round

● Miss Margaret O'Brien, who gives the expert advice in our "How to Arrange Flowers" feature (pages 29 to 35), was until recently a full-time lecturer in horticulture at New Zealand's Massey Agricultural College.

MISS O'BRIEN has travelled New Zealand on flower-arrangement lecture tours and has addressed hundreds of women's clubs and organisations.

In 1957 she toured Great Britain, Europe, and the United States, furthering her knowledge of horticulture.

She is now in London.

MRS. D. DE WARREN, of Inverell, N.S.W., has written asking if the flower motif in the title of Pat Flower's books was first a coincidence, and then kept as "a sort of trade-mark?"

Our fiction department says that Mrs. Flower, author of our serial "Goodbye, Sweet William," has chosen a flower title for each of the four mysteries she has written.

Her noted artist husband, Cedric Flower, who is illustrating the serial, is a keen gardener.

When Mrs. Flower sent the manuscript of "Goodbye, Sweet William" to the publisher, Cedric planted a bed of Sweet William under the window of the room where Pat had written the book at their home at Darling Point, N.S.W.

Just as the book was reaching the bookstalls the small plants flowered.

THREE of the five new ultra-modern hotels built in Rome to accommodate visitors for the 1960 Olympics are owned and run by nuns.

Don Kelleher, who wrote the special Olympics feature on pages 8 and 9, told us:

"New guests at these hotels have been surprised to be greeted by a nun who has emerged from an office marked 'Direzione' and turned out to be the manager."

NEXT WEEK

● Curves are back, and bosom, waist, and hips are in their natural places in the Paris spring collections. A superb eight-page color section in our next issue shows how Paris has restored femininity to spring fashions.

It's beautiful and it's beautifully made: What I like best about my Parker "51" though is its personality. I've never had a pen so individual before. Ten years from now I shall still be writing with it and every time I use it I shall remember that my Parker "51" was one of the nicest presents I was ever given.

Parker "51" Rolled Gold Cap Pen: 177/6.
Pencil: 102/8.; Ballpoint: 90/-
Parker "51" Lustraloy Cap Pen: 135/-
Pencil: 61/3.; Ballpoint: 55/-
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Parker Lady: 48/3.; Parker Slimfold: 48/3.
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QUEENSLAND'S OWN FLOWER

● The purple-toned Cooktown Orchid, which easily topped the popularity poll for a Queensland floral emblem, has been growing for 50 years in coastal gardens and bushhouses.

BOTANICALLY named *Dendrobium bigibbum*, the orchid is indigenous to Queensland. Though the poinsettia has for many years been the State's unofficial emblem, it is of Mexican origin and was transplanted to Australia.

When the State Premier, Mr. Nicklin, announced Cabinet approval of the poll choice, nurserymen and florists were rushed with orders.

Already partygoers of the younger set are wearing Cooktown Orchid bouquets. The flower's delicate pastel shades suit many backgrounds and it does not wilt easily.

Horticulturists believe that it will be grown in most home gardens and that a competitive cult will develop, resulting in an improvement of the species.

However, the flower is protected under the Native Plants Protection Act and may not be taken from Crown or leasehold lands; only freehold property owners may give away plants.

The Cooktown Orchid was first collected about 1851 by a Dr. Thompson on Mount Adolphus, a small island nine miles north-east of Cape York.

Dr. Thompson's plants were sent to Loddiges' Nursery, near London, where they flowered and were named *Dendrobium bigibbum* by world orchid authority Dr. J. Lindley in 1852.

In 1880 Mr. R. Fitzgerald, an Australian authority on orchids, saw some specimens flowering in the garden of Captain Broomfield in the Sydney suburb of Balmain. He thought they were a new species and called them *Dendrobium phalaenopsis*. This name is sometimes incorrectly applied to the *Dendrobium bigibbum*.

The Cooktown Orchid is an epiphytic plant—that is, it grows on trees or rocks. Its fine, microscopic seeds are blown into bark or rock crevices, where they take root and grow—slowly at first.

They feed on air, moisture, dust, and leaves which blow into the clumps of flowers and decay.

Though they need plenty of sun and moisture, the orchids make attractive pot-plants. They flower mostly in autumn and need little attention during winter, when they are dormant.

Secretary of the Queensland Orchid Society, Mr. P. K. Searle, says that the best plants are grown from seed and transplanted during warm weather—about October. Cut-flowers keep well.

The size and color of flowers vary and there are many hybrids.

After the Cooktown Orchid, the plants nominated for a State emblem, in order of voting, were: red silky oak, poinsettia, wattle, red bottle-brush, umbrella tree, hibiscus, wheel of fire, poinciana, and bauhinia.



THE COOKTOWN ORCHID is shown here by 13-year-old Annette Archer in this picture taken by Mrs. Reg Gill on a cane farm at Mourilyan, North Queensland. Hundreds of teachers report that the State's new emblem is popular with children — because it is easy to draw.

EXCITING NEW CONTEST

How to Enter

THIS WEEK . . .

Cut out the questionnaire on this page.

Cut out the contest coupon on the page opposite.

Cut out the plan on this page and keep for reference.

Fill in both the questionnaire and the contest coupon.

HOLD THESE till the contest ends.

EACH WEEK for the five weeks of the contest . . .

Cut out the questionnaire, the plan (if one is printed), and the contest coupon, where indicated. Fill in and hold.

At END of CONTEST

Pin together the five questionnaires.

Pin together the five contest coupons, with the list of 32 features you will find in the final week of the contest. This list will have its own coupon to be filled in.

Your total entry will consist of the full set of questionnaires and the full set of contest coupons.

When the contest closes, send your total entry to "Home Unit Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney," to reach there by 5 p.m. on Aug. 24.

CONDITIONS

1. An entry for The Australian Women's Weekly Home Unit Contest will comprise five completed questionnaires as published in five different issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, together with five completed contest coupons as published in the same five issues, and a completed contest coupon as published with a list of 32 features in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly published in the last week of the contest.

2. Entries must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and be posted, with the proper value of postage stamps affixed, through the mail addressed to "Home Unit Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney," and be delivered in that box before contest closing time.

3. The contest closing time is 5 p.m. on August 24, 1959.

4. You can send as many entries as you wish, but each must comprise the complete set of contest coupons and questionnaires.

5. Entries containing alterations will not be accepted. Entrants should work out their answers on separate sheets of paper before finally filling in their answers, which MUST be on the forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly.

6. Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., Lend Lease Corporation Ltd., and Civil and Civic Contractors Pty. Ltd. are not eligible to enter. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

7. Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries delivered after the closing time, will be disqualified.

8. All entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. on receipt.

9. The judges will use their best endeavors to see that every eligible entry is properly considered. The accidental omission to consider any entry and/or any error by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. or its employees shall not invalidate the competition or give rise to any rights in any competitor to take proceedings against that company or any employee of it at law or in equity on any account whatsoever.

10. The result as published in The Australian Women's Weekly shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part agree as a condition of entry to accept such result as final and binding.

11. No correspondence will be entered into or any interview granted.

12. It is a basic condition of the ending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements relating thereto (whether mentioned in the conditions or to be implied) and that every entry and agreement or transaction entered into or payment made by or under it shall not be attended by or give rise to any legal relationship, rights, duties, or consequences whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation, but all such arrangements are binding in honor only.

● Would you like to own a modern harborside home worth £7500? This is the wonderful prize in the contest we present this week.

THE £7500 home is a new 2-bedroom home unit at Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting the contest in conjunction with Lend Lease Corporation, Ltd., which has provided the home unit as the prize.

Lend Lease Corporation will pay all legal costs and expenses (including stamp duty) to transfer the ownership of the prize home unit to the winner of the contest.

Our entertaining contest will spread over five weeks, beginning today.

We will publish over the next five weeks a total of 32 home-unit features which are not easily attainable in a separate, individual home.

Each week—beginning today on the opposite page—we will publish a group of these features.

You are asked to cut out these group lists and save them, after numbering the features in each group in what you consider is their order of importance to the home-buyer.

In the last week of the contest we will re-publish a list of the whole 32 features, and you will be asked also to pick from the total list the ten you consider most important.

After the contest closes a panel of housing and

building authorities will record their preferences.

The competitor whose entry agrees with, or is nearest to, their choice will win the home unit.

In the event of a tie, competitors will take part in an elimination contest by choosing the ten next most important features from the remainder.

All the family can join in this competition.

Our Home Unit Survey

AS well as the contest, we are also conducting a survey on the needs and preferences of home-owners and would-be home-owners.

The purpose of this is to find out what types of home units will best be suited to an expanding, home-hungry population.

We feel our readers will give a lot of earnest thought to this survey, which will have a tremendous influence on the type and standard of home units available for large and small families.

Contests we have conducted

in the past have shown that our readers co-operate enthusiastically in any project requiring practical ideas.

THE FIVE COMPLETED SURVEY QUESTIONNAIRES MUST ACCOMPANY YOUR SET OF CONTEST COUPONS WHEN YOU SEND THEM IN.

The questionnaires will be separated from the contest entries when judging commences, and will be treated as confidential.

Computing will be done by I.B.M. on electronic machines, including the new £20,000 data processing machine.

CUT OUT AND KEEP

At NO EXTRA COST, I would prefer:

1 The elimination of the separate dining-room, enlarge lounge-room.	YES . .	NO . . .
2 Kitchen, not bedrooms, to face north.	YES . .	NO . . .
3 A gas stove in place of an electric stove.	YES . .	NO . . .
4 Unit to be on a higher floor.	YES . .	NO . . .
5 Smaller bedrooms and a larger lounge.	YES . .	NO . . .
6 A single-bowl stainless-steel sink in kitchen.	YES . .	NO . . .

QUESTIONNAIRE

● This week, for our survey, we show you the plan of a sample home unit (below).

FEATURES include:

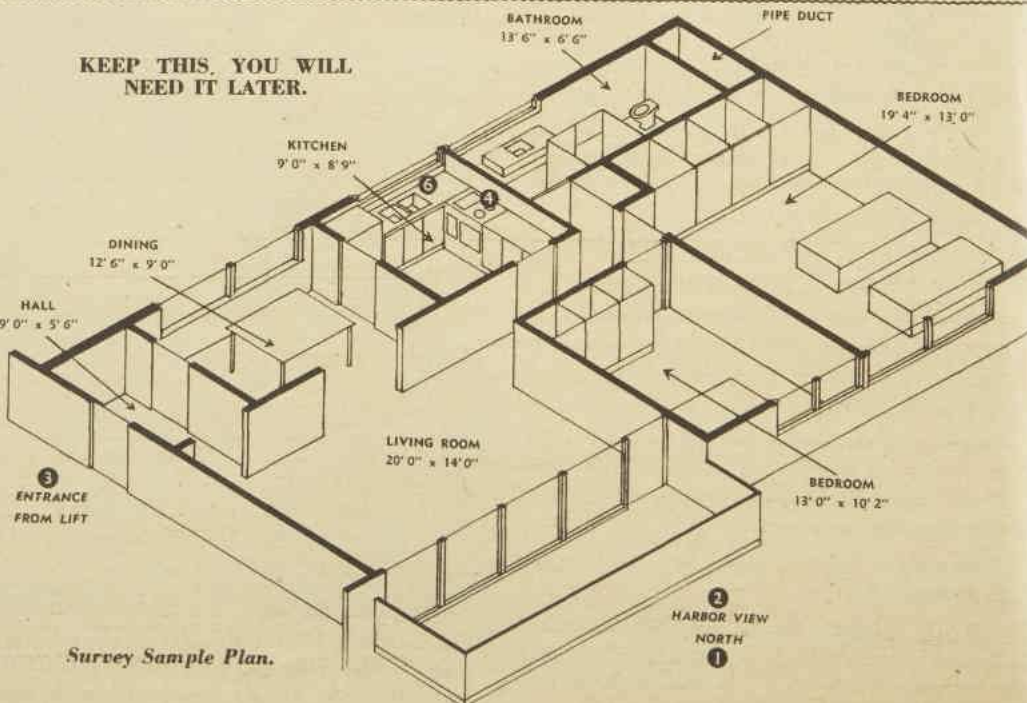
1. Faces north (lounge-room, bedrooms).
2. Harbor view.
3. Fourth floor in block of eight storeys.
4. An electric stove.
5. Well-equipped communal laundry on ground floor.
6. Double-bowl stainless-steel sink.

This week and in the Questionnaire Form next week we ask your advice on some suggested changes which could be made to this home-unit plan.

Now think over the questionnaire carefully, studying the plan at the same time.

Indicate your preferences by placing a tick against the "Yes" or "No" in the appropriate squares.

KEEP THIS. YOU WILL NEED IT LATER.



WIN A £7500 HOME UNIT

• The whole family can have their say in this fascinating competition

THESE are some details of the magnificent home unit which is the first prize in The Australian Women's Weekly Home Unit Contest.

It is a two-bedroom, luxury unit in Ithaca Gardens, a modern 10-storey building at Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, now nearing completion.

Built by Civil and Civic Contractors, one of Sydney's leading construction firms, the building is only five minutes

from the heart of Sydney, yet away from the noise and bustle of traffic.

It is an attractive location, and this, allied with the outstanding design of the building — created by a leading architect, Mr. Harry Seidler — has made Ithaca Gardens one of Sydney's most sought-after buildings.

The unit prizewinner will be impressed by the well-appointed entrance lobby, entered by way of a unique, protective canopy.

Two high-speed automatic

lifts are available for occupants.

Every time Mr. and Mrs. Contest-winner enter their unit they will appreciate the functional layout; there is a hall, furnished with full-height cupboards; the L-shaped living-dining-room, 20ft. 10in. by 15ft. 9in., has a huge window, nearly 16ft. by 6ft., along one side. From the living-room, glass doors open on to a covered, recessed balcony.

There is a large master bedroom, sited for the attractive view, 11ft. 9in. by 15ft. 4in.; a second bedroom is 14ft. 1in. by 8ft. 6in.

Every facility for comfortable, labor-saving living is incorporated. On the roof are up-to-the-minute laundries with automatic washing-machines and dryers.

The kitchen is equipped with plenty of built-in cupboards, tiled splash-backs, a stainless-steel sink, and a dining bar under the window.

The 10-storey building is going up at the rate of a floor a fortnight.

If you win our Home Unit Contest you can live in the prize or let it.

The Home Unit Contest is presented by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with Lend Lease Corporation, a company specialising in financing building projects.

The Corporation recently opened Australia's first Home Unit Display Centre on the ground floor of Caltex House, Kent Street, Sydney.

The Centre was established to help home buyers — and lookers — who have been attracted by the advantages of the unit system to see, in the one area, what units are available.

A series of information boards, hinged similarly to the leaves of a book, shows pictures of unit buildings, with floor plans and full details of price, location, and finish. These are arranged in suburbs.

Scale models and a large wall map of Sydney and environs, showing precise locations of various unit buildings, tell prospective buyers everything they want to know.

Unit buyers don't have to go from agent to agent.

When they have decided which unit or units would interest them, the Centre staff arrange inspection through one of the leading real estate agents associated with the Centre.

Contestants are invited to visit the Centre to see details of home units which may help them with their entries.

The Home Unit Display Centre is open until 8.00 p.m. each evening, from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Saturdays, and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. on Sundays.



LUXURIOUS Ithaca Gardens, the building in which the £7500 prize is located. The front is in cream brick, with balcony fronts in lin. wire-cast glass. There are 10 storeys. The prize unit, No. 23, is one of four on the second floor.

CUT OUT AND KEEP

CONTEST

NOTE: Read carefully all details of our contest, set out on this page and the page opposite, before you begin to decide your answers.

- During the five weeks of the contest we will publish, in all, 32 features of home units.
- This week we present the first group of seven features.
- Carefully think over the merits of each one, then
- Number the seven features in what you consider their order of importance, 1-7, the figure 1 representing the most important feature.

1 Cheaper fares and less travelling time due to closeness to city.

2 Expensive locations made possible through sharing of cost.

3 Latest stoves, taps, door, window, and electrical fittings, as vendor can select best available at economic rate.

4 Garaging in your own building area.

5 Generous supply of power points.

6 "Built-in" incinerators and garbage disposal.

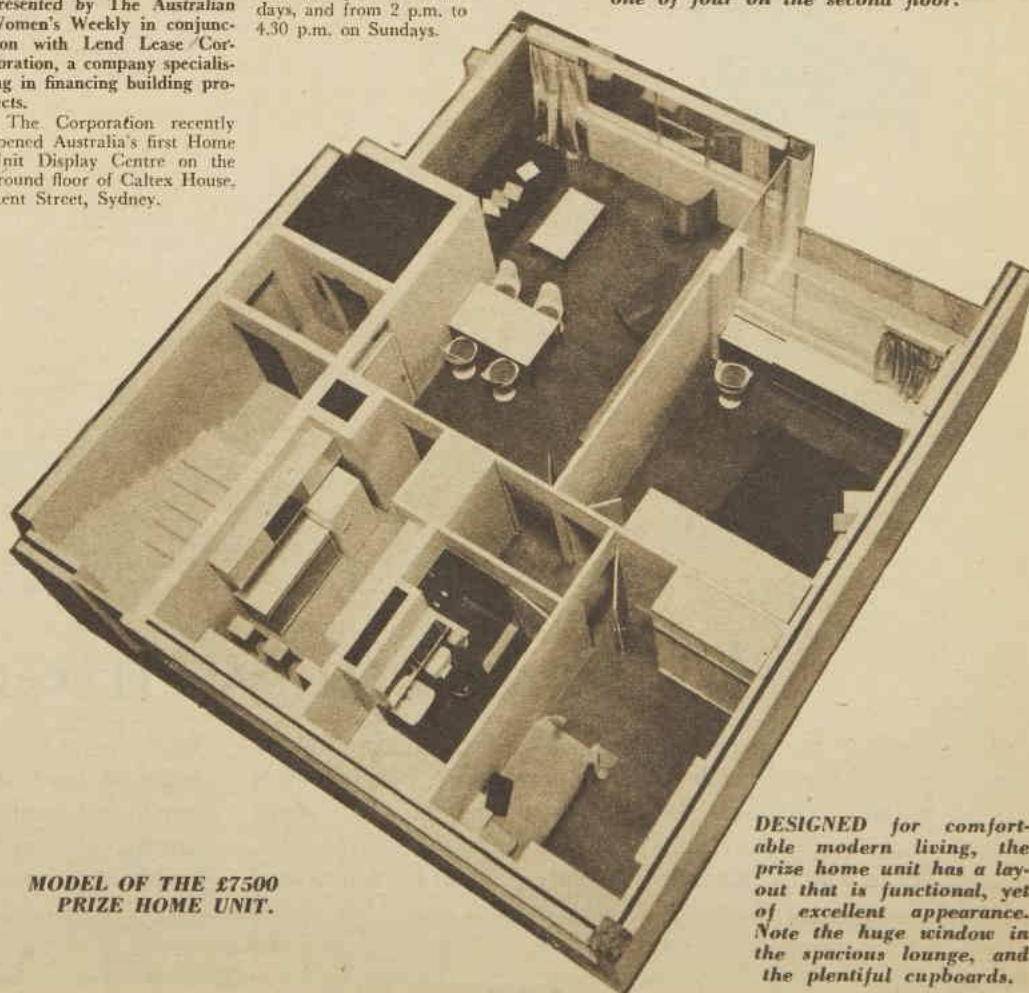
7 High standard durable plumbing and sewerage.

Competitor's name and address
(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

NAME

ADDRESS

MODEL OF THE £7500
PRIZE HOME UNIT.



DESIGNED for comfortable modern living, the prize home unit has a layout that is functional, yet of excellent appearance. Note the huge window in the spacious lounge, and the plentiful cupboards.



For warm winter nights

Nothing caresses you with the same blissful warmth as wool. Slip beneath wool blankets and a cosy cloud of weightless warmth surrounds you, inviting deep, gentle sleep. . . . Only wool provides blankets so soft, so light, yet so warmly piled. . . . Only glamour-fashioned wool

keeps its luxurious texture, and wonderful warmth through years of hard wear and countless washings. This year you'll find quality wool blankets in quiet pastels, lovely checks, and vibrant colours — mothproofed, of course. For healthy, as well as warm, winter nights. . . .

... **WOOL**'s a natural

If you meet Alexandra...

● *Princess Alexandra once said: "I don't like the very formal part of Royal engagements. If it's all very pompous I always want to laugh. It's so difficult to keep a straight face." And officials arranging her Australian tour immediately sat up and took notice.*

THEY are making a real effort to learn by the mistakes of past Royal tours and to make this one as informal as possible.

This doesn't mean, of course, that etiquette won't be just as important on this tour as it has been in the past.

If you're lucky enough to receive an invitation to one of the Royal functions for young people there are certain points of etiquette you must learn pat — though, on the whole, your own good manners will tell you what to do.

Naturally the Princess will be more at ease and more interested in meeting people of her own age. Therefore there will be functions almost exclusively for young people.

Of course, there will be the usual official welcomes and State receptions. Of course, Would it be a Royal tour without them?

Informality

However, there will also be young people's dances, luncheons, garden parties, even a Youth Concert in the Brisbane City Hall and a football match at the Melbourne Cricket Ground.

These are not going to be the usual stiff functions with protocol rigidly observed.

Ballots are being used for the first time in compiling

many of the guest lists—in the hope that this will prevent string-pulling and doubling-up on invitations.

Here are some etiquette pointers to follow if you are given the chance to attend any of these functions.

● Put yourself in the Princess' place — act naturally and don't gawk and stare in tongue-tied silence.

● When presented in the receiving line, shake hands and say: "How do you do, Your Royal Highness."

Women keep their gloves on when shaking hands.

● Very important: when shaking hands, don't wring hers.

Naturally, you're thrilled to be there, but don't forget that several hundred handshakes every day will get tiring.

● If you can sweep to the floor in a stunning curtsy, do so, but a graceful little bob is quite all right.

● Men bow slightly — unless they want to go all Continental and bend double.

● After first greeting the Princess as Her Royal Highness, from then on you call her "Ma'am" (pronounced Man).

Etiquette books state firmly that Royalty must always initiate and conclude any conversation.

However, Mr. Cumming, Director-General of this tour, said: "You needn't necessarily wait for the Princess to start the conversation."

"The Princess is interested in meeting and hearing about you — just as you are about her."

One excellent idea for the Canberra luncheon the Prime Minister and Dame Pattie Menzies will give for local young people was that everyone should wear a name tag. This is guaranteed to provide a talking-point, anyway.

Away with fuss

At this luncheon, and also at the one for women undergraduates at Sydney University, the Princess will probably mingle with and meet the guests without all the usual fuss and protocol.

It isn't strictly correct to smoke or hold a drink in her presence, but if she comes up to your group don't back away to deposit the drink or the cigarette out of sight.

Mr. Cumming stressed that no one would be barred because of not having suitable clothes.

For daytime functions on the itinerary, simple dresses or suits would be the ideal choice for girls.

Although the Princess loves to go hatless, she wears hats on official occasions—and it would be good manners for Australian girls to do so too.

Gloves, either wrist- or elbow-length, should be worn.

And make sure you don't clank with costume jewellery.



PRETTY ROYAL VISITOR Princess Alexandra hates pompous formality and hopes her Australian tour will be as casual as possible. This doesn't mean, however, there should be any less care taken in observing etiquette.

Men will wear lounge suit, crisp shirt, and a quiet tie. Hats won't be necessary.

For dances and balls most of the girls will wear floor-length dresses and long white gloves.

However, girls aren't expected to buy new dresses they can't really afford, and a short dress will be quite acceptable.

Similarly, some of the young men will wear tails, others dinner-suits.

Australians have a reputation for informality. Even a Royal tour here can be informal, not a gruelling endurance test for a pretty young Princess.

This 22-year-old is of Royal blood, but she's human and full of fun, too.

She has charming manners too

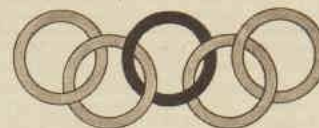


ALEXANDRA gave an example of her own charming manners when she recently opened a new Merchant Seamen's Home in Kent. These pictures show her meeting 97-year-old Mr. Andrew Barton, the home's oldest inmate, and giving him spontaneously a button-hole bloom from her bouquet.



The Olympics

● *No people in the world love lavish spectacle as much as the Romans, and the organisers of the 1960 Rome Olympics are confidently planning to give the world its greatest Olympics in a setting as impressive and historic as the Games themselves.*



WHEN some Australian Olympic officials inspected the Rome venues with me recently I heard some pretty significant sighs of envy.

For though Melbourne turned on a most successful XVI Olympics in 1956, it — like other modern cities — must suffer in comparison.

It's mainly because where these cities must start their Games preparations virtually from the scratch mark, Rome was already past the winning-post with existing venues packed with atmosphere.

The marathon, for instance, will begin at the Campidoglio (Town Hall), cover part of the old Appian Way, over which Roman legions once marched. And it will end at the Arch of Constantine, sited on the very edge of the ruins of the famous Roman Forum and across the road from the Coliseum.

The gymnasts will show off their prowess in the third century A.D. Baths of Caracalla, while wrestlers will perform within the precincts of the Roman Forum itself in the Basilica of Maxentius.

Apart from its historic richness in settings, Rome was also given a good head start by the fallen dictator Mussolini.

When he found, his ego growing with his political successes, he decided Rome and Italy should possess the finest sports arenas in the world.

He ordered his planners and designers to work. They produced the Foro Italico centre that clings to the northern edge of Rome under the beautiful cypress-covered Monte Mario.

It is here that the world will focus its attention during most of next year's Games.

*From
DON KELLEHER,
in Rome*

In this northern section are the marble Olympic Stadium, the marble Olympic swimming-pool (now nearing completion), an indoor pool for training, and an outdoor running track surrounded by 60 10ft-high marble statues of athletes.

Just across the Tiber are more athletic venues, includ-

ing the circular and modernistic Palazetto dello Sport (Little Palace of Sport), built by designer Antonio Nervi as a try-out for the full-sized version now going up in the E.U.R. Olympic centre on the city's southern outskirts.

Rising behind the Palazetto's dome is the edge of the Olympic Village, where some 8000 athletes will live, and from it all the Foro Italico centres are in walking distance.

To the south, 12 miles away, is the E.U.R. centre where most other Olympic events will be staged—though yachting is to be held on the Bay of Naples, and rowing on Lake Albano, 16 miles outside Rome's southern wall and overlooked by Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's summer home.

CONI (Italian Olympic Committee) is not the only outfit spending two or three fortunes—their tab will come to about £A25,000,000 — on Games facilities.

A good excuse

Government departments, using the excuse of the Games to make much-needed improvements in public amenities, are building a new international airport to replace the present Ciampino, new roads and highways, bridges, viaducts, and hotels.

Five new hotels, in ultra-modern styling, have already been completed in Rome.

And just where is all the money coming from for CONI to stage these Games, the best in the modern series of Olympics?

Considering Italy is relatively poor, CONI is happily well supplied with ready cash.

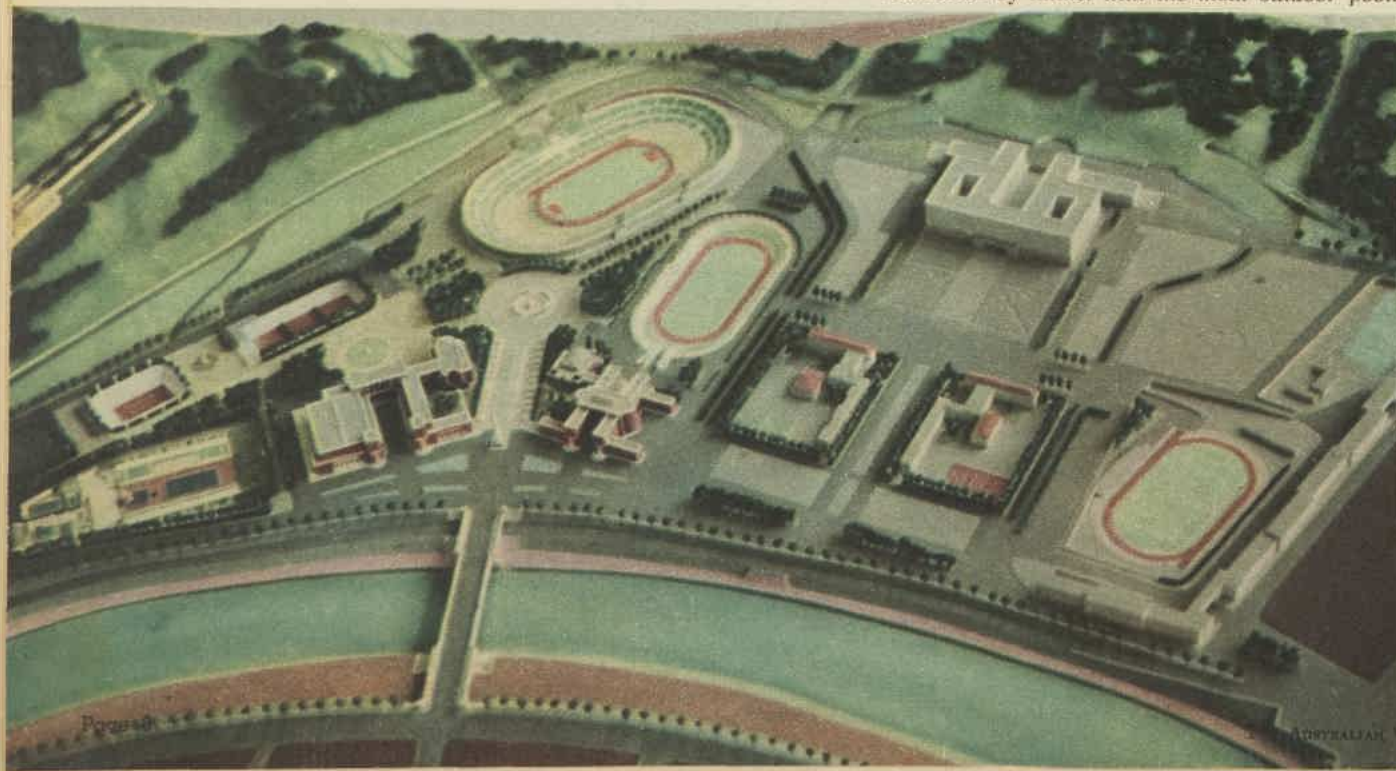
Each week an estimated £A50,000 pours into the coffers as the profit from the football pools operated and financed by CONI.

So enormous has been the assistance given the Games bank balance by the pools income that at one stage during my tour of the venues my guide stopped, stared at the gleaming stadium irreverently: "Whoever invented football pools should be a saint."

Overleaf: Olympic accommodation mix-up.

A MODEL of the Foro Italico shows how compact Rome's venues are. Centre top is the Main Stadium, with the Stadium of Marble training track nudging one side.

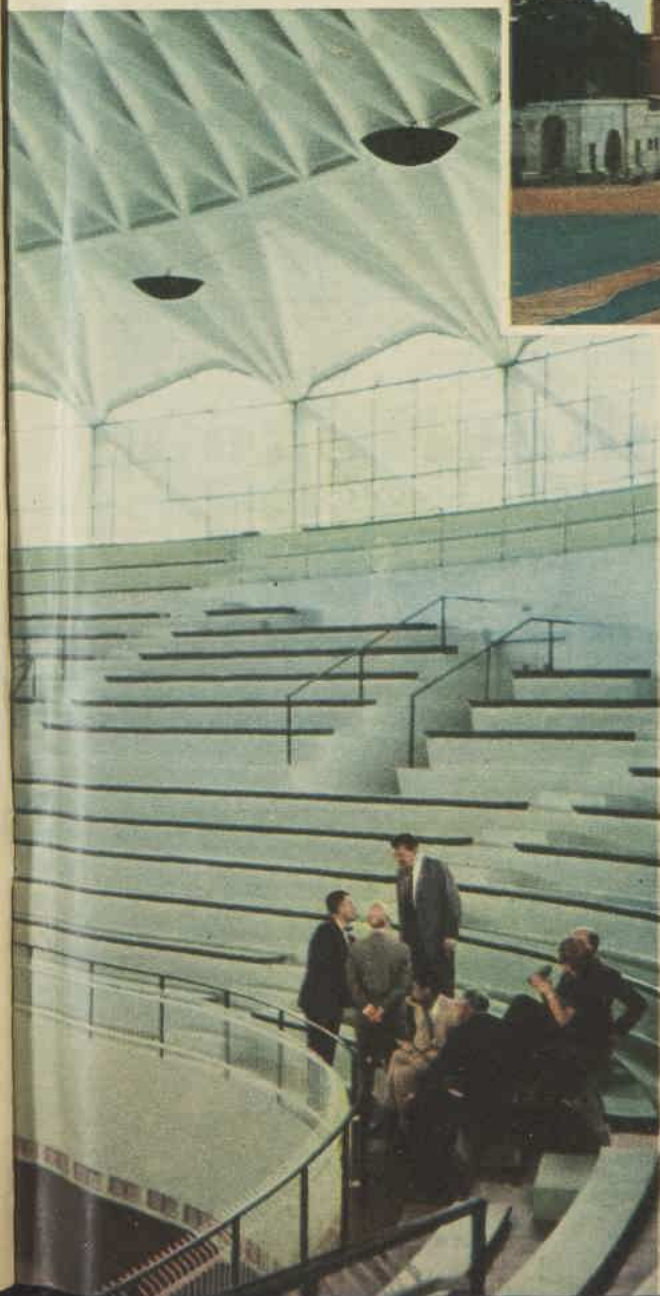
THE OLYMPIC ATMOSPHERE is captured as two young Italian swimmers relax under one of the gigantic murals decorating the indoor pool at the Foro Italico. This pool, to be used for training, is connected by tunnel with the main outdoor pool.



... As the Romans do it



THE MODERN. The airy structure (above) is not a grounded flying saucer, despite its appearance. It's Rome's Little Palace of Sport, which holds 5000 people. It was built as a pilot-scheme for the full-sized Palace of Sport in the E.U.R. centre. Part of its unusual and striking interior is pictured below.



THE CLASSICAL. In this magnificent setting athletes will train for Rome Olympics. It is the amazing Stadium of Marble, which will seat 20,000 on its marble terraces. Surrounded by sixty 10ft.-high statues of athletes, it is connected with the Main Stadium by tunnel.



**OLYMPIC VIL-
LAGE** takes shape
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suburb. Here 8000
athletes will stay in
4000 flats, which
will later house
State employees.



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Where's the WETTEX!

New fabrics break the old rules

By famous U.S. dressmaker
LUCILLE RIVERS

● The wide range of so-called "miracle" fabrics available today gives tremendous scope for imaginative and creative dressmaking.

NOT too many years ago style dictated that certain fabrics must be used with certain types of dresses.

And you were guilty of bad taste if you didn't follow the rules.

But now that there is a variety of new fabrics, new interlinings, and new interfacing, all kinds of exciting things are being done.

The synthetics and blends of synthetics with cottons, silks, and wools have created textures not previously available.

No longer must the shirtwaist dress be made only from linen. Now the traditional

shirtwaist is being made in laces, brocades, chiffon, organdie, lace — anything the wearer desires.

You can make a shirtwaist dress "strictly tailored" or soften it with dirdl skirt or a soft collar.

The same is true of suits. They can be made in a variety of fabrics for a variety of uses.

In America businesswomen have adopted the suit almost as a uniform. Once made on'y in tweeds or gabardines, the suit is now made in lace, satin, chiffon, woollens — any fabric to suit the occasion.

One successful suit is made of black chiffon mounted on white organdie.

Often the tailored suit can be made with a "dressy" top, so that with the jacket off it becomes a cocktail dress.

The suit is made of fine wool, with the top of the dress in lace chiffon or a beautiful print.

Combinations of fabrics are being used today by imaginative designers that would never have been attempted years ago.

One suit I saw recently had a wool tweed skirt with a linen top, the linen picking up a tone in the tweed. The jacket had linen lapels and collar.



LUCILLE RIVERS, famous dressmaking expert. Imagination goes a long way in dressmaking just as in any other creative activity, she says.

One of the most successful evening coats I have seen this year is made from upholstery fabric, manufactured for slipcovers.

Another imaginative creation that caught my eye was an evening dress of cotton denim trimmed in black lace.

Some pattern styles require a certain definite texture. For example, a bouffant skirt needs a crisp-textured fabric to give it shape.

Formerly taffeta was used almost exclusively in bouffant skirts, but now with vilene

interfacing you can put a fabric over it.

Shirr it up and you get the crispness you need. You achieve the "feeling" bouffant with any other fabric.

A few styles require specific "hand" of a fabric. Soft-draped dresses, particularly draped in the bodice, are coming in strong. You achieve this effect with jersey, chiffon, and crepe fabrics.

Experiment with the range of new fabrics to achieve a range of new effects. You will have more fun and get better results.

Olympic Games accommodation

Rome makes it tough

● Australians who want to attend the 1960 Olympics in Rome will need much more than a little bit of luck, and much, much more than a modest bank balance.

ROME'S Olympic powers-that-be have decreed that anyone lucky enough to be granted accommodation must pay in advance for the full period of the Games — whether they want to be there for the entire 18 days or not.

A leading travel agency conservatively estimates that the 18 days — including entrance tickets to a good selection of the Games' events — would cost one person £253 with first-class accommodation, and £203 with second-class.

And even for Australians prepared to buy themselves this rich treat, the prospects are rather dim.

Since last year travel agents have been registering hundreds of travellers so that they'd be right up among the leaders when the Rome authorities

allocated Australia's share of the accommodation.

Now the agents have been informed from Rome that no official allotment of hotel beds has been — or will be — made for Australia. ALL applications for accommodation — by agencies or individual travellers — must be sent direct to the Ufficio Alloggi Olimpiadi 1960, the official organisers in Rome.

There the applications will take "pot-luck."

"They'll start allocating this accommodation about the beginning of next month," said the Games executive of one world-wide travel agency in Sydney.

"But we're rather pessimistic about it."

"For, while Rome's hotel facilities are good for normal occasions, it's a different matter when it comes to coping with the influx of visitors to an event like the Games."

"Melbourne's overseas visitors were limited because of

the city's geographic remoteness. But Rome is in the centre of everything, and Americans and Europeans will want to flock there in their multi-thousands.

"I think the majority of Australians who leap the accommodation hurdle — and they won't be too many — will be billeted in private homes."

"But even those must book in for the entire 18-day period."

The surest way of getting a guernsey to the Games seems to be to book on an organised "package tour."

A great number of these European tours have been planned to take in two or three days in Rome during the Games period, and they seem to provide the only answer for those who don't want to pay for the full 18-day period.

How can tour organisers sidestep this hard-and-fast rule imposed by Italy's Olympics organisers at the demand of Rome's hotel-owners?

"It's a simple matter of economics," said one travel agent.

"The hotel-owners are shrewd enough to realise that every year isn't Olympic year."

"We take valuable tours of their hotels year in, year out, and they realise that if they don't honor our regular bookings this year they won't have us round when they need us."

And now a word of warning to any self-assured hitch-hiker who plans to breeze into Rome on the eve of the Games, calmly spread his sleeping-bag in the shadow of some ancient ruins, and then proceed to buy tickets to the Olympics.

Forget it. No one can buy admission tickets to the Games unless he can produce an "accommodation Certificate" proving that accommodation in Rome has been secured.

These certificates can be issued only by the Ufficio Alloggi Olimpiadi 1960.

Although the Games do commence till August 25, more than a year away, travel agents believe that bookings for both accommodation and tickets will be well and truly closed by the end of this year.



QUEEN MOTHER AIDS EXHIBITION

• The Queen Mother has lent this magnificently embroidered panel to the "Embroideries Of All Nations" exhibition to be held in Beaurepaire Hall, Melbourne University, from August 17 to 22. The panel was worked for the late Queen Mary by the Royal School of Art Needlework, Dublin, in 1911. Measuring 6ft. 7in. by 3ft. 5in., the panel is made of cream silk damask, and features at each end the crown and coat-of-arms of the late Queen. Displaying it here are university students (from left) Kay Hyett, Mary Lou Hazzard, and Heather Paton. Organised by the women's committee of the University of Melbourne Building Fund, the exhibition is being held in aid of the fund.

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The 'Tin Kidney'

**Miracle
machine
that is
saving lives**

• In a small room at Sydney Hospital is a large metal container that looks like a washing-machine.

BUT that's where the likeness ends, for inside the container is a wire frame or core around which is coiled a 25-yard-long tube of sausage skin.

... ordinary sausage skin. Now sausage skin in a hospital laboratory may seem a bit out of place, yet it is a vital part of the mechanism of the Clinical Research Department's simple and astonishing apparatus—the artificial kidney.

Through this sausage skin is pumped the blood of patients suffering from kidney failure in a cleansing process that often has dramatically beneficial results.

In Australia, until comparatively recently, you probably died if your kidneys stopped working, but every few days now lives are being saved by three 'Tin Kidneys' as they're called—one in Sydney, the others in Melbourne and Brisbane.

To understand how a Tin Kidney works you must first know something about normal kidneys.

Dr. Malcolm Whyte, Director of the Clinical Research Department, says that kidneys are like rubbish-processing gadgets.

"We don't fully understand how the kidneys process the blood, but they take out of it waste products.

"If the kidneys stop working you get a dangerous build-up of these waste products and water in the blood. You will become unconscious and die if this build-up isn't stopped or reduced.

"With little liquid, strict diet, and other controls you can be kept alive up to three or four weeks, but that's about the limit.

"There are four main causes of acute renal or kidney failure: Stoppage or serious interruption of the blood flow to the kidneys—through haemorrhage, injuries, shock, miscarriage, and other things; diseases of the kidneys; blockage of the kidney tubes—generally by stones; infections, poisons, and excess use of sulphur drugs and some antibiotics.

"But until the evolution of the artificial kidney there was often little chance of keeping many patients alive long enough to give their kidneys the chance to start working again."

Although the first Tin Kidney was used on dogs way back in 1913 it was not until 1943 that a Dutchman, Dr. Kolff, used one on humans.



TIN KIDNEY operated by Sister Margaret Gustafson at Sydney Hospital's Clinical Research Department. George McDonald, of Fivedock, a Department patient, played the part of a patient on the artificial kidney after doctors and Sister Gustafson had set the machine up for the picture.

Several years ago Dr. John Dique, of Brisbane General Hospital, built and used the first Tin Kidney in Australia. He was followed, in June, 1957, by Sydney Hospital, which installed a £4000 Swedish model which Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Bonamy and others donated.

The Tin Kidney consists of its stainless steel container and inner wire core.

Sterile sausage skin casing is first coiled round the wire core, and then the core is lowered into the container, which is filled with a special solution.

This solution—"bath water" the doctors call it—resembles, as closely as possible, normal blood plasma.

The sausage skin casing is then filled with three pints of blood—cross-matched with the

By
RONALD MCKIE

patient's blood—from the Red Cross Blood Bank. The patient is injected with heparin, to prevent his blood clotting, and is then connected to the Tin Kidney.

A surgeon first opens an artery in the patient's arm and connects the artery by plastic tube to one end of the sausage skin casing. He then opens a vein in the same arm and connects the vein to the other end of the sausage skin casing.

When all is ready, clamps on the plastic tubes are removed and the blood from the patient's artery begins to pump, short-circuiting his circulation through the sausage-skin tube.

Every 20 minutes all the blood in the patient's body is pumped once, by his own blood pressure, through the sausage skin.

But the significance of the Tin Kidney is what happens to the blood while it passes and repasses through the sausage skin.

The sausage skin has min-

ute pores—pores too small to be called holes—and through these pores dangerous waste products and excess water in the blood seep through into the "bath water" in the container.

Why does this happen? Because of a process called dialysis, which, broadly, is like water finding its own level.

By dialysis, high concentrations of harmful chemicals and minerals in the blood move from the blood into the "bath water," because the bath solution is free of these waste products.

But the red corpuscles in the blood don't move into the "bath water" because the pores in the sausage skin are too small.

A patient with acute kidney failure is what is known as "dialysed" for 10 hours, and at that time, while his total blood volume passes about 30 times through the sausage skin, his blood is cleared of the waste products that are killing him.

Dialysis sometimes produces almost miraculous improvement. Unconscious patients with perhaps a few hours to live, wake up and continue to improve. Others who have eaten little for days demand a big meal.

One patient, with acute kidney failure due to a blockage, was brought 400 miles by ambulance to Sydney and was unconscious and dying when connected to the Tin Kidney.

He recovered consciousness while being dialysed and was strong enough a few days later to stand surgery. He completely recovered.

A woman desperately ill after a haemorrhage, suffering from renal failure, and drowning from too much water in her blood, had 14lb. of water removed by the Tin Kidney.

After 10 hours she was sitting up, cheerful and talkative.

A man, flown from Melbourne after he had lost a leg in a train accident, and after his kidneys had not worked for 17 days, was saved by the Tin Kidney.

The Royal bride wept

• The wedding of Princess Paola Ruffo di Calabria of Italy to Prince Albert of Belgium has brought the fresh breeze of democracy into the traditionally feudal Belgian royal family.

It was not merely chance that the first Belgians to meet the Princess after her marriage were the household staff of the royal Palace of Laeken.

This was a startling innovation for a palace long regarded as "one of the stuffiest in the world."

Neither was the marriage itself merely the result of a chance meeting or "love-at-first-sight," as most reports had said.

Those nearer to the Belgian throne are well aware that Princess Paola was groomed as a possible bride for Albert for the past 10 years.

Ex-Queen Marie Jose, of Italy, sister of Belgium's ex-King Leopold and aunt of handsome young Albert, is known to have chosen the young Princess while she was still in her teens.

What no one could have predicted is the happy ending which all these long-range plans achieved when the Prince and Princess first met at the coronation of Pope John in Rome.

To all around them it was obvious that a mutual attraction was instantaneous.

Neither could anyone have prophesied the warm spontaneous response from Belgians when Princess Paola made her first public appearances in Brussels and Ostend.

Her natural warmth, ease of manner, and readiness to talk to everyone she met captured all hearts.

But no matter how successful the Princess was with people, her entry into the Belgian Court was accompanied by serious difficulties of protocol.

The night before the wedding there was a stormy row in the palace over the question of who should ride in the second car of the wedding procession.

Central figure in the dispute was the bridegroom's

stepmother, Princess de Rethy, who in the end had to give up the place next to King Baudouin to the 83-year-old Dowager Queen Elizabeth, the bridegroom's grandmother.

The Belgian people wondered if the wrangling was the cause of the Princess' breakdown during the wedding.

It was obvious from the minute the royal couple entered the huge gold-and-white Empire Room at Brussels Palace for the civil ceremony that Paola was very nervous.

With her big doe eyes she looked around her as if trying to read the faces of the guests and officials.

She bit her lip anxiously as she and Albert led the procession of witnesses and immediate family towards the

for several seconds, with their faces close together.

When the couple left the palace they rode in an open car banked with pink and white roses to St. Gudule Cathedral for the religious ceremony.

For the first time that day the Belgian crowds saw the Princess in her usual gay and relaxed mood.

But when the royal procession reached the cathedral Paola's nervous mask once more descended.

The Princess began to adjust her 17ft.-long train as she and the bridesmaids reached the altar, but the slippery white satin was too difficult for her to handle.

The Prince tried to help, but was handicapped by his ceremonial sword, naval cap, gloves, and prayer-book.

The officiating Cardinal asked Paola to declare after him: "I give to you, Albert, as I hold you by the hand, my faith in marriage and I take you as my lawful bridegroom before God and His Holy Church."

As the Princess came to the last phrase she broke down and sobbed.

With Albert's encouragement she got through the rest of the service in a small, strained voice.

When, during the final hymn, she dropped her bridal bouquet, Prince Albert picked it up for her, and, for the first time during the service, the little Princess smiled.

By
**BETTY BEST, of
our London staff**

marble-topped Louis XVI table, behind which Burgomaster Cooremans was waiting.

Taking her place in one of the centrally placed chairs, the Princess began to move restlessly from side to side and adjust her veil of Brussels lace.

She glanced at her bridegroom for assurance.

As the Marriage Act was read in Flemish and French (the two national languages) she fixed her gaze on the be-medalled officials behind the table.

The orange-blossom bouquet she was holding was quivering.

When Albert's grandmother saw her new granddaughter's anxiety, she whispered to Albert, asking his permission to kiss the bride.

The groom, smiling proudly, assented, whereupon the Dowager Queen leaned over Paola's chair and kissed her on both cheeks, then held her



WITH A HANDKERCHIEF Princess Paola dries her tears after she had broken down during the religious marriage ceremony in St. Gudule Cathedral. The Princess wept with emotion when making the responses.



LEANING FORWARD, the Dowager Queen Mother Elizabeth, Albert's grandmother, comforts the nervous Princess Paola during the glittering civil ceremony at Brussels Palace. In the background is King Baudouin.

A marriage for King Baudouin?

CLOSE friends of King Baudouin of Belgium say he ordered that Paola and Albert's wedding be kept as simple as possible so that it would not divert interest in his own marriage in September.

There have been subsequent denials. But it is still rumored that the King will announce his engagement to Marie Therese de Bourbon Parma, daughter of one of the pretenders to the French throne, on July 28, Marie Therese's 25th birthday.



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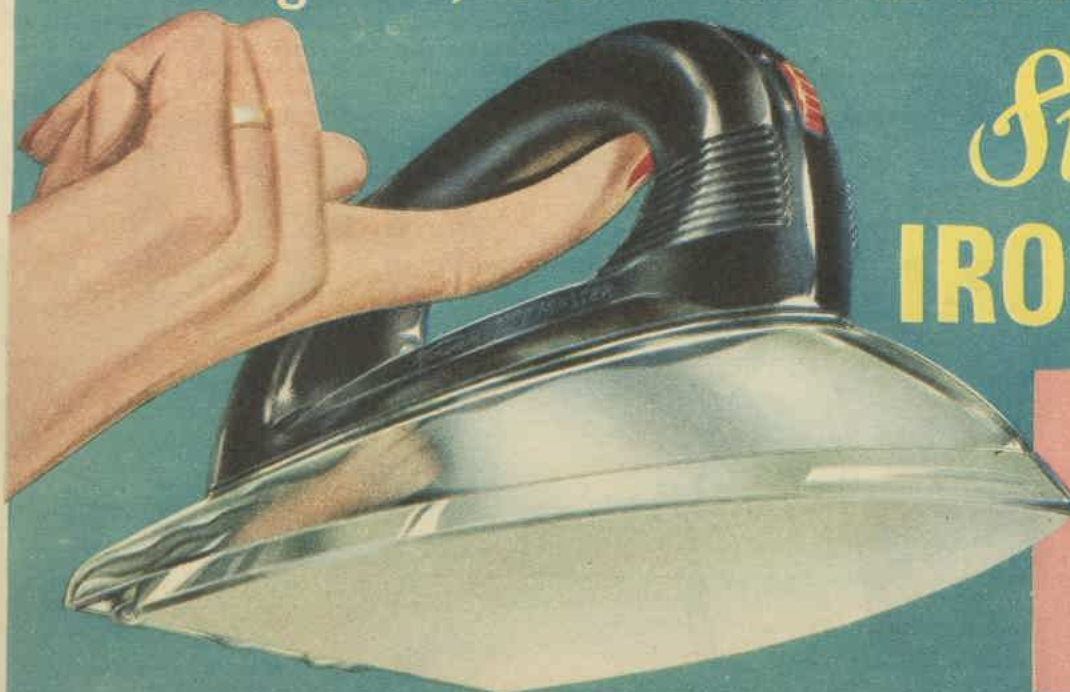
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NEWLYWEDS Dr. and Mrs. Jim Macken leaving St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, for a reception at the Australia Hotel. The bride was formerly Marie Flynn, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leo Flynn, of Bellevue Hill. The groom is the elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Macken.



ENJOYING SUPPER at Newcastle's Junior Matrons' ball are, from left, Robyn Perry, from Coolah; Sally Bruce, from Merewether; and Judy Day, from Sydney.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

FIVE bridesmaids will follow Carmen Clarke up the aisle of St. John's Church, Toorak, Victoria, on August 14, when she is married to Roderick Carnegie, of Kildrummie, Holbrook.

The 'maids will be Carmen's young sisters, Georgina and Sylvia, Eve Grimwade, Sally Manifold, of Camperdown, Victoria, and Judith Ritchie, of Penshurst, Victoria. Judith has only just returned from Britain.

Tall, elegant Carmen, a regular Sydney visitor, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Clarke, of Devon Park, Dunkeld, Victoria, and Roderick is the son of the Douglas Carnegies. Mrs. Carnegie is in England now for their daughter Sue's wedding to Englishman Hugo Robson, on July 18, and will leave the day after to fly back for Roderick's.

The young couple will leave at the end of August for New York, where they will live for two years.

DAVID is the name chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Proust, of Jilliby, for their second son — a brother for young Phillip Peter.

HAD a visit from Christine O'Shanesy, who was bubbling over with talk of a younger set she is forming for Bethlehem Ladies' College, Ashfield, with the help of Bernice Schipp and Margo Webb. First function will be a jazz dance at the college on July 31, and Christine has big plans of forming a jazz group, and for organising hikes and barbecues.

ABOUT 300 Liberals — young and old — will gather at Windsor Gardens, Chatswood, for the 1959 Young Liberals' Convention ball on August 1. Roslyn Davidson, one of the organisers, rang to tell me that Mr. and Mrs. W. Fife are coming down from Wagga, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Mason from Dubbo, Geoff Cox, Geoff Bates, Jennifer Killern, and Helen Killick, all from Mudgee, and Lloyd Lang, Wagga.

CUTTING THE CAKE after their wedding at Our Lady of the Rosary Church, Taree, are Mr. and Mrs. John Ali Saab. The bride was formerly Noeline Dahdah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Dahdah. The young couple will live at Wauchope.

RECEPTION at the Wentworth Hotel was given by Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Taylor in honor of Boeing Airplane Company president, Mr. William Allen, and Mrs. Allen. From left, Mrs. Allen, Lady Fysh, Mr. Allen, chatting with Mrs. G. F. Taylor.



FOURSOME chatting during the Junior Matrons' ball at Winns, Newcastle, are, from left, Mr. Barry Miller, Miss Margaret Saddington, and Mr. and Mrs. Barry Lobb.

ONE of the loveliest wedding gowns I've seen was the white velvet sheath worn by Robin Bland, of Northbridge, when she married Alec Hendry. Robin, only daughter of the Bruce Blands, told me it was made by her grandmother, Mrs. C. Hade.

LITHGOW friends of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Williams are still popping in to wish them many happy returns — they celebrated their golden wedding last month.

HEAR that Prudence and Terry McCullagh are busy settling into their home in Wau, in New Guinea, after their recent wedding at St. Mark's. Prudence is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Docker, of Woollahra, and Terry, who left his medical practice for a few days to fly down for the wedding, is the son of Mr. F. B. McCullagh, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mrs. McCullagh.

Anne

FUR-LINED BOOTS and warm coats were worn by Jennifer Hyde (right), of Berrembed, Matong, and Viola Meeks, of Ferntree Gully, Victoria, to the Grand National hurdle meeting at Flemington. Jennifer stayed with Viola's mother, Mrs. Alec Creswick, at Ferntree Gully for the races.



The drums throbbed ominously and I remembered the terrible legend of . . .

The Mountain of the Lost

A dramatic short story By HUGH B. CAVE

I SUPPOSE I knew it would happen sooner or later. I must have known it when I hired the man. Efficiency is a fine thing in its place, but in a land where the roads are still ruts and your workers dance barefoot to the voodoo drums every Saturday night, you need something more.

Old Jean Sendral, my foreman, brought the word one evening as I was clearing the office desk and getting ready to go home. It was long past quitting time. He knocked — Jean always knocked — and when I said, "Come in," he opened the door silently and waited to be spoken to.

I turned and saw his eyes. They were the eyes of an angry man.

"What's the matter, Jean?"

"Mr. Pace," he said, "you will have to talk to Randall."

I put out my cigarette. Old Jean had been with me for going on seven years, on a score of construction jobs from Cap-Haitien to Jeremie. Everything I knew about the people of Haiti I owed to him. He was a gentle soul. Never had I seen him angry.

"Randall?" I said, dreading the worst. "What's he done?"

"Pierre Celestin went to Saut d'Eau yesterday. Today Randall fired him."

There are times for talk and times for silence. I looked into space and said nothing, then rose and put a hand on the old man's shoulder. "I'll straighten it out."

"The men will quit if he is not taken back," Jean said. "There have been other things, but this is too much."

"I know." Steering him outside, I locked the office door. "Come home with me and have a drink."

We walked down the dusty road together, past the deserted market stalls and little thatched-roofed boutiques, to my bachelor house on the edge of town.

Mont Travail was not a town, really; it was a work camp. We were tapping springs and building a reservoir up in the hills to provide water for the towns of the valley. Still, Mont Travail was bigger than many communities named on the map. We had grown in eight months from an engineers' camp accommodating four men to a village of over three hundred souls, counting the workers' wives and children.

My housekeeper brought Jean a rum-soda. "Mr. Pace," he said, seating himself on a verandah chair, "why does Randall do these things? Does he dislike our people?"

"No, it isn't that."

"Then is he stupid?"

"He is probably the smartest man in all Haiti." "Perhaps I'm the stupid one," Jean said. "I don't understand."

I tried to explain that Philip Randall, far from being hostile, was working himself to the verge of a breakdown. "He's put his heart and soul into this project," I said. "He thinks of nothing else, Jean. Chances are, when he fired Pierre he didn't know why the fellow had gone to Saut d'Eau."

"He has been in Haiti two years," Jean protested.

"In Port-au-Prince, you mean. Port-au-Prince, isn't Haiti — not the real Haiti."

Jean finished his drink and stood up. "There is something about that man that makes people angry with him," he muttered. "I think you will be sorry you brought him here, Mr. Pace."

When I didn't answer he went down the steps, shaking his head.

The Randalls — Phil, Florence, and their two boys — were living in the old headquarters building, across the village from my place. I took my time walking over, wondering what I would say.

I had hired Randall because I admired his ability, but I liked him, too. Everyone liked him. Everyone thought the world of Florence and the kids. For

two years he had been a State Department man with the Embassy in the capital.

In my kind of work you get to know Embassy people well. Your every move is hampered by red tape unwinding from government loans, agreements, policies. Randall had unwound the tape when it threatened to hang me.

Then without warning he said to me one day, "Tom, can you use a man with my meagre talents?" And when I opened my mouth to laugh, thinking he was joking, I saw that his handsome 30-year-old face was white.

"I mean it," he said. "I'm quitting."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Let's say I'm fed up. I need a change. Do you have a job for me?"

I couldn't say yes fast enough. "Man," I told him, "you were sent to me from heaven. I'm going crazy up there at Mont Travail with the bales of paper work they bury me under."

We shook hands on it. He promised to be in Mont Travail in two weeks. That night, talking to some of the old hands at the club, I learned the truth.

Phil Randall wasn't quitting his embassy job because he wanted to. It was either get out or be eased out. Two years of hard, honest work meant nothing. Some visiting bigshot had made a clown of himself at a palace reception and Randall, asked to report on the incident, had told the truth.

"The guy just isn't capable of telling anything but the truth," my informant said. "It's a shame. I don't blame him for being bitter."

I said I hadn't noticed any bitterness.

"No?" He looked at me. "You will."

I had a hunch I'd made a mistake, but I had to be shown. At Mont Travail the boys fixed up the headquarters building for Randall and his family and planted some flowers around the place to make it civilised. Two weeks to the day of our agreement he showed up.

Hating what I had to do, I plodded up the steps and halted in the open doorway. The two youngsters were seated at opposite ends of the sitting-room table, Robin with crayons and a sketch pad, Petey with his school books.

"Hi, Mr. Pace," Robin said, glancing up. He was nine and looked like his father; his brown eyes bright with intelligence. At school in Port-au-Prince he'd never failed to top the class. "Dad's wrestling with figures," he said. "I'll get him."

He trotted out of the room and I glanced at the picture he was doing. It was an old-time sailing ship with every sail correct. The kid had talent.

I stood behind Petey to see what he was up to and had to feel sorry for him. He had a death-grip on his pencil and was concentrating fiercely on a paper covered with arithmetic problems. Petey — his name was Philip T., junior, and the nickname had evolved from his initials — was a year or so younger than Robin. He'd never been top of his class.

Sheepishly he grinned up at me. "Mom said I had to do 'em over. I got too many wrong." Their mother was their teacher at Mont Travail. We had no school.

I leaned over the chair to point out that seven and nine are not eighteen, and two button-bright eyes blazed up at me from Petey's shirt-front. I jerked my hand back.

"That's Swifty," the boy said, gently detaching a slender green lizard from his shirt and holding it up for my inspection.

The lizard wriggled out of his fingers, leaped to his shoulder, and sat there with its pointed head cocked to one side, alertly eyeing me. I had to laugh. "You know something?" I said. "I never

could catch one of those things. They're too quick for me."

"You got to make friends with them."

I reached for Swifty and he was gone like a flash of green lightning, down the back of the chair and across the floor. Petey, hearing his father's footsteps, returned abruptly to his school work.

Phil Randall said, "Hello, Tom," and we shook hands. Frowning at the youngsters, he told them to take their work somewhere else.

"Petey has to do his arithmetic over," Robin said scornfully. "I told him it was all wrong, but—"

"You can work in your bedroom," Phil said. He waited for them to go, then turned to me, shaking his head. "How do you transform a dull child into a bright one?" he asked.

I said Petey seemed a bright enough eight-year-old to me. "He's a nice kid. Everyone's fond of him."

"He won't study," Phil sighed, shaking his head.

"He wouldn't in Port, and here it's worse. Florence gives him work to do, orders him to sit down and do it, and ten minutes later she finds him gone — usually down in the market-place."

"He's a good kid," I repeated. Then: "Phil, we've got a bigger problem. The workers are up in arms about your firing Celestin."

Randall's hands tightened on his chair. "They know why I fired him. I told him to take his wife to Mirebalais to a doctor. Said we'd pay for it. He went to Saut d'Eau instead."

"He did what he thought best. His wife is pretty sick."

Randall sighed again. "Tom, be reasonable. The fellow ignored my advice and did what some voodoo man told him to."

"A man's faith is his own business," I argued. "Celestin went to the waterfall to ask his gods for help. You can't meddle in their beliefs. I'll have to reinstate him."

Perhaps it was my tone of voice — I was tired after a long hot day — but Randall only stared at me, tight-lipped. With a shrug he said: "Whatever you think best."

"And," I pressed, "they'll expect some sort of apology. Not in so many words, of course, but at least in a change of attitude, a show of sympathy. A visit to Celestin's kay would do the trick. I'm going over there now. Why not come along?"

He didn't answer. The bitter loneliness of those months in Port-au-Prince had scarred him. All he had left was his determination to be right, no matter what the cost. And, of course, he was right about Celestin — but he didn't have a reservoir to build. I let it go and stood up.

"May I come?" a voice said from the kitchen doorway. I turned to see Florence.

Phil's wife was an attractive woman. You knew by her shy, uncertain smile that she was the understanding sort. Coming into the room she said, "Phil's awfully tired, Tom. Let me go with you instead."

We went down the road together in silence, walking slowly. It's quiet in the mountains at that hour. Darkness slides quickly down the high peaks. Here and there along the road, men and women called out to us as we passed. I noticed they called "Bon soir, madame!" as well as "Bon soir, msiel!" They had nothing against Phil Randall's wife.

"Tom, I want to talk to you," she said at last.

I'd been expecting it.

"I'm scared," she said, "I'm so scared I don't know what to do. Tom, what can I do?"

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Petey was sitting on a little chair surrounded by the men and women, smiling and answering their questions.



ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 22, 1955

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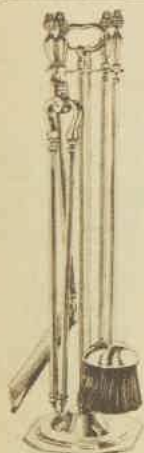
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a way
with
silver

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Illustrated: Silverware by Paramount. Like other leading Australian silverware makers, Paramount recommend Silvo for the care of your silver.

Silvo LIQUID SILVER POLISH



all brass

needs



for the brightest shine

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Why must they share Princess?

I DON'T want to sound selfish, but Princess Alexandra, who is coming to Australia BECAUSE it is Queensland's Centenary Year, is to be hustled on and off planes and trains at centres there so she can visit other States, too. Comparatively few distinguished visitors make official tours of Queensland. We are told this is because they usually only have time to visit the location that is the reason for their coming. An instance was Prince Philip opening the Olympic Games in Melbourne. Now the tables have been turned.

£1/1/- to "Piric" (name supplied), Mackay, Qld.

It's cold comfort

HOW nice it would be if rest-homes for old ladies would provide residents with flannelette sheets in the winter. They are cheaper than linen, but wash and boil just as well. Comfort is everything. Now over seventy years of age, I have had a few years of experience, so I know.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Maude E. Nurthen, Hornsby, N.S.W.

Date that loaf

IT would be a protection for shopkeepers and customers if bakeries were required to mark the date of baking on packages of wrapped, sliced bread, just as bottled milk is date-labelled.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Trost, Balmain, N.S.W.

Hitchhike abroad

AS one of the "scroungers" who has hitchhiked all over Europe and North America, riding in everything from donkey carts to chromium-plated Cadillacs, I would like to protest against Ellen Vasepuru's attack on hitchhikers (24/6/59). No other way of travel is as stimulating or interesting. I travelled Europe again last summer by motor-scooter and found it dull by comparison. I would like to see Miss Vasepuru walk across Spain or through Greece, to say nothing of the vast North American continent.

£1/1/- to Miss Peggy N. Boyd, Miranda, N.S.W.

Tuneful postie

ALTHOUGH the postie's shrill whistle seems to be outdated, it does not worry people in our street. Our cheery postman heralds his approach by whistling a merry tune as he goes on his rounds.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. McElroy, Benalla, Vic.

Or stay at home

ENDORING the remarks of Ellen Vasepuru (24/6/59), I think people should be prevented by law from hitchhiking unless the circumstances are exceptional. Australia's name has been lowered at times in overseas countries by hikers trading on the generosity of people. If hitchhikers can't pay their way, let them do what the majority of us have to do—stay at home.

£1/1/- to Constance E. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

Ease that drudgery

HOUSEKEEPING is a drudgery. I know, because my wife kept going until she was worn-out. Now she has taken to bed, and I have to do the housekeeping and nursing. My advice to middle-aged women is: Don't keep going until you wear out. Take it easy. To husbands I say: Help your wives all you can and they will last longer.

£1/1/- to Alfred G. Nicholls, Geelong West, Vic.

New names, please

JUST because grandparents or famous people are clever or nice, why should children be named after them? The names of old people are old-fashioned. Why not think up new names? Parents should also watch that the initials of names given to a child do not spell out words like "JAM."

£1/1/- to Norma Faint, Cardiff, N.S.W.

Pay as you view

THE payment of TV licence in instalments of, say, 10/- a week would be a boon. Many people find it hard to produce £5 all at once. The P.M.G. Department would benefit from such a scheme, as there would be fewer licence-dodgers.

£1/1/- to "Widow" (name supplied), Abbotsford, Vic.

Are they too lazy to walk?

DO Australians hate walking? The letter of R. Lewis (24/6/59) prompts me to ask if most people walk as little as those I have met since arriving in Sydney from England four months ago. I now assess how Australians judge distances by the replies I have had in answer to requests for direction.

"Right to the next shopping centre" (in tones of awe) equals a seven minutes' walk.

"It's a long walk" (also in tones of awe) represents about five minutes.

"A fair way" (spoken doubtfully) can be covered in two minutes.

£1/1/- to Miss Rita Cloake, Cremorne, N.S.W.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Tub treasure hunt

EMPTYING the washing-machine after our big family wash was a chore which the children were unwilling to do cheerfully until the day one of them found a shilling in the dirty water. I have since made a point of always leaving a coin in the machine. Emptying the wash water is now a coveted job, usually allotted to the child who has been most helpful during the week.

£1/1/- to "Merry Me" (name supplied), Morgan, S.A.

Tiny green fingers

AFTER putting a lot of work into the garden, we were disheartened when our two lively little youngsters picked the buds as soon as they bloomed. We found an answer to the problem by allotting to them the borders of the back garden. They do all the seed planting, bedding out, watering, and weeding. We give a prize for the best-kept section. Our six-year-old has become a keen gardener.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. G. Armstrong, West Derby, Liverpool 12, England.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE been looking in a music-shop window at all the exciting colored covers on the gramophone records.

There's no doubt music has made terrific progress in the past few years.

I can remember when records came in plain brown-paper wrappers.

You wouldn't have bothered to give them a second look. They were no good for anything except listening.

The trend these days is all in favor of music interpreted by good-looking girls.

An LP record with a picture of Doris Day or Patti Page is much pleasanter to see around the house than one with Beniamino Gigli or Sir Malcolm Sargent.

The younger male singers like Tab Hunter look well on records, of course. They have an appeal to feminine music-lovers.

But I don't know what people see in Frank Sinatra, who seems a scrawny little fellow.

Liberace is more striking. He may not be everyone's dish, but he makes a nice platter.

Most of the famous composers,

SEE IT WITH MUSIC

unfortunately, were not much to look at — Brahms with his beard, Beethoven always scowling, and so on.

Still, the record people are doing a great job to make their music attractive.

I like the disc of Tchaikovsky's "Italian Caprice" depicting Gina Lollobrigida in a nightgown. It



stands comparison with anything in pop music.

A critic tells me there will soon be a recording of Schubert songs showing the Laton Girls' Choir in bathing-suits.

It should be a winner if the girls are in good shape.

Mind you, I'm not one of those who think female beauty is the only important thing in music.

Some record-collectors, like Cec McGoon, concentrate on it too much.

Cec only buys records with pictures of pin-up girls on them. A musical evening at his place is like going to see *Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath*.

I like music with some scenic interest as well. Hawaiian tunes can look very appealing with coconut palms and hula dancers.

Some people are gifted with special musical talent.

Take Horrie Donking's son, Nev. He is only 17, but he has the handsomest record collection in our district.

That boy has never been taught — he just has a natural eye for music.

He is always keen to see more of it.

The other day he asked me: "Do you know where I can buy record covers without records inside them?"

I wasn't able to tell him. But there should be shops selling recordless covers quite soon. They will fill a not-long-felt want.

MISS PIED PIPER



He'd never met such
a girl . . . a short story

BY HELEN HAENKE

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

Matt found Tamsin drying her hair in the sun, with Ute's umbrellas all around her.

TAMSIN had just reached the information desk of All-Queensland Advertising (Pty.) Ltd. when she saw him — tall, rangy, tow-headed. And worried.

"Who's that?" she asked.

The switchgirl was watching him, too, hopelessly, as if he were Jeff Chandler. "Matt Roberts, the boss. He's something, isn't he?" she drooled. "Hey, who do you want to see?"

"Why, him!" Tamsin laughed, on the homestead of the first hurdle: that girl couldn't put over the old chestnut about him being "in conference."

His office was neat, she noted, like a bird's nest.

"I have the training, experience, and ideas," she told him. "Have you got a job for me?"

Matt narrowed his eyes, pretending to consider. "What training, what experience?" he rapped, forcing concentration. "Where have you worked?"

She shrugged, ignoring his demands. "Give me a job and I'll do it."

He felt, eerily, that here was a Pied Piper he couldn't afford to ignore: she was so opportune.

"You're worried," she urged.

He pulled a cigarette from a packet and lurched to his feet, as though the room wasn't big enough for him — or perhaps his worry was bigger. Tamsin sat still, then he pulled up before her, shooting questions like fire-crackers. She answered calmly.

"Right!" he decided finally. "You might do it. Here's the picture. Cartwright's gone down with an ulcer, and this has just come up. Callenders' Chairs—new venture—chairs for every place and occasion." She leaned forward eagerly. "They're selling now, but they want a campaign to move with production, reaching top in two years. Also, a name for the chairs."

Her eyes sparkled. "Retailers first, then the public. Press, radio? Personal? Pity there's no TV here . . ."

"O.K.," he said quickly. "See what you can do by Friday. By the way," he added, leading her to the next room, "what's your name?"

"Tamsin Hogg."

Matt's original idea crystallised suddenly: he knew exactly what to do about that name, and smiled secretly as she moved to the desk.

Looking up quickly, she caught the end of the smile and returned it, misinterpreting deliberately — or was it deliberate? "Don't worry, we'll fix them. Where's the information?"

"It only happened an hour ago."

"I'd like to meet them this afternoon — all the department heads. Will you introduce me?"

He blinked. "They usually come to us."

She shook her head. "I like to see what I'm handling."

He capitulated. "What time?"

"Is it far?"

"Rocklea." She looked uncomprehending, and he pounced. It was the first clue. "You don't belong here?"

"I've just come to Brisbane."

"Why did you?"

Amazing how innocent a woman can look when she's hiding something. "They say the climate is good," she commented, pushing the phone towards him. "Make it three o'clock."

Matt could sense the surprise at the other end of the line: Sim Callender would think they were on the rocks, acting so quickly. Still, this girl seemed to know. "I'll bring our new advertising manager," he said. "She'll handle your business."

"Oh . . . a woman?" Sim sounded dubious. It would be a different story when he saw her, Matt decided grimly.

But that "Oh . . . a woman?" dogged him for hours. It began when he introduced her round the office. He could hear it behind him, hissed, growled, snapped, snarled — but the displaced persons took it smilingly. Maybe it was the way she smiled first. Tom Gregory, behind his camera, was charmed, and took four shots of her just for the record.

"Lovely!" he gloated. "Wasted on you, Matt. Ought to be modelling." And Tamsin smiled at him.

Somehow, sometime, Matt told himself, she's going to smile at me like that. Just for me.

Sim Callender may have said, "Oh . . . a woman?" but his eyes registered "What a woman!" and Matt's neck prickled, but he sat back quietly and watched. It was the Callender executives' turn to dance to her tune. Idly listening, he wondered who she was, where she came from — probably one of the big-name shows in the south, like Austrads, Norrie's, or Caper, Cavendish, and Bratz. She knew men as well as her job. His nerves began to feel less like piano wires.

He could tell from Sim's back, however, as they toured the factory, that he was not pleased. First, with Matt for playing watchdog, and later with Tamsin, as she excused herself from his invitations.

"I never mix business and pleasure," she said firmly. "It's confusing." Sim took it smiling — like a stinging nettle. She went on in efficient tones, "I'll bring a rough-out on Thursday morning." Then added a sop — "Perhaps we can all have a party when it's finished."

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Don't let germs wreck children's health!



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APPLIANCES

It seemed everyone wanted to get rid of him . . . third instalment of our serial by **PAT FLOWER**

Goodbye, Sweet William

Illustrated by **CEDRIC FLOWER**

ONLY CYNTHIA FRENCH seems happy when WILLIAM FLECKER, successful author and philanthropist, tells his friends gathered for a farewell party at Thornton, the country home of STEVE and Cynthia, that his trip abroad is postponed. William has had a worrying time; he keeps getting lists of domestic reminders in the post, each with the items "Get rid of William" and "Remember Virginia." He taxes JOANNA TRELOAR, wife of interior-decorator DES, with having sent them, for she lets slip that she knows Virginia. She hates William because he is always laughing at Des and she is sure he maliciously prevents Des from getting decorating commissions.

But almost everyone hates William—Steve, because he thinks he loves Cynthia; actress PAMELA ATKINSON, because she is in love with him and afraid he will leave her; JACK SIMMONDS, who was once

his publisher. Only poet BILL BAYNES seems indifferent. William complains of feeling sick, and Joanna mixes him what she says is "soluble aspirin."

Later, Steve and Cynthia find him dead in his room, a wound in his throat. They take his already packed bag and drive his body off in his car, which they leave by the roadside. Steve tells the guests that William left a note to say he was ill, and has driven home. This news seemed to affect both Joanna and Pamela. Joanna makes frantic phone calls to his flat, but eventually thinks he must have died on the way. William's body is discovered, and DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR SWINTON and his assistant, PRIMROSE, find he has two wounds, one in his throat and another in the chest. After inquiries at his town flat they drive back to Thornton. NOW READ ON:

WHEN the front doorbell rang just after two-thirty Steve knew it had happened. It couldn't be anyone but the police—the local police. Someone had noticed the car with its grisly occupant, reported it, and the police were checking up in the district. Naturally they'd come to him; for one thing, they'd want his advice; for another, they probably knew William often came here; maybe knew he'd been here this weekend. Most of the guests had retired to their rooms.

Steve left his study and met the maid in the hall. Wide-eyed, she handed him a card. Cynthia materialised from somewhere, and together they read the name on the card. Detective-Inspector Swinton, C.I.B. Steve threw a swift, warning glance at Cynthia and himself went to the door. There were two of them.

"Detective-Inspector Swinton?" Correctly he addressed the more solid-looking one of the two. "Do come in." His brown eyes were warm with friendliness. "I don't know why you're here, but I suppose it's something. Cynthia, this is Detective-Inspector Swinton—my wife."

Swinton murmured "How-d'-you-do?" and introduced Primrose.

"Come along to the library," Steve said graciously. He led them through the hall. Swinton appeared to take the magnificence stolidly, but Primrose was obviously impressed by the great oval room that ran from front to back of the house, by the stairway curving elegantly from the right, by the Italian black-and-white marble floor tiles, the walls thick enough to contain niches in which black marble urns sat serene and smug. He glanced at the big double doors on the left, with their curved architrave. Cedar, he thought knowledgeably.

They were led off the hall to the right, through the passage beneath the stairs. Doors opened off this passage. They stopped at the first room on the right. Through long windows they saw the front drive beyond the terrace. Cynthia had followed anxiously.

"No need for you to bother, my dear," Steve said. "Why don't you go and lie down? You don't need my wife, do you?" he said to Swinton. "We had a party last night; all a bit under the weather, you know," he added ruefully.

"No, we don't need you just now, Mrs. French," Swinton said.

"I'd rather stay." What did he mean by "just now," Cynthia thought with a shiver.

"Do sit down," Steve said. "Can I offer you a drink? No? You, Sergeant Primrose?"

"Nothing, thank you," Swinton replied, looking severely at Primrose, who tore his eyes guiltily away from the cool array of bottles.

"Well, then. Now, what is it?"

Swinton felt rather like a tenant farmer who'd brought some trivial complaint to his feudal squire.

"Do you know a Mr. William Flecker?" he asked.

"Why, yes. Very well indeed."

"When did you see him last?"

"Yesterday afternoon. About half-past five, wasn't it, darling?"

Steve had rehearsed all this. "It's funny you should ask."

"Why?"

"Well, because he was here for the weekend, supposedly. As a matter of fact, the whole weekend was planned for him. Then just to leave like that!"

"When did he leave?"

"Well, some time between five-thirty and seven-forty-five, when my wife and I found the note."

"Maybe you should tell me about that—exactly what happened," Swinton said.

"In my own words?" Steve asked merrily, but the joke fell flat. Even Cynthia looked at him stonily. "Well, then, yesterday afternoon William—that's Mr. Flecker—had a bad headache, and finally he agreed to take something for it, just before we all dispersed at five-thirty for rests and baths and so on before the party. My wife had asked them all not to appear again before quarter to eight, for drinks before dinner. Mr. Flecker went up with the rest."

"My wife and I came down first, ready to greet the guests, and found the note on the hall table. You couldn't miss it," he added. "It was just lying there open. We were upset and disappointed naturally, but we wondered whether it might be one of Mr. Flecker's practical jokes. He had a very odd sense of humor, you know. So we went across to the garage—the old stables over there—he waved an arm—"to check up on his car. But it had gone, so we knew it was no joke, and just assumed that he really did feel too ill to stay."

"Where is this note?" Swinton asked.

"Right here in the desk."

Steve opened the top drawer on the right side and put the note in front of Swinton, who began to open it gingerly.

"I'm afraid it's been handled quite a lot," Steve said cunningly. "Everyone had a look at it, I think."

Swinton gave him an equivocal look and then read the note. He handed it across to Primrose.

"Mr. French," he said with deceptive mildness, clasping his hands on the desk in front of him and looking at Steve with the air of one thirsting for knowledge, "you said that Mr. Flecker had a very odd sense of humor. What did you mean by that?"

Steve laughed. "Exactly what I said, Inspector. It's 'had' as far as we're concerned. He never was a likeable man and this is the end, walking out after everything's arranged and catered for in his honor. I won't have my wife treated like that," he added righteously.

"Do you agree, Mrs. French?" Swinton asked.

"Yes," she replied, without removing her eyes from her husband.

"What does the note mean? You say the weekend was planned for him. What does he mean — 'something's happened'?"

"He must have meant his disappointment. You see, his latest book's been bought by a film company," Swinton nodded, "and he was supposed to go off next week to England or up to some island or other on location. This was his last weekend here, with a special farewell party planned for last night. Then yesterday morning he got news that the whole thing was delayed. He told us when he arrived. He liked dousing one's arrangements with cold water. Every time I use the past tense you look at me, Inspector. I can only repeat, William's in the past tense for me, for us."

"That doesn't explain it at all, Mr. French. He'd already told you his trip was delayed. The something he refers to in the note must be something else that had happened."

"Beats me," Steve said.

"Well," Swinton spoke in businesslike tones, "the others are still here, I presume. All of them?"

"Yes, Inspector."

Swinton looked at the note again.

"This is Mr. Flecker's writing?"

"Oh, yes, Inspector."

Swinton put the note in his pocket and edged his chair round. Seemed eager to please, this fellow French; quick to explain. But was his story the whole story?

"I'd like to see them all, please, all together, with you two as well."

"Inspector . . . ?" Steve hesitated. "I don't understand," he added simply. "Has anything happened?"

Swinton stood up. "Just routine inquiries," he said. "We've been interested in Mr. Flecker for some time. Now, where's the best place to go, Mr. French?"

"The dining-room," Cynthia said, and looked at Steve. He nodded.

"Well, Mr. French, will you precede us to the dining-room, while Mrs. French rounds everyone up? No discussion, please, Mrs. French."

She nodded as in a dream and went off to find the others, while Steve led Swinton and Primrose along the passage to a door on the opposite side.

Cynthia had made the introductions. So these were the idle rich, Swinton thought, looking round at them. Just people; ordinary people. He could be forgiven his assumption of their riches; the elegant setting, the fact that they were here in the house at all. Swinton was not a man to be overawed by grandeur, nor even by good taste. Anything that reminded him of his own two-toned, glossy-veneered, textured-velvet home won his admiration.

He didn't like angular modern stuff and bits of driftwood. But here, in Cynthia's dining-room, he felt an immediate affinity with the solid cedar sideboard and its old-fashioned wooden cutlery cases, cedar table and chairs, the pictures framed in heavy gilt and bird's-eye maple hung with precise symmetry on the elegant wallpaper. Long curtains of flower-pink hung down in folds on each side of the double french windows. That must be the back terrace, with the grounds beyond.

He indicated the chairs. "Sit down, please."

They were all looking at him, watching, waiting. He plunged straight into it.

"Did any of you see Mr. Flecker after five-thirty yesterday, when he went to his room?"

No answer. The pretty girl in the corner had her hand to her mouth, like a guilty child who feels discovery is imminent. Her other hand was held firmly by her husband, good-looking blond chap. They were the Treloars, already catalogued in Swinton's mind.

"None of you saw him or heard him or had any communication with him?"

No answer.

"Somebody from here phoned Mr. Flecker's home last night," Swinton continued, "twice. Whoever it was didn't leave their name."

"What's this all about, Inspector?" This was the big, quiet man, a pipe-smoker like himself, Mr. Baynes. Swinton ignored him.

"No one has anything to say? No one knows anything of Mr. Flecker's movements after five-thirty yesterday, until Mr. and Mrs. French found the note?"

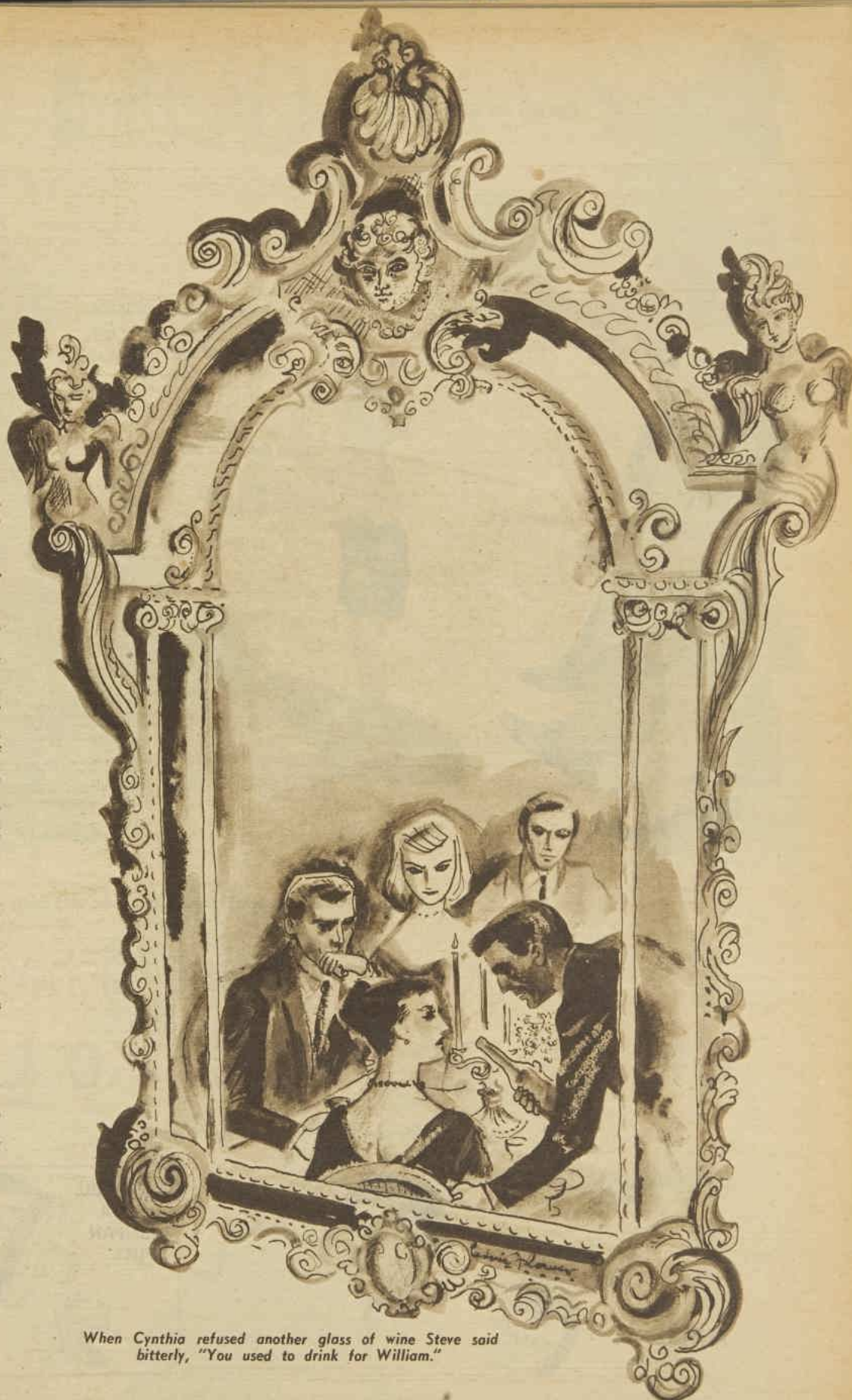
No answer.

"Mr. Flecker came to us some weeks ago about some threatening notes he'd received by post." This was a bombshell and had due effect among his listeners. "Do any of you know anything about those?"

"What . . . sort of notes?" Joanna asked.

"I have them here, Mrs. Treloar," Swinton was at his stuffiest, Primrose thought. "Here's the first one. It reads, 'Get rid of William, Get brakes refined, Give D. cake recipe . . .'"

He was interrupted by a sudden commotion. Mr. Treloar was supporting his wife, who was half-collapsed and moaning on his shoulder. Cynthia had run to her assistance. Swinton quietly awaited developments. He watched the others. That silent couple who'd neither spoken nor moved, Mr. and Mrs. Simmonds; he was a grim-looking man. Joanna struggled free and stared wildly at Swinton.



When Cynthia refused another glass of wine Steve said bitterly, "You used to drink for William."

"He's dead, isn't he?" she cried. "He's dead, he's dead." She sobbed, "That list . . . we all know about that list. That's what started it all. You remember, all of you?" she stared round at their faces. "That list William found in the chair when we were all here. He was making fun of it and saying it meant Bill."

They just stared at her.

"What list was this, Mrs. Treloar?" Swinton said.

"It was a list just like that, only different. I mean, it had different things on it, but it had 'get rid of William' on it, too. Oh, Des, I can't bear it, everything's gone wrong." She buried her face on her husband's chest while his arms held her consolingly.

"This list, Mr. French, you remember it?" Swinton asked. "Of course I do, we all do. It was just one of those lists some people make to remind themselves of things. It was rather funny," he added, attempting a laugh.

"And which person had made it?"

"We never knew. Perhaps whoever it was was embarrassed about it."

"So that 'get rid of William' may have meant 'get rid of Mr. Flecker'?"

"Oh, surely not, Inspector," Cynthia said. "Why, the idea is ridiculous. We've all known one another for ages, most of us, Mr. Flecker's an old friend. Besides, if anyone wanted to

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Dad uses 505 dishes

Junior uses 620

Mum uses 670 dishes
(but usually has
all 2625 to wash up!)

Even baby uses 205

Sis's score is 625

* Every 3 weeks the average family uses around 2625 dishes — and one can of Lux Liquid does the lot!

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Poor Pearlie

A short short story

By LESLIE ROBERTS

SHE was rarely spoken of except as "Poor Pearlie"—even as a child. But it was meant kindly, as everyone liked her and sympathised with her.

Even now I cannot think of her in any other way.

Her full name was Pearlie Ann Hubber, and she was the only child of our town's culture enthusiasts.

Her mother and father organised everything. Regularly as clockwork they launched dramatic groups, art groups, modelling groups, literature groups, nature-study groups, photography groups, and music groups.

Pearlie simply grew plumper and more and more placid, while her parents grew thinner and thinner and more and more intense.

They were staggered that they could have produced such an offspring, and when she reached her teens could not agree on a suitable occupation for her. So she simply stayed at home, kept house, cooked, made everyone's clothes, and gardened happily.

When she was twenty-six her parents caught cold during a sudden shower at one of their nature-study groups, became worse by posing in a draught for the photography group, insisted on taking part in the latest drama-group presentation—and died of pneumonia within a fortnight.

They both left beautifully phrased wills—but little else apart from the house.

Everyone was sorry for poor Pearlie, and for a week talked of nothing but what she would do.

Her placidness stood her in good stead. Old ladies said she was being very brave, but I always felt she simply was taking stock of her capabilities.

Then, two weeks to the day after the double funeral, she announced in a very small advertisement in the local paper that she was prepared to cook. My mother told her she was being very practical—"But, Pearlie—cooking!"

She prospered remarkably for two reasons. The first was that she really was a wonderful cook, and the second that we all felt an obligation to do something for the poor girl.

Pearlie ate her own cakes and

pastries and acquired an even rounder look. She cooked for every party and afternoon in town, and had a contract with a store. Within two years she employed two assistants, bought a tiny car, and again drifted into—rather than entered—the town's social life.

Of course, she cooked for all the parties for Harry when he came home.

Harry was the only local to achieve even a fleeting prominence in the international scene, and consequently was regarded with disapproval and awe.

HE and Pearlie and I had played together from early childhood as the children of neighbors do, and Harry and I remained friends despite the difference in our lives.

His apparent decision in early adulthood to try to spend the accumulated fortunes of three generations of tight-fisted, tight-walled Sitmatts sent him first to Sydney, where he married a long-legged brunette who immediately became a blonde.

For a period of six months or so they had led a life of gaiety and had spent money lavishly, finally deciding on the spur of the moment to leave Australia and take an extended trip abroad. The last few weeks were spent in a rush of parties and packing, which, of course, ended in a great amount of excess baggage, which didn't worry them in the least.

Then when his wife turned red-head, Harry burst forth on the European scene as the "well-known Australian millionaire." Magazines occasionally gave us pictures of them at Cannes, at Venice, yachting with the American Ambassador's former wife, and house guests of British nobility—minor, of course.

I liked the picture at Cannes best—his then black-haired wife loved bikinis. Harry looked terrible in French trunks.

The end came when his wife was trying the effect of jet-black with a streak of white. She and a Georgian prince drove off a cliff in the South of France—quite by accident, of course.

Harry wrote to tell me he was coming home.

"I'm having a wonderful rest," he said. "She was a human dynamo. Such energy. I've got ulcers, and I never want to see another hotel in my life. Besides, I'm getting down to assets now."

Harry arrived with a wonderful tan, a haggard expression, and a dozen bottles of digestion relief. He stayed with us as a matter of course and watched his diet to the point of obsession.

I asked didn't he miss his long-legged wife.

"Miss her," he said. "It's bliss. Never marry a long, lean, energetic woman. She was killing me. And hotel food. It's the same, believe me, at fifty guineas a day as thirty bob a day. Did you see where I put the bicarbonate?"

"Why didn't you leave her?" I asked.

"I didn't have long enough to myself to make up my mind about anything. Oh, there it is."

Pearlie cooked for the party we gave for Harry, and of course she was there. When Harry greeted her, Pearlie settled her twelve stone more comfortably, and said: "Have a biscuit."

Harry said he could not eat biscuits anymore, and told her at length about his ulcers.

"Oh, go on," Pearlie said. "I make them myself. They're plain butter."

Harry nibbled one, finished it, and took another. I left them discussing invalid cookery.

Before he went to bed that night Harry said: "Pearlie's turned into a fine figure of a woman. You know, comfortable. Wonderful cook, too. She's having me over to tea tomorrow night."

I saw less and less of Harry as he lunched and dined with Pearlie, and even began to dash across for late breakfasts. The medicines and powders gathered dust and finally were thrown out.

Finally he told me happily: "Made up my mind. Asked Pearlie to marry me. The lease on one of my stations expires in two years. Going to take it over and hibernate. A man couldn't ask for anything more."

Before the wedding had taken place the company had transferred me suddenly to Fiji. My mother and sister left the town shortly after and I lost touch.

I LEFT the company in Fiji and went with a shipping show which sent me to Singapore.

Three months after I had arrived a six-month-old postcard caught up with me from Harry and Pearlie. They were starting on a little cruise until the lease of the station expired.

Transferred eventually to Hong Kong, I went aboard the company liner with malaria and dysentery. We ran into several days of storms and we were only a day out of Hong Kong when I made my first excursion to the dining-room.

On the deck I saw Harry. He had a wonderful tan and looked haggard. We exclaimed over coincidence and the folly of not checking passenger lists.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "I thought you'd be hibernating on the station and weigh thirteen stone. Be as placid as Pearlie and have several placid kids. Where is Pearlie?"

"Just another little cruise," he said. "Pearlie's down at the pool." I thought of Pearlie in swimming costume in the luxury pool of our luxury liner.

Harry refused a drink. He was off it and besides it was time for his medicine. He told me to go ahead and see Pearlie.

I didn't recognise Pearlie at first. She had lost at least four stone and seemed strangely to have long legs. What she wore was as close to a bikini as one could go.

"Dickie," she screamed. "Dickie. Just imagine."

Pearlie screaming. Pearlie a trim eight stone and in a near bikini. Pearlie with a long, lean, expensive look and a poodle cut. It was staggering.

"Like it all?" she giggled. "You've no idea of what it cost me. I had to stop eating. Well, practically."

"Do you still cook?" I asked foolishly.

"Cook," she screamed. "I'd never dare trust myself."

"But what about the station?" I asked.

She sighed and said: "It was sweet of Harry to want to bury himself like that just for me. But I wanted to be fair. After all, it wasn't what he was used to. It wasn't that he was ashamed of me, of course. But I wasn't the kind of woman he was used to and he didn't want me to feel embarrassed in front of his friends. So," she said, triumphantly, looking at a slim brown thigh, "I changed."

She giggled again. "You know, I like it as much as he does now. I thought it would be awful. Harry has the same wonderful life again, and I'm sure he never misses her."

Pearlie said she would have to run. She was having a drink with the Chief Officer.

As she left, she said seriously: "You know, Dickie, I never thought I'd marry, and when Harry asked me, I made up my mind I'd do my part. I'd give him back all he had lost. That's the trouble with marriages today. Wives forget that their husbands have to be considered."

Poor Pearlie.

(Copyright)



Harry spent most of his time in Pearlie's warm kitchen, which was always filled with the smell of good cooking.

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FATHER



"I don't think the kid will give you
any trouble today—I spoke to him
this morning."

MOTHER



"It's for me."

It seems to me

MOST people carry
some slight defensive
bias in favor of their
birthplace.

So I was naturally interested to hear about criticism of Queensland members of the Australian Rugby League team defeated by the Kiwis.

A friend who attended the match tells me that a gentleman in the crowd kept yelling to one of the forwards, "Arr, stickyfingers, you're not worth two bob. Go back to the Gold Coast."

This throws an entirely fresh light on Queensland.

We who come from the smaller-population States are accustomed to patronage from people bred in Victoria and New South Wales.

But until recently this patronage—to Queenslanders, anyhow—was chiefly on the ground of lack of sophistication.

There was a suggestion that one had been reared in the cornbeef-and-damper backwoods.

In retaliation we adopted a tough, pioneering air. In fact, I have known Queenslanders who have never stepped outside Brisbane imply to southerners that they habitually shot their own goats or galahs for breakfast.

Now, as the football barracking shows, that glittering few miles of sand and paintwork known as the Gold Coast has created in southern minds a new picture of an effete Queensland, a place populated by luxury-loving loungers.

Well, it's a change anyhow.

★ ★ ★
STILL on my home State—and why not? It's Centenary Year—there is at present a regrettable tendency to make a fuss about people who lead solitary lives on the northern coasts.

Anyone who doesn't live in a bungalow with mod. cons. is liable to be labelled a hermit. Well-meaning tourists speak of "rescue."

In my childhood I spent several holidays on an island off the Central Queensland coast. From time to time the island had temporary residents who now would be called hermits.

There was one—first name Hovvie, short for Havelock—who lived alone in a bark hut and had a vegetable garden fenced with a fishing net to keep out the wallabies.

He grew what he called Egyptian cabbages, though some said they were common cabbages gone to seed. Anyway, they had long stalks, and maybe Hovvie ate them.

Hovvie sometimes visited our camp for a cup of tea. "Always can do a cup of tea," he invariably remarked.

Offered a biscuit or a sandwich he would add, "No, thanks. Me and Flo had a couple of flapjacks for breakfast, didn't we, Flo?" Flo was a kelpie, always at his heels.

Usually Hovvie would emerge from the bush at sunset and survey the sky. "Looks like a fine day, doesn't it, Flo?" he would remark. Hovvie had been to World War I and had some colorful reminiscences. His language was always restrained in front of the children.

But his restraint, I think, would have deserted him if anyone had suggested that he needed rescuing from his solitary life.



Dorothy Drain

CONTROVERSY over
the noise and smoke
from the new Boeing jets
will die down in time.

Residents of the suburbs near Mascot airport, in Sydney, can take some small comfort from the fact that aviation progress is now so fast that a few years may change the picture entirely.

Long ago those who were unlucky enough to have a railway pass their back fences complained that their properties would be spoiled by coal dust. Their grievances remained valid for 50 years.

But only a few years ago the loudest complaints came from those whose homes were near the bases of flying-boats. Today the flying-boat has all but disappeared.

Young couples buying land should inquire whether it is likely to be within cooee of a moon-rocket airport.

That will be the next problem.

★ ★ ★
THE fierce light that beats upon a throne is such a blaze of arc lights nowadays that it's a wonder Royalty does not wilt under it.

The Canadian Royal Tour has not been an unqualified success, though anyone who could survive such a tour without encountering criticism would be superhuman.

The Queen has been blamed for sticking too closely to the script—that unfortunate Toronto speech. The Duke drew fire for departing from the script—those unsought comments on Canadian liquor laws.

Nevertheless the immense crowds that turned out to see the Royal visitors in Chicago must have roused a pang of envy in American publicity men.

★ ★ ★
A TRAVEL expert says that towns wishing to attract tourists should give attractive names to natural features—lake, not waterhole; parkland, not reserve.

Beyond the township was the scrub One side. The other side, the swamp. There was a gully, too, in which old time Rusted away beside the small bush flowers. Down on the flat a stray cow wandered. And sometimes Murphy's horse.

It wasn't very picturesque, I think. No tourists came, and if they did There wasn't much to see.

All that is changed; the scrub's a dell, The gully, a ravine; an ardent few Say "Everglades" when what they mean's the swamp.

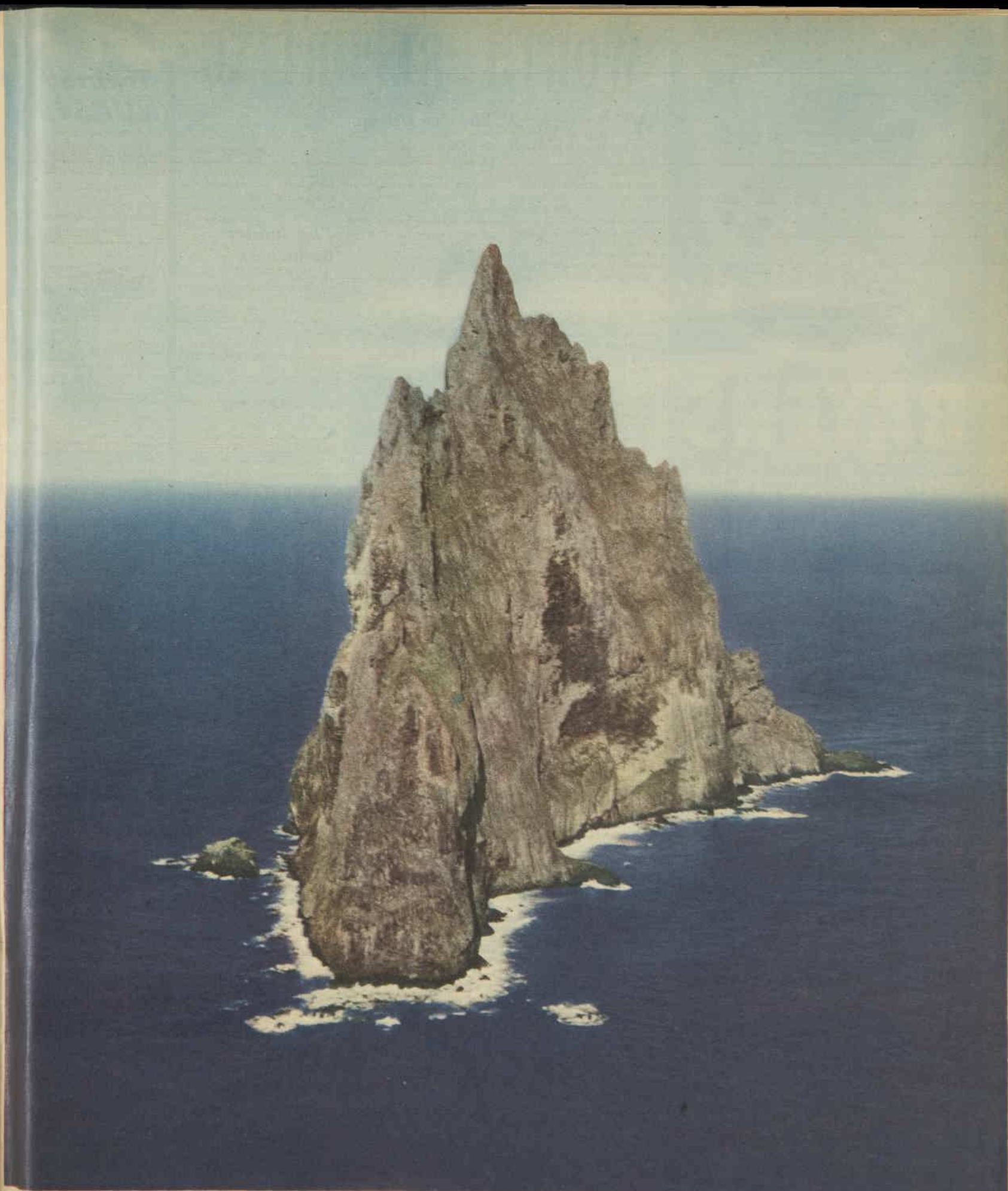
The flat's a recreation centre, and who knows

Where vanished Murphy's horse? But, stone the crows,

Few tourists come, and those who do agree,

Just as I said, there isn't much to see.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 22, 1959

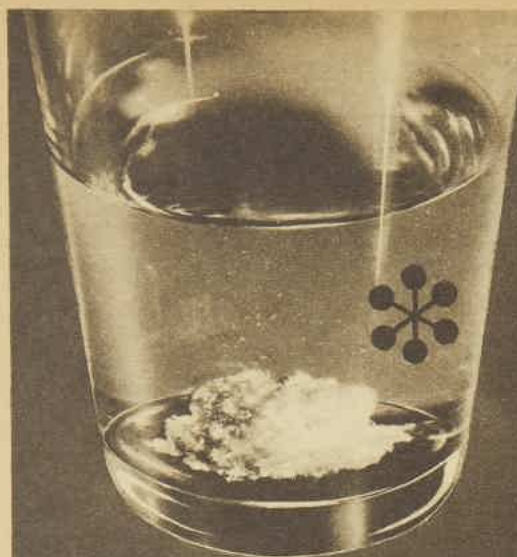


AUSTRALIA *FROM THE AIR*

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 22, 1959

• Ball's Pyramid, a dramatic pillar of rock which rises 1816 feet from the sea, 10 miles from the southern tip of Lord Howe Island. The Pyramid, known locally as Cathedral Rock, is named after Lieutenant Henry Lidgbird Ball, of H.M.S. Supply. He discovered Lord Howe Island in February, 1788, on his way from Port Jackson to found a settlement on Norfolk Island. Lord Howe Island lies off the New South Wales coast opposite Port Macquarie, 436 miles north-east of Sydney. Islanders say the Pyramid has never been climbed, and that a landing there is possible only in very calm seas. This picture is by D. J. McGregor, of Port Kembla, New South Wales.

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At the very first sign of a cold or 'flu—before you do anything else—take two Bayer's Aspirin tablets. You should do this because colds and 'flu are invariably accompanied by a headachy, feverish feeling; by muscular aches and pains; by backache and sore throat. Bayer's Aspirin relieves these distressing symptoms quickly—makes you feel better fast.

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WORTH REPORTING

WE went along to a party given to introduce nylon cord passenger tyres.

In all modesty, let us say we now know quite a lot about these nylon cord jobs, because all the men there didn't tire of talking about them.

They chatted happily about cooler running, trouble-free mileage, greater safety, more retreads, blowout protection.

"Yes, but listen," we said, "tyres are so unimaginative."

"Why don't you have pastel-colored ones? Or change the shape: squares for people who need a jolt, ovals for people to pretend they're on a ship."

All the men looked rather shocked, except for one big wheel from a rubber company, who said (not very convincingly) that we might have something.

But all this talk of tyres is a little depressing. We have a spare tyre already.

They're off on a scoot

IF you see a couple of girls on motor-scooters going past your house, wave to them.

They'll possibly be Shirley Steinhauer and Sheila Van Haren, both of Sydney, who are scooting their way round



SCOOTER GIRLS Sheila Van Haren (left) and Shirley Steinhauer . . . ready for round-Australia trip.

Australia on a working holiday.

"Shirley and I met when we joined up in the Army a few months ago," Sheila told us. "We both wanted to see Australia, so we bought scooters and we're going."

"It'll take about seven or eight months, I expect. We're going north first, to Darwin, then through Central Australia to the West . . ."

"We're going pearl diving in Broome and crocodile shooting in Darwin."

The pencil dropped from our nerveless fingers.

"Isn't that," we asked, "a hard way to get a pearl necklace and crocodile accessories?"

"Oh, well," Sheila said calmly, "we want to see what it's all about."

The girls are well prepared for their jaunt, anyway.

They've learnt how to look after their scooters—and for protection they've a gun and a tomahawk.

And then there's also Shirley's fox-terrier, Pipsi, who has her own special carrier-box on the back of her owner's scooter.

"She's a good watchdog," Shirley said. "If we set up camp and want to go into town to a film or something, Pipsi will stand guard."

ONE of the banes of our female existence is losing one glove, one earring. Apparently men are just the same—about socks.

We thought this after passing a men's-ward shop with a sign in the window: "Odd men's socks—ninepence each."

The ladder to success

A RESOURCEFUL young Australian, Bruce Buckley, and his pretty French bride are carving out successful careers for themselves in London.

"We're both at the foot of a very interesting ladder," 21-year-old Bruce wrote to his father, Mr. H. H. Buckley, of Sydney.

He added that he'd just started his own travel business and that his bride—Marie-France—is doing modelling and TV work.

The couple met 18 months ago in a small French student club in London.

Marie-France was studying for her matriculation and Bruce was taking a course in business management at the London Polytechnics.

In London Bruce saw a big



BRUCE BUCKLEY and his bride . . . successful careers in London.

gap in the tourist facilities—there was no guide to the used-car market.

Apparently 56 per cent. of Australian tourists want to buy a second-hand car.

Now Bruce finds them. The Automobile Association inspects and sanctions the purchase.

WORD of advice from Maurice Chevalier: "I love women, and they know it. THAT is why they return my love!"

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Smithton	1 D.C.
St. Marys	2 D.C.
Zeehan	2 D.C.
Queenstown	2 D.C.
Ulverston	1 D.C.
Royal Hobart	D.C. and G.C.
Launceston General	D.C. and G.C.
Longford	1 D.C.
Franklin	1 D.C.

* District Nursing Centre
St. Helens (6 beds) 2 D.C. or T.C.
* Tourist Nursing Division
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How to Arrange Flowers

• Every woman who enjoys the natural beauty of flowers can learn how to arrange them skilfully. In this six-page feature Margaret O'Brien, expert demonstrator of flower arrangement techniques, explains in simple language the basic rules and principles of this absorbing art.

IT is not the quality or quantity of the flowers that is of importance, but what can be done with the available material. A lovely garden is, of course, a great asset.

Flowers and plant material are at their best picked early in the morning before sun or wind has reduced the length of time they would normally remain fresh indoors.

Picking in the rain should be avoided if possible, for wet petals bruise easily. However, if it is unavoidable, shaking wet blooms with a swinging movement helps to remove moisture.

An upright container, such as a bucket or tin, to take the flowers as they are cut, keeps them in better condition than if they are gathered in one weighty armful. A little water in the container will keep the surface of cut stems moist until they can be taken inside for soaking.

Roll-cut secateurs are the best type to use for picking; they give a straight, clean cut without bruising the tissues. A really sharp knife is also suitable; but an old blunt pair of "flower scissors"—scissors which have seen better days and have been relegated for flowers—should never be used. Jagged edges reduce the intake of water into the stem and hasten decomposition.

The exact spot at which to cut a stem is just above a bud or node, so that the remaining portion is not so likely to decay. A stem cut midway between nodes is more liable to infection.

The shorter a stem, the better the flower will keep, but the design must take precedence. Leaves which will come below the waterline should be removed, as they will decompose and pollute the water.

Soaking or "hardening" plant material is the next consideration. Thoroughly soaked flowers are firm and will remain in position. Unsoaked flowers may assume quite a different angle some hours later, upsetting carefully considered line and balance.

It is a simple matter to carry picking tins inside, fill them with water, and leave the flowers to soak. Four hours is the minimum making time for annuals, bulbs, and softer-stemmed blooms, while the woody stems of shrubs and the like require six hours.

Roughly three-quarters of the stem should be immersed, but on no account should the flower head be allowed to sink into the water.

The best place to soak flowers is one free from draughts, with subdued lighting and a cool temperature, which in the average home means the laundry.

Ordinary tap water is generally the most suitable for soaking flowers. The addition of various chemicals to water, or the inclusion of pennies, oil of cloves, aspirins, or even alcohol can in no way prolong the life of flowers.

It is quite unnecessary and impractical to change water daily—all that is required is the addition of extra fresh water.

Flowers from a florist, or flowers arriving by post, will benefit from recutting of stem ends before arranging, as they are liable to have dried out in transit.

The chief concern in flower hygiene is the cleanliness of containers and holders. A certain variety of bacteria, which appears as a harmless brown stain in a container, settles

on the exposed surfaces of the cut stems and effectively plugs the water-conducting tissues. This is often the cause of premature wilting.

Hot soapy water and a good stiff brush should be used to remove every trace of stain from holders, containers, and tins used.

There are a few exceptions to the general rules of flower-keeping methods. One is for the type of flower with a stem that oozes a sticky sap that coagulates when exposed to the air, e.g., poppies, poinsettias, dahlias.

Their stem ends need either boiling or burning, as the application of heat prevents the sap from running out, without damaging the cell tissues. However, only the cut surface requires this treatment. Too many inches of burnt or boiled stem will decompose rapidly, causing flowers to wilt.

Another exception is a very woody stem. This is commonly bruised or crushed in order to expose a greater surface of water-absorbing tissue. This method has the desired effect up to a point only, for, while it does increase the intake of water, it also accelerates decomposition of the stem cells.

Finally, there are the really difficult cases such as hydrangeas and helleborus, which can never be guaranteed to keep well. It helps to put the flower heads down flat in a few inches of water. This can be done without fear of damage to the colored "petals," as they are not true petals, only sepals. Picking when the flowers are thoroughly matured and almost paper-like in texture also helps.



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N379-59

CONTAINERS ARE IMPORTANT

Careful selection of a container to suit your arrangement will help the work of placing flowers in position. The right container will also add interest to the design.

FOR those who are only beginning to take flower arranging seriously, it is a good idea to experiment with an assortment of shallow cake-tins, deep plates, dishes, and jars, until a rough idea has been obtained of the shapes best suited to various settings.

The period of the furnishings, whether modern or antique, will usually set the keynote for the style of containers to be used.

Consideration of color and texture of the container is important. Opaque material of any kind is preferable to transparent glass or crystal, which shows a confusion of stems below the rim of the container.

Dull, soft colors are the most adaptable — blues, greens, greys, and browns, black, white, and off-whites. Polished metals are excellent in settings where light is subdued. Containers already embellished



OPEN NECK of white vase simplifies arranging.

with gay designs are to be avoided for they detract from the flower design.

The most suitable container for any flowers is the one in which they look perfectly at home, one which forms a complete but unobtrusive part of the picture.

The texture of the container, as well as its color, plays an important part. The exquisite texture of lily petals would, for instance, appear incongruous in a rough-surfaced pottery jug, but the same jug filled with rough-leaved jaunty geraniums would be most attractive.



OLD biscuit barrel will hold heavy flowers.

Generally a container which is wider at the rim than the base is easier to handle and allows a more natural arrangement.

The hunt for containers can start in the home. Many delightful pieces lie unused on pantry shelves in older homes — soup tureens, vegetable dishes, cheese stands, old-fashioned sugar basins, biscuit barrels, water jugs, wicker trays.

The antique shop and second-hand dealer sometimes offer quaint odds and ends such as old lampstands, either of

china or metal, or urn-shaped pieces, especially those which have a pair of handles and therefore lend themselves to formal settings.

Many simple, inexpensive containers can be bought for the modern home — white pottery and glass bricks are possibilities. Taken in half and cleaned of the cement which joins them, these glass bricks make two admirable square troughs, shallow enough to avoid the display of crossed stems.

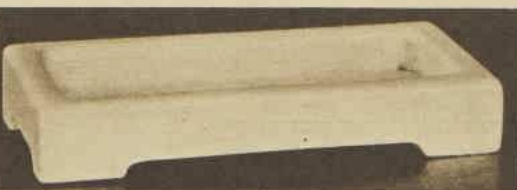
A vase hollowed from a solid block of wood, the base weighted with lead, can be lined with metal or satisfactorily waterproofed by several coats of sprayed paint.

Shallow trays

Troughs on small legs can be cut from a solid piece of wood, and, made to measure in this way, they can be exactly the right size to accompany a particular piece of furniture. Sheet copper can also be shaped into a handy trough.

Photographers' black developing trays and shallow, opaque refrigerator trays are also useful.

A container which is too light or too small deprives an arrangement of good balance and stability. It should be placed on a suitable base and



WOODEN TROUGH (above) is cut from a solid block and given three coats of enamel paint. NEEDLE-HOLDERS (below) with brass nails are available in a variety of shapes and sizes.



the actual container hidden. Plaques of wood, sheets of black glass, and mats of cane and bamboo make suitable bases.

Flower-holders

Flower-holders are not beautiful and must be completely concealed in a finished arrangement, but they are essential mechanical aids for the placing of flower stems.

They should be strong, rustless, and well balanced.

Needle-holders, especially those with rustless brass or copper nails, are the most satisfactory.

A problem is presented by a container with a fluted side or ridged base on which a holder wobbles.

For these containers the best type of holder is one made of layers of chicken netting, cut to fit the irregular sides of the container, stretched tightly on to a light wire frame.

With thick-stemmed, heavy flowers, such as spikes of gladioli or heavy hyacinths, cage



SIMPLE flowers look well in this brass pan.

holders give better balance. Pliable strips of lead can be used to weigh down heavy individual branches in large arrangements.

Lead shot is an exasperating last-hope support for stems in a container with a neck so narrow that it defies the use of all orthodox holders. Wet sand is useless, as it shifts with the insertion of each additional stem.

This six-page feature is taken from "Designed Flower Arrangement," by Margaret O'Brien. Published by A. H. & A. W. Reed, Wellington, New Zealand.

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Weekend

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GROVES' LBQ

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Lovelier Eyes

For that wide-eyed look, use a dark mascara on the lashes first and then tip with one to reflect the colour of your eyes. Small eyes can be enlarged with a brown pencil; draw a line along the back of the lashes and run to the outer corner, then flick up slightly. Deep-set eyes; shadow only at the inner and outer corners of the lid. As the skin about the eyes is most susceptible to wrinkle dryness, always smooth on oil of ulian before making up.

... Margaret Merril.

Line and design in flower

*Flowers are beautiful in themselves, but a well-d
will display this natural beauty to its fullest
illustrated apply the principles of good design*

● The basic design requirements of a satisfying flower arrangement are a well-defined pattern, good balance of masses and color, and interesting silhouette.

Pattern in flower arrangement is made up of solids, consisting of groups of plant material, and of voids — the space between these groups. Interesting variety in the shapes and sizes of the plant material forming these solids and voids must be carefully considered if an arrangement is to be successful.

A WELL-BALANCED arrangement gives a feeling of stability and repose. This balance is achieved with weight, actual or visual. The latter is supplied by flowers which appear heavier because of their darker color.

In flower arranging the color is already provided by nature. It is not necessary to mix colors the way an artist does, but merely to make a wise selection.

Careful grouping of related colors in an arrangement will always produce a pleasant effect. In the same way repetition of smoothly flowing lines in a design appeals to the eye, so colors which flow smoothly into one another are restful. This does not mean that contrasting colors should not be used, but they should be carefully selected to ensure that the arrangement does not have a "spotty" look.

Closely associated with balance are proportion and scale. In a flower arrangement good proportion is expressed in the graceful relationship of one part to another. It applies not only to the plant material used, but also to the container and the surroundings or background. Frequently arrangements are not designed in proportion to the size of the room and look completely out of place.

Scale refers to the relationship of the various parts that make up an arrangement. The container, the individual flowers, leaves, stems, berries, or whatever material is being used should appear in scale for best effect.

By applying proportion and scale it is easy to decide what size arrangement will be best in a given space or on a particular piece of furniture.

Silhouette is the outline of an arrangement against its background. A good silhouette has an interesting balance between voids and masses. The lines

used may be vertical, horizontal, radiating, semicircular, but all should converge on the focal point. The focal point is the point of greatest interest in any design. Focal points are nearly always placed low, near the rim of the container, and well forward. This means that strong lines should not cross above the waterline.

When using an opaque container, stems present no problems, but if you are arranging flowers in a glass container it is necessary to consider designs both above and below the waterline.

The outlines of designs suitable for flowers are somewhat limited. If they are to be simple, natural, and restful they must follow somewhat the lines of the tree and plants from which the material came.

In nature there are no stiff, conventional outlines, no squares and very few circles, but innumerable irregular triangles. A triangle of some kind could be drawn about the extremities of almost every plant that grows.

Therefore, the majority of informal flower arrangements should follow some type of rough triangle. The still leaves scope for the semicircle and S-line of most formal arrangements.

Harmony is an elusive factor, even more difficult to define than scale, but its effectiveness is immediately apparent in a well-thought-out arrangement. Color and texture are involved in harmony.

Texture is illustrated by this example. The fine surfaces of lily petals, camellias, and roses harmonize perfectly with silver or fine porcelain, and would look well on a highly polished table or on fine linen.

In contrast, zinnias, bold in color and texture, would look best arranged in a wicker basket on a cottage weave cloth.

In the same way certain varieties of flowers will harmonize well with other flowers or foliage. However, the trend today is towards the simple and natural. A flower's own foliage is its best foil. If this is not available something which is closely associated should be used.

The choice of containers may not be wide, but, if possible, it is preferable to combine plain, smoothly finished containers with better quality flowers.

Background plays an important part in completing



● Red dahlias give visual weight to balance the tall delphiniums. Design is based on irregular triangle, daisies added as filling.



● Old Chinese container has a lid which forms an accessory to the arrangement. Calceolarias, Mermaid roses, and convolvulus lead to high line of spent calceolarias.



● S-line design with driftwood.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

July 22, 1959

*You, too,
can be
in the
mink
—Pages 8, 9*



Supplement: Not to be sold separately.

LETTERS

Girls should be girls

WHY do so many Australian teenagers servilely and obsequiously try most strenuously (but so often futilely!) to ape movie stars or models? The fattest and often ugliest flapper sees a "star" who looks magnificent in a very large hat. Pronto, she goes and buys one like the one she saw, even though it makes her look ridiculous! Yet another romantic moron may see a beautiful blonde who looks perfectly delightful, largely because she sports a lovely pony-tail. Off she goes to the expensive hairdresser and demands a similar appendage. When she gets it, she looks a positive fright! To mention just one more: there is the halfwit of a girl who sees (or thinks she sees) a star who looks fine in matadors, toreadors, picadors, or what-have-you. (Personally, I detest the thing and have not seen one woman or girl of any age who really looks nice in them!) But our halfwit buys the most expensive pair and gallivants around in them everywhere—looking uncouth, unshapely, ungainly—not in the least like the model whom she admired so much. I wish girls would be girls! At all times and in all places—*Max Espler, c/o Post Office, Forest Hill, Vic.*

Parents know best

I AM a teenager and I hear girls constantly running down their parents. I know parents



CORAL HOYENDEN
... strict at times.

are strict at times, but I have found that they do it for our own benefit and reputation. I feel that if we prove we can be trusted, parents will trust us. My parents like me to be home by midnight after parties, and I've found a boy respects a girl more if she does what her parents wish her to do. — *Coral Hoyenden, 31 Correys Ave., Concord, N.S.W.*

Yank has a say

AUSTRALIA is fortunate in being able to choose the finest and best products from the many cultural centres of the

There are no holds barred in this teenage forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used.

OUR COVER: The girl in the mink is Sydney model Pam Quinn. Her hot of velvet and palomino mink tails costs eight guineas. More furs for you on pages 8 and 9.

OUR PIN-UP on page 16 is Elvis Presley himself. Elvis is expected to have a dazzling comeback when he completes his Army service in Germany next March and returns to show business. The question is — with so many new stars at the top, will Elvis be able to hold his crown as King of the Rock?

world. The United States can be considered a world cultural centre. Why, I would like to know, must Australians import the sick part of the States' culture? I am particularly referring to the idea of the "Beat Generation." The "Beat Generation" is a product of internal social friction. In Australia freedom is the watchword — freedom in movement, in space, and in thought. Take from the States their jazz, their fads, and their catch-phrases if you must, but leave the "Beat" to those who are. — *Nicky Rounthwaite, recently of California, now of 37 Raymond Road, Neutral Bay, N.S.W.*

Bermudas: For ...

I DISAGREE strongly with J. L. Rudder (T.W. 17/6/59), who said girls can be up to date in their clothes without wearing tight slacks and sweaters. As a matter of fact, these garments are not up to date at all, as the fashion now is to wear a loose sweater and bermuda shorts and socks, or well-fitting slacks. This, of course, is apart from the nice styles of skirts and dresses in the shop if a girl wants to be modern. As for boys, their clothing can also be modern, and they can wear quite bright colors if they wish without looking cheap and common. — *Jenny Nasmyth, Cremorne, N.S.W.*

... and against

I AM a dignified teenager of 17, and my friends and I are very disgusted by bermuda shorts and long knee-length socks. We think this is a very silly reincarnation of the late 'twenties. They seem unfitting for any occasion, and make me boil with rage and contempt. Lately this fashion has turned to tweed or speckled dresses

with long socks. Recently my girl-friend has taken up this fashion, and I feel ashamed to take her out. I feel like telling her how I feel, but I do not want to offend her. — *"Disgusted," Grafton, N.S.W.*

Frustrated singer

I WAS really thrilled to know that Dodie ("Pink Shoe Laces") Stevens is of Italian parentage. I have loved singing for audiences ever since I was so high, and the pity is that my parents don't take me seriously. When I sing in the bathroom in the morning someone tells me: "Keep quiet. Mamma's still in bed." When I sing while washing-up someone else threatens to shoot me out of my agony. If I sing in the garden the cat runs as if his tail were on fire. If Italian singers are the tops, how come no one has discovered me yet? — *Lucia Cappellani, 20 Rosewall St., N. Sunshine, Vic.*

Girls' education

A WISE man once said that to educate a boy is to educate an individual, but to educate a girl is to educate a family. How true these words are, and yet some people think that to educate a girl to Matriculation or University standard is a waste of time and money. A good education is an advantage to a girl whether she remains a career woman or raises a family of her own, and I think that every girl should be encouraged to obtain the best education she can. — *Judith Purcill, 393 Enmore Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.*

Equality

BOYS like to take girls out, look after them, and show them new places and things, and girls like to be taken out. Yet why, when most girls like these things, do so many of them want equal pay and rights? If they want these things they should be prepared to go half way and pay equal shares of everything. How uninteresting it would be to go "dutch" every time a male took, or should I say accompanied, you anywhere. — *Suzanne Harnell, Sargood St., Hampton, Vic.*

Back-stabber!

HELEN MOORE (T.W. 1/7/59) says that the males in her class, 5th year, are childish. An abominable back-stabber, if ever there was one! We, the boys in fifth year, have enough on our hands studying for the Leaving Certificate without having to tolerate the aloft criticism of the emotional, matured damsels who share our humble existence. These females should realise they have matured much faster than we have and therefore have gained a temporary superiority. — *"Male Fifth Year Student," Parkes, N.S.W.*



JAN DARLEY (right) with friends ... sense of security.

Best friend

I THINK all teenagers should have a dog as a companion. The care of a dog should be theirs entirely. This will awaken a sense of responsibility. To win an animal's complete love and confidence gives one a comforting sense of security. We teenagers seesaw between childhood and adulthood. We find life both exciting and frustrating, which often leads to confusion. Your dog won't ask for any explanations of your foolishness or moods. He comforts you if you need it, and is willing to join in with your fun, if you want to play. He also becomes a protector if you are in danger. Every teenager needs a dog, and every dog needs a teenager. — *Jan Darley, 10 Kahibar Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.*

Those blondes:

... by a boy-friend

I BEG to differ with C.R. (T.W. 1/7/59) that blondes love themselves and wear too much make-up. I have been going steady with a blonde for five months and intend to become engaged early next year. I am 20 years old and think I know my own mind, and all I



ARTHUR'S BLONDE
... the sweetest girl

can say for her is that she is the most considerate and sweetest girl I have ever met. She does not wear excessive make-up or dress up too much, yet whenever we go out everyone admires her. It really makes me proud. Enclosed is a snap of her, but it does not do her justice. I hope you will print my views. — *Arthur Hayes, 82 Hector St., Chester Hill, N.S.W.*

... by a blonde

WHY is it that blondes are set aside in a class by themselves to be either admired

or treated with contempt, according to the individual's taste? No one can help the color of her hair. That "blondes love themselves and wear too much make-up" is a sweeping statement if ever there was one. Most natural blondes have fresh complexions and wear only the minimum make-up. Those who do plaster on make-up are usually brunettes trying hard to feign a fair complexion and often failing miserably. — *"Blondie," West Ryde, N.S.W.*

... by a brunette

I AM a brunette, but most of my girl-friends are blondes and are not the least bit conceited. It's true some love themselves, but so do redheads and brunettes. The idea of them wearing too much make-up is ridiculous. Nowadays lipstick is not enough. What's wrong with a bit of eye make-up and powder? I might also state that "C.R." is very lucky to have two girl-friends. Most boys find it hard to cope with one. — *"Disgusted," Sydney.*

The way they are

PARENTS should try to realise that when their teenagers talk "hep talk" they're not going to the dogs, but are trying to be original and different. My friends and I talk "hep," but when one of our parents tries to talk "hep," too, it embarrasses us. We want our parents to stay square. We try to express ourselves by the clothes we wear and the way we talk, but we don't want our parents to talk like us, because we like them the way they are. — *"Hepcat," Langley Vale, North Coast, N.S.W.*

That "love story"

YOU may think teenagers like your "Love Story" picture page. I asked 20 girls at school if they liked it and they ALL said they thought it stupid and childish. The girls' ages were 14 to 16 and I'm sure most girls over 16, too (should I say all girls with any sense?), do not bother to read such trash. I am a normal girl of 15, so do not think I'm a "serious type." — *"Margot," Randwick, N.S.W.*

What do you think of Margot's view? Write to us — and speak your mind. If most readers want "Love Story" we'll keep it. If most don't, we'll "kill" it. — *Ed.*

20 WAYS TO GET YOUR GIRL

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

• So you want to be a success with girls? Listen, brother, if you like girls, girls will like you—it's as simple as that.

WELL, you like them but you're still not a success? Why? You're scared of them, that's why.

But **never let it show** that you are scared.

You're a great, big, desirable male and girls think you're fab-u-lous. Yes they do... or they soon will.

I'm being a traitor to my own sex, but listen here, boys—here's how to be a success and it won't cost anything at all.

Say you've just met HER. She's pretty, she's fun, she's interested in your kind of things—but does she like you?

Does she like you enough to come out with you or will she say "Oh, no thanks" with a look of horror on her cute little face?

Don't beat around the bush and ask her girl-friend's opinion of your chances—this will immediately be relayed back to the one you like.

Anyway, the best friend will no doubt be so hurt and insulted that you're not interested in her that she'll do her best to run you down. So be careful.

There's only one way to find out if she likes you enough to come out — **take her by surprise** and ask: "Would you like to come to so-and-so with me on...?"

She'll probably say yes immediately but don't be appalled if she says no.

She may be playing hard to get. Girls do.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 22, 1959

In the first issue of Teenagers' Weekly we told the girls how to get dates with the boys of their choice. So many boys wrote to us ("It's easy for them to get dates, but what about us boys?") that we asked a girl — and who would know better? — for the answers.

Or she may be sitting tight, hoping and praying that another special boy will ask her out that night. Girls do.

Never plead with her to change her mind—you're a dead duck if you do.

This gives her the chance to brag about her unconscious conquest, to skite about her fatal charm to the girl-friends.

Never let her forget that there are plenty of other girls who'll say yes — but don't be fool enough to say so.

Wait a while, then if you're still keen, ask her again, very, very casually.

If she says yes you don't need any help — she obviously likes you, too.

But remember to **plan your outing carefully**.

Some boys have a knack of getting the best seats at the pictures, the best seats in the espresso bar—they're never parked behind a pillar or kept waiting by an unobsequious waiter.

Remember that **a little masculine masterfulness** goes down very well with the weaker sex.

Always turn up on time to collect her and don't miss the bus to town so you'll have to splurge on a taxi—and then can't afford to take her out next week.

Get organised even if you're only going to the local movies—but don't act as if you're commanding an army regiment, either.

Tell her mother what time she can expect you home, allow plenty of time to catch the bus, have the tickets in your pocket, find out which is the favorite espresso haunt—and don't miss the last bus home.

Even if you're going on a picnic or to a footie match, don't be vague about the arrangements, or she'll think you're uninterested—and not only in the outing, in her, too.

Play it smooth. It's not a matter of money, just planning ahead. After all, you want to take her out again, don't you?

What if she says no when you ask her out again?

Perhaps she's still pining away for that other special boy. Hard cheese.

Don't worry, you'll get over it after a while.

Anyway, there's lots more girls around—why, they're everywhere.

But perhaps she just doesn't like you.

What doesn't she like about you? What's wrong with you? What could be improved?

YOUNG MAN, DRAW UP A CHAIR AND READ ON...

What you look like doesn't really matter at all. As long as you... **look presentable**.

Presentable to the other girls and the mums, that is.

They can fix you right from the start by saying: "Just what do you see in HIM?" Unless she really cares, of course.

The younger you are the more a good-looking face helps—especially if you look like a film-star.

The older you are the more the girls will go for a fascinating, ugly face.

But always **look clean**.

I don't mean as if you've just been

washed, starched, and ironed, but no grubby neck, dirty fingernails, five o'clock shadow, greasy hair.

Lots of girls now go for arty types who appear to ignore basic hygiene.

Frankly, that's just a phase, and, anyway, you can look arty and unpressed and clean, too.

Clothes count, but not that much.

Just make sure you wear the **right clothes** for the occasion.

Don't turn up for dinner at her place in your cleaning-the-car overalls and things like that.

Be polite. Good manners are most important—treat her right, not rough.

You needn't knock her over leaping to open the gate, but treat her as if she's fragile and precious.

Those little everyday courtesies like opening car doors, helping her off a bus, lighting her cigarette, they all help to raise your rating as an escort.

... And don't forget Mum either when you're turning on the charm—if you're asked round to tea, a bunch of violets in that corner will really impress both mother and daughter.

Money definitely, but definitely, doesn't matter.

She'll be twice as happy taking a long walk with you as riding along in a red sports car with an ill-mannered, moneyed moron.

The only reason why girls go out with drips like that is that they can boast to the girls the next day.

And they soon get over that.

Be a dreamy dancer and you're half-way to winning the belle of the ball, or any other girl you fancy.

Even if you've got three heads, if you are a cool rock-'n'-roller the girls will rush to dance with you. So learn.

Be charming and attentive — but not over-attentive.

If she knows that you'll always be there—she'll soon get bored with you.

Let her know you think she's the most wonderful girl in the world—but don't say so... yet.

Keep her guessing for a while.

Don't try to kiss her goodnight the first time you take her out.

She'll wonder why, and then it will be easy the next time.

Look at her a lot and listen to what she says with a flattering interest.

Be complimentary but not corny.

Think of what you like most about her and tell her so—her fascinating husky voice, the way she says hello, her hair that's thicker, or shinier, or curlier, than any other hair in the world. You know.

Never tell a beautiful girl that she's beautiful — she's heard that before. Think of something different... perhaps she's always wanted to be thought intelligent. Then tell her she's beautiful, too.

And vice versa.

If you're fun, if you're courteous, if you're presentable, if you like her—she'll love you.

And if you want to keep it that way, make sure she knows you think she's **SPECIAL**. And **tell her so—often**.

This builds her up and it builds you up, too, in her eyes—because you've shown your good taste and judgment by noticing just how special she is.

This being the one-and-only is the heart of this love business—ask any girl.

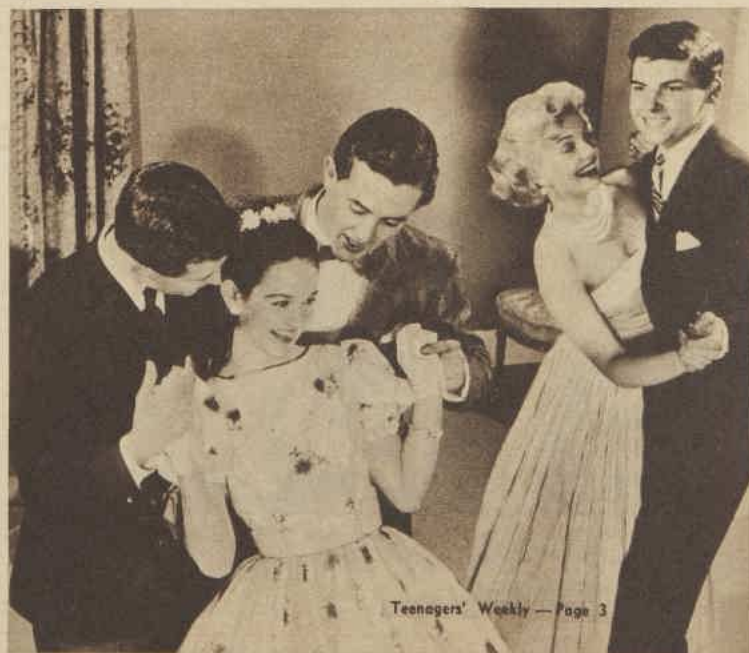
Be surprising — in the nicest possible way.

Suddenly ring her up and say: "I was just thinking of you..." And her tiny heart will go ping, bang, bong.

And when you take her to parties—don't gang up with the boys and tell stories in the corner.

Put your arm around her and introduce her to all your buddies; and **act like you're proud** that she's with you—and she'll be proud to be with you.

Oh boy! Will YOU be a success?



Teenagers' Weekly — Page 3



THE CATS on the Town Hall balcony look pretty sleepy here — they could even be listening to a Brahms lullaby.

CATS AT TOWN HALL

● I'd paid 2/6 at the door to join the rock-'n-roll fans (and they weren't all teenagers either — lots of them were middle-aged) at a lunch-hour concert.

A RADIO station had the bright idea of putting on the concerts at Sydney Town Hall and they're now to be a regular thing.

Only one person demanded her money back — a woman who'd seen the crowd pouring up the steps and thought they were going to a different sort of concert. She got her 2/6 back.

Clutching paper-bags filled with lunch, the fans came pouring into the hall.

But pretty soon the sandwiches and the bikkies were forgotten as the cats got hep to the music.

Radio station compere John Hansberry bounded across the stage to the microphone and rattled off some unintelligible announcement. Everybody cheered.

And five red-tuxedoed young men, standing rather sheepishly on the platform, leapt into action.

And the music smashed

against each wall, soared to the ceiling, and crashed around my ears.

"Who are they and what are they doing?" I hissed at the grey flannel-suited young executive type on my right.

He obviously thought I'd just stepped off the moon: "The Dee Jays playing 'Rebel Yell,' of course."

A moment later: "Aren't you a rock-'n-roll fan?" he asked.

I murmured something about the classics.

"Man, you've really got four corners!" Surprised, he turned his full attention to the men on the stage.

Then on came a pretty blonde in bronze taffeta with three bank-clerk-looking boys in navy blazers and grey flannels.

They sang "She Say" (according to the young executive type) and "Charlie Brown" — to a wailing saxophone accompaniment.

Next on the programme was a smooth young man nonchalantly strumming a guitar.

"That's Frank Ifield," sighed



OFFICE GIRLS, bank clerks, students, and weary-footed shoppers from the suburbs crowded into the usually staid Sydney Town Hall for a riotous lunch-hour of rock-'n-roll.

a girl in front. "His voice is like melted butter."

And he could sing, too.

After mellowly strumming and singing his way through "I Need Your Love Tonight," he suddenly flung down the guitar, unhitched the mike, and burst into the groovy "Personality."

That word's the chorus, and the blonde and the bank clerks sang it for Mr. Ifield — he was rather out of breath as he kept zooming around the stage, shouting the lines and doing quaint little dance steps over the mike cord.

Our photographer, Ernie Nutt, was also dancing round the stage — trying to get this jumpy young man into focus.

The fans went wild.

Mr. Hansberry grabbed the mike and announced "The fascinating, fabulous, feverish Terry King."

Miss King has more and redder hair than I've ever seen, plus a Bardot-like walk. She clanged into "Lover" with all

The cats were jumping and screaming.

The music was loud. Reporter PATRICIA O'CONNELL knew

immediately she was a square. The music didn't send her — except up the wall. But, by the end of the concert, she was wondering if she was as square as she had thought.

the steps out. Wow! Those decibels!

"What do you think of her?" I asked a 17-year-old boy.

"Well, she's got the best voice here . . . but she's a bit old for this sort of thing."

Poor Miss King.

Finally, what the fans had been waiting for . . . Johnny O'Keefe.

Johnny in a red, red suit

Wearing a red, red suit with black - and - white leopard-like bindings.

"Look up here, Johnny," called a delirious tot in the gallery.

"All the time!" called back Mr. O'Keefe. And burst into song.

He stood in the spotlight, swaying with the mike, while the Dee Jays stood round the other mike, humming "Aaaah."

They did the same for the next two numbers, too—some-

times humming "Aaaah," sometimes Bing-ing "Bong."

Then Johnny started tapping his red-and-white suede shoes and jumped into (I think) "Go, Johnny, Go."

The fans were nearly hoarse.

At last the screaming, the sighing, and the singing was over and the hep cats rocked back to their jobs.

I spoke to some of the fans as they streamed from the hall.

Mother and son, Mrs. Geoff Crighton and 13-year-old John, think that Johnny O'Keefe really has "the beat."

I asked Mrs. Crighton if this was the first rock-'n-roll concert she'd been to.

"Well, yes, it is. I like music and I thought I was getting into a rut, so I came along with John. And I enjoyed it."

And, even though I've been L7 from way back, I enjoyed it, too. (For the benefit of other squares, L7 means square. Get it?)

As a matter of fact, there's another concert in a few months. See you there.



LET YOURSELF GO, MAN, they screamed. So Frank Ifield (left) got with it while Johnny O'Keefe tried the floor.

Car owners with (almost) no money

• Anopheles looked just like any old Austin Seven you could buy with almost no money—quaint and utterly harmless—until I boarded her for a burn.

—By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

WE started burning. I looked down. Grey ground slid under the gaps in the floorboards. I looked up at the speedometer. No needle. I looked across to my driver. No driver.

I nearly chickened out into the sky (Anopheles had "sports car characteristics" — no roof) when I leaped the driver. Breathless.

"Had to run alongside and push. That gets the donk thrashing," he explained.

So the donk thrashed, the scenery flashed past, and the driver, 18-year-old Roger Parkes, helped me slide my ideas into gear.

In car jargon my brain took the coys.

THIS was modern motoring, teenage vintage. To burn means to drive. The donk is just the engine, and to accelerate you merely use the loud pedal.

To do all this you have to have an old jalopy which costs about £30.

"I paid a shocking price for Anopheles, come to think of it," Roger confided as we swooped round the corner.

"When you're buying, the main thing to look for is a good body," he said. "Barney paid £35 for his, and he got a fantastic body."

I looked behind for Barney's body. Yes, we were being trailed by another Austin Seven tourer, driven by Roger's friend,

Barney Baxter, 18, and out of sight was 17-year-old Bob Lee's sedate Austin sedan.

Friends since school days, the boys all live in Sydney's North Shore suburbs — Roger in Castlecrag, Barney in Cammeray, and Bob in Lane Cove.

Body on the lawn

"But Barney's is really two," Roger said. "He bought another Austin for a fiver and gave us some of the bits."

"He's still got part of the body on the front lawn and some of the bits are under my bed — the ones I didn't need. The three of us work in together."

Anopheles, Roger, and I swept past a modern American car, and the occupants laughed at us.

"Louts. Just louts," Roger muttered. "Who'd want a gin palace?"

"Gin palace?" I asked.

"Yes. One of those modern American cars," said Roger.

"You see, there are two views to getting an old vintage model."

"Some chaps just get them to hot them up and race in the car club rallies, but Barney and Bob and I got ours to restore them to their original state."

"For instance, I made this

hood, and Barney's mother re-upholstered the seats from an old settee.

"As far as the working side is concerned, Bob got a couple of his tyres from the rubbish tip, and you can usually get all the spare parts somewhere."

"I had to make my own fan belt, though. Actually I retimed the engine, and took the guts out to check them especially because you were coming."

I hoped he'd put them all back and was flattered.

And I had a little more confidence in the 1927 vintage Anopheles when Roger told me that she had taken him and his cousin for a 1200-mile tour of northern New South Wales.

Above the noise Roger said that his ambition is to be a racing-car driver, but in the meantime he is studying Economics at Sydney University.

At this stage we were burning along at an average cruising speed of about 35 m.p.h., and I remarked that Anopheles looked hot. Steam was pouring from under her bonnet.

"She's right," Roger reassured me. "It's just that I haven't got a radiator cap. She'll start to erupt like a geyser in a minute."

While she did with gusto, Roger explained that he'd been driving cars since he was about seven—not on the road, of course.

He bought Anopheles before he had his driving licence. Bob and Barney did the same.

Why did they all get Austin Sevens?

"Well, there are tons of them around," Roger said, waving an



TEENAGE motor enthusiast Roger Parkes, at the wheel of Anopheles. Why Anopheles? It's the name of a noisy mosquito.

airy hand at passing gin palaces.

"They're cheap and they're reliable. Definitely reliable."

"Here, I'll show you the anchors," he said.

He stepped on the brake pedal and stopped within about 30 yards.

"Deadly," he grinned. "Brakes are a business on these little models, you know."

"We have a friend who had eight attempts at getting his car registered, and failed every time because of the brakes. The ninth time he trod on everything and the pedal broke off."

"Really, it's a terrible thing, this registration. Barney and I bought cars which hadn't been registered — they're cheaper."

Frightening test

"But you have to go for this test. Run full-tilt at a brick wall. Is it frightening? You've just got to stop or you hit it."

"When you finally pass the test, and you're feeling pretty good, you come back to earth when you've got to fork out £12/2/6 for registration."

But the money and time the boys spend getting the cars roadworthy are repaid in the public-transport fares they save.

Bob — he's a bank clerk — drives his 1936 sedan to work, and his petrol, at 40 miles to the gallon, costs 8/- a week. His fares used to be £1.

According to Roger, the amount you have to spend on buying and rehabilitating the car after the purchase is just a matter of luck.

"You just look at the ads in the paper and you might pick up a fantastic little number for a few quid. And it mightn't need anything done to it — much," he said.

"But I've spent pounds on this. I just couldn't say how much. All worth it, though. Barney's spent about £60 on



PROUD OWNER of the oldest car, Barney Baxter.



BOB LEE, who drives his "late model" to work every day.

his. But he wouldn't sell it for the world."

A traffic cop looked suspiciously at us as we applied the anchors with great success at the intersection.

"There. Both back tyres squealed. That's the ultimate in brakemanship," Roger said happily. The traffic cop stopped looking suspicious.

"Never get stopped. They just think we look cute," Roger confided.

So did I when I finally alighted from Anopheles.

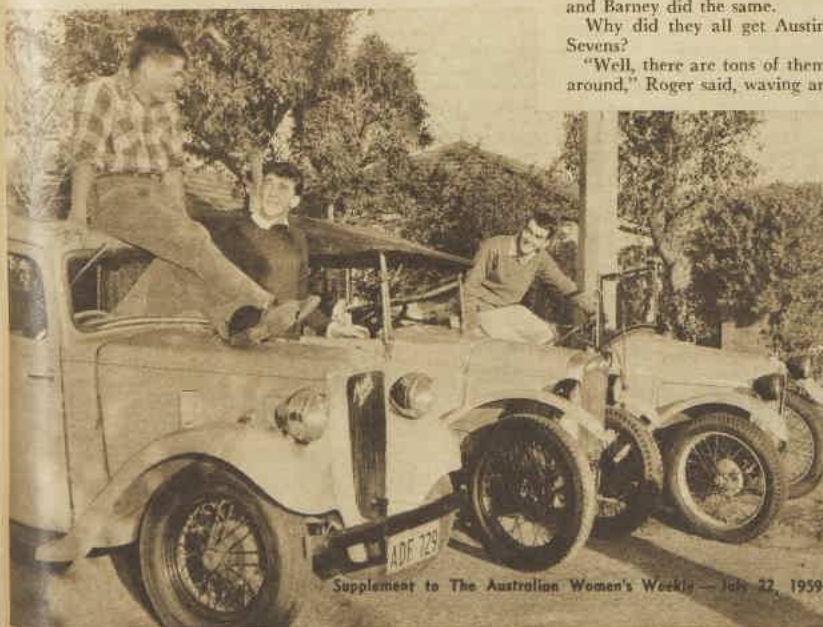
"Yes, we find that these cars have a great attraction for the feminine sex," Roger said.

When I left, he was busily at work. The burn had been too much for her.

The oil had worked its way up from the engine and was spurting out enthusiastically through the horn!

Poor Anopheles was bleeding to death. She needed urgent first aid.

LINED UP for a burn are Bob, left, with his "Hercules" (1936), Roger and "Anopheles" (1928), and Barney aboard his veteran "Chummy" (1927).



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 22, 1959

TOPS IN POPS

12 OF THE LATEST HITS

ALL ON ONE 12" L.P. FOR ONLY 30/-

"AN HOUR OF TOPS IN POPS." Now available to Club Members.

12 of the latest and most popular hits:

SIDE A

Come Softly To Me
Pink Shoe Laces
Guitar Boogie Shuffle
The Happy Organ
Sorry, I Ran All The Way Home
Kansas City

SIDE B

Petite Fleur
Alvin's Harmonica
Peter Gunn
It's Just A Matter of Time
Venus
Charlie Brown

All of these Hits have been especially selected by a panel from the recommendations of leading Australian Disc Jockeys. This is the first time that it has been possible to buy 12 current

hits at the ridiculously low price of 2/6 each. The normal 7" disc containing the Tops regularly sells at 10/- — the equivalent of 5/- per number. "An Hour of Tops in Pops"—only 30/-.

Regular monthly releases of Pops, Evergreen and Classical recordings will be made by this club and will be available to its members in accordance with their own particular requirements. It doesn't cost anything to join The Popular Record Club and members are not obliged to purchase any record released. Members will be advised each month of proposed releases for the

following month and can select only what they want. As an introductory bonus offer, original members purchasing one record a month—or a total of 12 records a year—will be given ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST an additional 12" L.P. disc of their own choosing! This need not specifically be a past release, but can even be selected from pending releases.

ADDITIONAL EVERGREEN OFFER FOR JULY

"THAT'S MY DESIRE"—an Evergreen recording. We chose Frankie Laine for our July release because of the outstanding quality of this disc. These numbers will be "your desire":

Every month there'll be a regular release in the Evergreen field which will cover a wide selection of music—background music to dine to, music to dance to, or just music to bring back nostalgic memories.

Old Fashioned Love
All Of Me
Coquette
That's My Desire
Georgia On My Mind
Rosetta
"That's My Desire"—now available to Club members for 30/-

Hold Me
Singin' The Blues
I Wish You Were Jealous Of Me
You Can Depend On Me
Don't Blame Me
Some Day, Sweetheart



SPECIAL SEMI-CLASSICAL RELEASE

CLASSICAL RELEASE. Overseas classical records which are now available to our Club members are unlimited, and will also be available in the highest quality pressings at the Popular Price of 30/-.

We have selected for release in July a semi-classical recording, "VIENNA IN 3/4 TIME," with Charles Vanberg and His Orchestra.

This record will appeal to many members and may be purchased separately, as may either of the other two releases, the total price per record being 30/-.

The disc comprises:

Tales From Vienna Woods
Vienna Blood
Voices of Spring
Village Swallows
Court Ball Dances
Vienna Waltz
Your favourite Symphonies, Concertos, and Orchestral music will be included in our future Classical releases.

Although The Popular Record Club Pty. Ltd. is not the first in the field in Australia, it is nevertheless the first Club to offer all of these advantages to its members:

- No Entry Fee whatsoever.
- A bonus offer of a 12in. L.P. disc of your own selection by purchasing 12 records per year.
- A jacket especially created for Club members to enable easy identification and classification in the Pops, Evergreen and Classical fields. The Club jacket illustrated above has a predominantly yellow background for Pops, green for Evergreen, and blue for Classical.
- Members are not obliged to purchase any records—they purchase only what they want from the Club's monthly releases. If the various releases in any month do not appeal to members, then there is no obligation whatsoever to purchase a record.
- Record labels in each classification carry the same colour identification.

- Every endeavour is made to make current Pop tunes available to Club members as soon as it is evident that they are becoming popular in Australia.
- Records are pressed from master material sent Air Express from America to ensure that Club members are the first to receive the latest and the best.

Popular records, being of highest quality and materials, would cost 57/6 each if purchased other than through the Club. Each record is covered by our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. If your record is not in perfect condition when received, please return it immediately and we will gladly refund your money or send you another record, whichever you wish. If a replacement record is supplied, we will pay postage. Records must be returned to the club's offices within three days in the original wrapping.

DON'T DELAY! Write today to Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., or call at the Club's offices to register your name and address and order one or all of your requirements from this month's releases. Our initial pressing order was restricted, so to avoid any delay contact the Club today.

POPULAR RECORD CLUB
PTY. LTD.

215 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY. BX7181

Telegrams: "Colinfitz," Sydney.

G.P.O. Box 3410, Sydney, N.S.W.

I wish to join the Popular Record Club Pty. Ltd., and register my name to be advised of future monthly releases.

From this month's releases I require:

☐ "An Hour of Tops in Pops." ☐ "That's My Desire." ☐ "Vienna in 3/4 Time."

For which I enclose my remittance for £.....s.....d..... (add 1/- per record extra for postage).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

STATE.....

* Tick in each square the record you require

Records will be posted to your home (please add 1/- postage per recording) or may be collected at the Club's office.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 22, 1959

Letter from disc jockey

● Hi-dee ho-dee, everybo-dee! This is Bob Rogers calling you from America.

A FEW weeks ago I rocked out of Sydney Airport to start a 28-day trip, popped into Honolulu on the way, and am now rolling my way around the mighty U.S.A.

Believe me, there is plenty of talent at Honolulu. Most famous at the moment, with their big record hit topping the best-selling charts, are Martin "Quiet Village" Denny, who plays at Don the Beachcomber's Night Club, and Arthur "Taboo" Lyman at the Hawaiian Village Hotel.

That picture down below is me at Don the Beachcomber's with Martin at left and disc jockey Tom Moffatt standing behind.

It was Denny who originated the idea of unusual sounds with bird calls and exotic native instruments, and he hired the Hawaiian Arthur Lyman as his vibraphone player.

Lyman, in fact, played the vibes on the "Quiet Village" disc, which was recorded three years ago.

Lyman later left Denny and formed his own group and today his is the more popular.

His 12in.-LP disc "Taboo" has just been released in Australia by Mercury.

In San Francisco I found the same abundance of talent.

The Kingston Trio were at the Hungry I, quaint night-spot, where they recorded a recent album with Stan Kenton's lovely wife, singer Ann Richards.

For jazz lovers, June Christy, Jay Jay Johnson, Miles Davis, Earl "Fatha" Hines, and Mugsy Spanier were all playing around town.

These "adult" acts appear in scores of nightclubs where nobody under 21 is admitted. This means that teenage favorites like Fabian, Ricky Nelson, Eddie "Kookie" Byrnes and the like sing only at special concerts similar to the Big Shows in Australia.

Yesterday I heard a man say "Bye, Bye Baby" and naturally pricked up my ears.

Intrigued, I asked him if he had heard the hit record by Australia's Col Joye. No, he said, and explained that at a baseball game everyone yells "Bye, Bye Baby" when the hitter puts the ball over the fence.

So how can we miss? If this is any omen, "Bye Bye Baby" must be a hit in the U.S.

For now, this is Bob Rogers saying "Bye Bye" from the U.S.A. See you purty soon!

Bob Rogers.

WHEN we interviewed Bob Rogers before he left Australia we found that he was (probably) the only disc jockey in the world with a corn on the end of his tongue.

"I was born with it," he said. "My mother told me the doctor said that if it grew it'd have to be removed or I'd be tongue-tied. I suppose that's why I've kept on talking all these years..."

He's rarely at a loss for a word. That's the way a disc jockey (Bob is the big disc man on Station 2UE) has to be.

Bob packed a number of discs made by Australians in the hope of getting them on the American airwaves.

On top of the pile was Col Joye's "Bye, Bye Baby."

Disc Jockey Tom Moffatt, on K.P.O.I., Honolulu, has played it about eight times a day since Bob passed through, and back in Sydney Col is already getting about 50 fan letters a week from Honolulu.

In the U.S. Bob has had it played many times, in fact, whenever he is interviewed by another disc jockey.

So Col — already No. 1 on Australian hit parades — is on the way to world recognition.

No vulgar vocal tricks

● In these days of twangy guitars and gimmicks it's a treat to come across an album by a talented artist like Vic Damone.

HIS is a small voice — no Lanza organ-pipes here — but he has learned to use it effectively. He phrases intelligently, makes sure you hear every word, and wouldn't know the meaning of a vulgar vocal trick.

His new album, "Closer Than A Kiss" (KLP.754), opens with that tune, and is followed by eleven more of an unashamedly romantic nature.

Like Sinatra, he can convince you that he means all those "sweet nothings" he sings so intimately.

Among the tracks of this ideal late-at-night platter are "We Kiss In A Shadow," "Out Of Nowhere," "As Time Goes By," "You And The Night And The Music," and a number which has been long overdue for revival, "Close As The Pages In A Book."

MUSICALS For "Great Show Tunes" on OCLP.1229 George Melachrino really bungs it on, presenting medleys from six musicals — one not so famous — which add up to no fewer than 48 tracks!

Melachrino is opulently florid as usual and swirls you through "South Pacific," "Kiss Me Kate," "My Fair Lady," "Call Me Madam," and "Show Boat."



VIC DAMONE and his wife, Pier Angeli, who are now reunited. Married in 1954, they have a three-year-old son.

BALLET We have to thank former Sydney-sider Charles Mackerras for putting the two 19th-Century ballets *Delibes* "La Source" and *Messager's* "Les Deux Pigeons" on to one 12-inch disc, OCLP.1195.

It was Mackerras you may recall who put new sparkle into some of Sullivan's music and gave us the delicious "Pine-apple Poll" ballet.

"La Source" (The Spring) gave Delibes his big chance in 1866 when he was asked to write portion of the score. His contribution put the music of his collaborator, Minkus, in the shade, and he was asked to write "Coppelia." This disc gives us the whole of Act II.

"The Two Pigeons" is charming and frivolous.

Good records, but cheap

IF you like music, here's good news for YOU. Whether you like it smooth, sweet, or rowdy, the Popular Record Club has something new for you every month — and there's a coupon on the opposite page for you to become a member, free!

At 30/- for a 12in. L.P. disc, you save yourself 22/6 on every record you buy. If you buy 12 or more records in a year, you get an extra disc for nothing.

This month the Popular Record Club has made available to club members "An Hour of Tops in Pops," featuring numbers like "Pink Shoe Laces," "Kansas City," and ten other favorites.

Sammy, as you may know, plays Sportin' Life in the forthcoming film of this Gershwin folk opera, but on FL.7094 he sings that character's songs as well as those of Porgy.

I must say at once that this is not Gershwin straight, because Sammy and Carmen toss the score aside and interpret the songs to suit themselves. The result is a tremendously dynamic presentation of 10 songs.

Sammy swings the two big numbers, "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing" and "I Got Plenty of Nothin'," yet can almost put a lump in your throat with his pathetic "Bess, You Is My Woman Now."

Carmen doesn't have much chance to get in the limelight with Sammy around, but you'll like her "Summertime," the deep, deep blues number "My Man's Gone Now," and in the duet "I Loves You, Porgy."



FUR FASHIONS TO SUIT



AN APPLE A DAY is a good investment and so is this bowed collar of sleek peschaniki for 10½ guineas. Wear it at the neck of a suit or dress and be the smartest girl in the lunch-time crowd.



FLUFFY FOX COLLARS will dress up last year's winter coat. Pam's honey fox collar costs 9½ guineas and Wendy's arctic fox 22 guineas.

DINING OUT at Prunier's, in Sydney, Wendy wears a white lapin wrap, 14½ guineas, and Pam a Canadian cross fox, 19 guineas.

WHOM
the who
has to



YOU — AND YOUR POCKET

Fur spells fashion for teenagers, too—and you needn't rob a bank to own some. Here Pam Quinn and Wendy Lingham show young-priced furs designed for you. Start saving now and invest in fur.



WHAT FASCINATING MAN? asks Pam, who's switched her white fox collar to her glowing satin coat. Wendy tucks two roses into her pink lapin muff, 7 guineas.



FOR LUNCHING IN TOWN, Pam gives her wool dress a lift with a cravat of squirrel-lock, 5 guineas, and Wendy wears a jaunty hat and collar in royal-blue beaverine, £6/3/6 the set.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 22, 1959



SIGHTSEEING at historic Vaucluse House, Sydney, Pam is as warm as toast in her short lambskin jacket, 22 guineas, and Wendy snuggles into hers—pink lambskin, 15 guineas.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 9

**Louise
Hunter**

Here's

your answer

A simple one

"I AM 20 years old. I have a perfect figure and have been told I am very beautiful. I am madly in love with boss' son, who also works in the same office. He is always trying to corner me in his office, and, although I love him so much, I do not think he should make these advances, as he is married and has three children. Do you think I should change my job or hope he will get a divorce eventually?"

"Undecided," N.S.W.

Change your job.

Some don't like you

"WE are two working girls of 18 and are considered attractive by our friends. At the office where we work there are two boys to whom we have felt attracted since the day of our arrival. These boys, however, seem oblivious of our presence, being interested only in their work. We have tried smiling and saying a pleasant 'good morning,' and have told our friends and parents of our problem, but no one as yet can offer a solution. We have gone on frequent dates with other boys, but find we are unable to forget the boys at work. Please help us, we are becoming desperate."

"Workers," S.A.

Obviously you two aren't as attrac-

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



• Are you still tossing a ponytail? If you want to be very chic for the next party buy some pink or blue nylon hair and add it to your own. The showier your tail the better these days and pink or blue looks wonderful with either blond or brunette tails. And nails to match the false hair look fabulous, too.

• Maybe it is midwinter now, but before long you'll be thinking of the beach. Make yourself a big, wide, straight hanging jacket to wear over your togs. It must be in white duck or some good stiff cotton, and it must have a pocket for a pen. Get all the new friends you make on the beach to autograph it and embroider over their signatures. It's a friendship jacket that helps remember names, makes more and more friends. Telephone numbers can be added, too. Don't forget the color scheme — match it or mix it with the rest of your beachwear.

tive to these two boys as you are to the other people you mention. One of the hardest lessons in life to learn is that some people don't like you—good looks, lovely nature, and all, they just dislike you.

Another thing you must remember is that boys go to the office to work to begin a lifetime career. Girls generally go to work to look for a husband or a meal-and-entertainment ticket. If you thought more of your work they might think more of you.

Unrequited? Quiet!

"COULD you please advise me what is the right and proper thing to do? I am 17 and am in love with a boy who is 18 and who works in the same office as I do. I go to a dance every Friday night and he goes, too; he sometimes asks me for a dance, but when he dances with other girls I feel awfully jealous, although I try hard not to be. When he dances with other girls I wish that it was me in his arms, not someone else. What can I do? I know that he doesn't love me. Although we are good friends he has never asked me out. Please don't say I am too young, for I know my own heart. How can I let him know that I love him without making it embarrassing for him and for me. I have been in love with him for six months."

"Lovesick," N.S.W.

Every girl alive has nearly died of love for someone who is never aware of her love. It doesn't hurt you as long as you keep it to yourself. Tell him in any way or make it known and you'll hurt yourself—you'll become an object of pity and it will not make him love you. You'll even miss those bitter-sweet times when he asks you to dance.

Make the most of the occasional moments when he notices you and keep how you feel strictly to yourself. But don't on any account tell him how you feel.

Hurt—to be kind

"I WILL come to the point straight away. I am engaged to a boy whom I do not love. I am 18 years old and I feel I am just beginning to enjoy my social life and wish to be free. I have told my fiancé that I wish to break off with him, but he has threatened to spread rumors about me if I did. He just says, 'Why did you say you loved me in the first place then?' He won't understand that it was a passing phase of puppy love that I had. I know I did wrong in the first place in accepting him, but at that time I really thought I could spend my life with him, but now I realise that I couldn't. I like this boy and I don't wish to hurt him, but he is being so pigheaded about the whole thing. He hurt me very much by say-



ing he would spread rumors about me and now I really believe he would. Please help me to get around to him."

"Cuddles," N.S.W.

All you can do in this deplorable situation is to say how sorry you are that you accepted him without proper thought and return his engagement ring. If he still refuses to accept your jilting, ask your father or your mother to speak to him.

You make me angry when you say you don't want to hurt him. You have just hurt him, you couldn't hurt him more than to tell him you no longer love him enough to marry him. But it certainly would be more hurtful to go on pretending you still love him and let him find out gradually that you care less for him than a row of peas.

Hurting people is necessary sometimes. They thank you for it later in their minds. But a hurt of this kind is gentlest if you do it sharply, make a clean break, leave your regrets and his behind quickly. Don't draw the situation out; lots of girls do, loving every minute of the drama and being the centre of the stage.

When he says he'll talk about you, he is only trying to retaliate and hurt you back. That's the worst thing he

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

can think of to say. I think it's a natural thing for him to say, but when he thinks about it he's not likely to. Anyway, that's a chance you've got to take.

Don't rush into your next engagement, think twice before you say "yes." It's a very serious step. When you accept a man's proposal of marriage you contract verbally to share his life with him and place him under certain obligations, and you yourself morally assume certain obligations to him. It's no light matter. An engagement is really a public announcement that you've both accepted these obligations.

One of the reasons I dislike the custom of "going steady" is that it seems to lead to unspoken engagements (if there can be such a thing), before a girl is old enough to know her own mind. Often a couple have gone steady so long that they are afraid not to become engaged—they are forced into a marriage by public opinion.

I don't think such relationships lead to good marriages always; I think it is better for a girl to go out with a number of different boys to gain the experience necessary to turn her into a good picker. Every girl needs this experience because such wonderful happiness can come from choosing the right man.

Try not to be nasty

"WE were a happy four until another girl, whom we do not like very much, upset our foursome. We are not rude, but we find it difficult to associate with her. We do not want to be nasty, but we do not want our firm four to break up. Please can you advise us on this matter?"

"Troubled Teens," N.S.W.

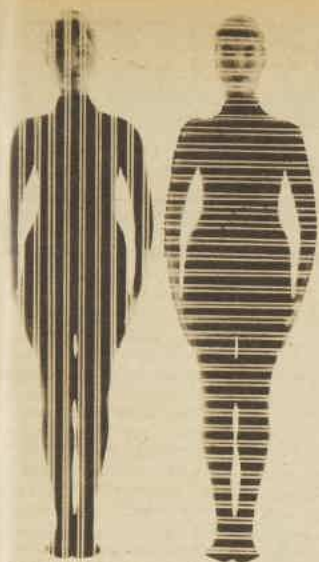
It is a very difficult situation indeed and I am sure I can't tell you very firmly what to do, except not to be nasty. It doesn't get you anywhere. Surely you can make it plain by making arrangements to go places together and not including her? It really is a very difficult situation socially. I don't see why your happy foursome should be broken up because of her, but I don't see how you can deal with her, either. Keep on making arrangements that don't include her and surely she'll realise how you feel.

Stick to your records

"I AM a girl of nearly 15. I don't have a boy-friend and don't go out much. A friend of my parents visits us regularly and brings with him a boy of 17 and he is very fond of me. All my girl-friends are of the same age and have steady dates with boys. After the weekend they talk about their dates. I don't like having a wild life; I would rather sit home and play my records. Do you think I should like this boy or do you think I should go out more often?"

"Wondering," W.A.

Going out with boys is fun when you're old enough to enjoy it. You are not. I see no reason why you should like this visiting boy. I think you are doing fine as it is listening to your records. I wouldn't worry about what anyone thinks. As for those girl-friends and their chatter, it's a wise girl who just listens and doesn't talk.



ANYTHING that takes the eye sideways makes you look broader.

● The time is July, the scene is the ballroom or tennis court or you-name-it. The costume is for cool weather.

OUR heroine is off-stage, brooding over her less-than-perfect anatomy. She's dreading the scene and it's too late to turn the calendar back to April and a diet.

Will she sit and sulk or will she make a confident entrance?

With the help of some of the oldest devices of the make-believe world—the world of magicians, movies, and stage

LOOK SLIM - even if you aren't

If you feel it's too cold to declare a diet war on those extra winter pounds, try optical illusion. You can shed pounds by simply concentrating on your wardrobe and your deportment.

— she'll sail through this scene with the greatest of ease.

If you are that leading lady, start now to learn about optical illusion . . . or how to look slim even if you aren't.

In clothes, the idea is to make the eye that views you travel up and down, not side to side. The idea is to keep the spotlight on your best features, and a careful avoidance of spotlighting your less attractive ones.

Your fabrics will be soft in finish, never "polished" or shiny. Your fabrics will have body, will not cling to your figure. Your fabrics will be broadcloth and poplin, gingham and denims, dotted swiss and embroidered cottons.

Your colors will be subtle deeper pastels, the even subtler navy, forest-green, black, if it becomes you. You'll remember that white and light shades add the look of pounds.

Your blouses and dresses will have sleeves—tiny, elbow-length, or long—but sleeves.

Your necklines will be Vs of stand-away collars or boat necks that dip



BIG prints add weight. Solid colors, tiny all-over designs subtract inches.

below the collarbone. Your hemlines will be just below your knees—if your legs are slim, about an inch longer if your legs are heavy.

You take the time and effort to be correctly fitted with the right bras and girdles. Many a girl who thought she was over-ample in the bosom has learned that the proper bra not only revamps that part of her figure but adds much to her comfort.

And there's nary a girl with unwanted pounds who doesn't need a girdle. But not just any girdle . . . it must help where you need help, maybe at the waist, maybe across the derriere, maybe at the thigh-line. Try it on!

Your play-clothes? You don't want to be seen in shorts? Nonsense! You can wear active play-clothes as well as your skinny sister, often better! Again, you use illusion plus good choosing.

Your shorts are Jamaica-length, not short-shorts or pedal-pushers. And unless your feet are terribly tender you wear your play-shoes minus socks, to give yourself an up-and-down leg-line.

Your slacks are straight, never tight, and not that skinny-tapered type. As a matter of flattery, you will wear slacks only when they are a must. For you, the pretty, full skirts and peasant blouses.

YOUR HAIR

Your hair gets in on this thin look, too. If you've let it grow, keep it long. The short-in-front, long-in-back hairdo lengthens your neck.

However you wear your topknot, do not fluff and flare it around your face—not unless your face happens to be the one part of you that is almost gaunt!

MORE HELP

Added help for the longer look: tapered shoes with tiny heels make your feet look slimmer, make you feel slimmer; long, slender handbags are better than big, round ones; belts that match your dress in color and tone and worn loosely; jewellery simple, beads should not hug your neck, bracelets at a minimum, earrings mere tiny dots.

THINK TALL

The theory, as we mentioned, is to think tall, be tall. Think of yourself as having a straight rod down your back from the nape of your neck to your heels. Already your neck stretches, your back straightens. Place your shoulders across this rod, your hips tucked forward, underneath the shoulder-line. Breathe deeply.

The way you sit and stand and walk can make you look pounds lighter than you are. Sit with legs uncrossed, knees together, feet on the floor, touching but one foot slightly in front of the other.

A few don'ts about your stance: don't stand with feet apart; don't put your hands on your hips, elbows jutting out; don't sit cross-legged; don't slouch in a chair, or you'll look like a blob.

AND DO SOMETHING

And last: don't talk about your figure problems except to a doctor, a mother and father, the saleswoman in the fitting-room. This is one time it doesn't pay to advertise. You might, however, begin right now to get rid of your problem. Fruits, vegetables, cottage cheese, and salads are so very good to eat, so very good for a figure. While you think slim, you can be getting there, you know.



AVOID arms-akimbo, head-on stance; stand with one leg ahead.

CLOTHES make the figure, even on two slim twins. The uncluttered lines on the left twin make her look pounds lighter than her sister.



'Twixt Twelve and Twenty

Part 3: APRIL LOVE

Pat Boone, pop singer and film star, gives you some of the rules for the grandest game of all in this instalment of his "Twixt Twelve and Twenty."

● Growing up is not all work and no play!

JUST in case you have the mistaken notion that I was a boy saint or a hot-house plant, allow me to disclose another secret from my past.

One of the first games I learned after I put away my sling shot was spin-the-bottle. We played it at an eighth-grade party at a classmate's house. I was thirteen and so was the girl.

Her name was Wanda and when we left the circle I don't mind admitting I was scared to death. Finally I got up enough nerve to give her a peck on the cheek and she shrieked, "Pat Boone, you kiss like a cow!"

That first kiss was evidence of another teenage symptom — a shy, awkward, longing to sing romantic duets with the opposite sex instead of masculine solos in the barn.

Parents are apt to take a dim view of these early symptoms, to try to clamp down on "such silliness." Grandparents, more tolerant, call it "puppy love." A doctor views it as "part of adolescence." But to us it's April Love... and it's new and exciting!

There are definite rules to guide us in April Love.

We can have all its gaiety, all its freshness, all its fun, our share of horrible yet delightful heartaches; do our experimenting without a serious burn, so long as we keep to the basic rules.

Who made the rules? Probably every man and woman since Adam and Eve has had a hand in it.

It's like the father who said to his daughter: "Your young man stayed pretty late last night. Hasn't your mother spoken to you about this?"

And his daughter replied sweetly, "Yes, Mother says men haven't changed a bit."

The rules were made by people like this mother because truly, April Love doesn't change. It wears new clothes. It rides in a hot-rod instead of a horse and buggy. But somewhere, sometime, every boy and girl (your mother and father included) goes through the lovely agony of that first kiss.

Rules for the beginner

How old should you be when you begin dating? That depends. I was thirteen. If you're well advanced physically and mentally this may force your social growth ahead a little.

On the other hand, if you're thirteen and not yet interested or interesting, don't stew. You aren't backward or slow. You'll ease into it at the right time for you.

This first stage calls for mild forms of dating, mostly in groups. There are a lot of restrictions. Early hours, transportation by parents, short finances, and chaperons. Ugh!

Take the chaperon. A little dodging, a little whinging is permitted. It's part of the game, like whinging at the umpire.

But if the umpire isn't there, it isn't a legitimate game. And if a thirteen-year-old party doesn't have chaperons, either someone doesn't know the rules or

isn't playing by them. It isn't legit, and it's a good game to stay out of.

When I'm asked (and I am asked, much to my surprise) about my views on make-up for twelve, thirteen, and fourteen-year-olds, high heels, late hours, parties with the lights off, types of parties in general, I find myself feeling now, as a young parent, pretty much the way I felt when I was that age.

I'm for the Middle of the Road, or Moderate, Course. I kinda agree with the man of God, who was approached by a lady on the subject of using rouge. "Well," he said, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold to the middle course and allow you to wear it on one cheek."

Take kissing. Now, I believe that kissing is here to stay and I'm glad of it!

I understand that the inhabitants of the Lapland Alps rub noses; the Andaman Islanders say "I love you" by blowing into one another's hands with a cooing murmur; the Fuegians pat and slap in affection.

But we kiss. Starting in the early teens. Not that it should, but it does. I know. I was there. Now that I'm the father of four little girls I could wish there were less kissing. Do you know why?

Not for the usual negative reasons, although I go along with those. We all know that indiscriminate kissing, dancing in the dark, hanging around in cars, late dates at this early stage can lead to trouble.

But I recommend the moderate course for another very positive reason. Kissing is not a game. Believe me!

It means a lot more than just a pleasant pastime, a forfeit, or a test of popularity.

A kiss is a beautiful expression of love — real love. Not only that, it is a powerful stimulus of emotion. Kissing for fun is like playing with a beautiful candle in a roomful of dynamite! And it's like any other beautiful thing — when it ceases to be rare, it loses its value and much of its beauty. I really think it's better to amuse ourselves in some other way. For your own future enjoyment I say play tennis or football, or watch a good TV programme at least for a while.

Take it easy. Keep to the middle course. No extremes.

Be kind!

Be friendly!

These "popularity twins" hold true throughout all life. But they're especially important in the stage of budding romance.

You can be the prettiest, the smartest, and still the most left out if you make other guys and gals feel uncomfortable at this stage.

Kindness does not mean violating your own principles because someone else wants you to. It means remembering the Golden Rule.

Don't try to be the life of the party. If you do something well, like playing the piano, you don't need to be coy.

If you are asked, go ahead without coaxing. If you are not asked, don't try to attract attention, to star, to be a comedian. Be willing to be the audience for someone else. They'll just love you for it.

To go, or not

to go, steady?

I went steady twice before I met Shirley. The first time I was almost fifteen. That lasted three weeks. The second time I was a second-year student. That lasted six months.

In my experience there are reasons for and against going steady.

One of the chief reasons I see for going steady is that it eliminates dating-just-for-the-sake-of-dating.

I'm not callin' anyone names just for dating different people. Only the ones who date just to date, the I-don't-care-where-I'm-going, or-who-I'm-going-with, but-I'm-on-my-way kids, seem to be try-

ing to prove something to somebody, maybe themselves.

But if I was really interested in a girl I'd want to see her often and this leads very easily to the steady pattern. It does help to keep you from just rushing around.

Then, too, simply because you've lived through the planned-party stage doesn't mean you're now a complete social success. In state two you are a lot more on your own and that has its terror. I wasn't backward or shy, but leave me with a strange girl and I couldn't think of a thing to talk about. Boy, it was torture!

Here you are, just introduced to someone who can make your heart flutter and you don't know a thing about each other. You don't know her interests, her rules, and she doesn't know yours. You don't know her family or what your reception will be if you call. I was always terrified by a jingle I saw:

*He went out one lovely night
To call upon a miss,
And when he reached her residence*

*this
like
stairs
up
ran*

*He
Her papa met him at the door,
He didn't see the miss,
He'll not go there again,
though—*

*for
He
pump
down
stairs
like
sly*

On the other hand, after a lot of effort, you get to know her. You not only like her a lot (all right, you love her, in the best April sense) but you feel at ease with her. Her mother feeds you cookies. Her father welcomes you at the door. Your teenage symptoms simmer down. You know where you are and what's what.

So you go steady. You can see the advantages.

There's another thing a lot of parents overlook. We not only need to feel secure at this age. We need to feel needed, and wanted. We need to be special to someone. We need to feel attractive and desirable, and an ideal steady meets these needs.

Now, after these rosy reasons, what have I got against it?

Well, most parents think it means getting too serious. I'll admit that going steady has to be serious or it isn't any fun. I haven't forgotten that.

Another thing is that it really asks too much of a sacrifice at fifteen or sixteen. You not only sacrifice knowing other likely dates, but the real tug in my case was being cut

PARTY ICEBREAKERS

● Macaroni is one of the main ingredients in the recipe for a successful party, according to the Icebreaker entry which wins this week's £5 Progress Prize for Shane Bull, of 38 Great North Road, Fivedock, N.S.W.

"All you need is a big jar of those little macaroni letters you put in soup," Shane wrote.

"First of all you pair people up. Then give each couple a generous handful of letters. They have to make up a sentence with the letters provided.

"After a few minutes all the sentences are read out and the results are usually hilarious, especially from the poor couple who seem to get all the Xs and Ys.

"The authors of the funniest sentence can receive a small prize—the sillier the better.

"Make it another jar of letters!"

Now that entries for our Party Contest have closed, judges are busily deciding who are the lucky winners of the wonderful "Icebreaker" prizes.

Winners will be announced as soon as judging can be completed.

Pat Boone talks about going steady

off from my buddies. (I wouldn't know how girls feel about that.)

Going steady breeds possessiveness, and that's too bad. We figure, at that age, that if we let the boy or girl out of our sight, the spell is broken. Well, listen to Uncle Pat. 'Tain't true!

I would say it's a wise guy and gal who are willing to let there be some spaces in their togetherness.

Sweet sixteen

At fifteen and sixteen the rules have changed. We're not entirely free by a long shot. We still have to ask permissions. We haven't solved the finances completely. But we can stay out later, we can date without chaperons, transportation is easier.

We don't have to spin a bottle to get a kiss. On the other hand, there are even more rules of conduct for girls at this stage.

One of them is that, even if a fellow runs like a three-legged hippopotamus, he must be the pursuer. In this game of hide-and-seek the male is always "it."

The girl who makes the advance tips her hand immediately. That throws the game, for if she's "it" then the fellow has to run and hide, and usually does. This I know from experience.

Of course, girls do have subtle ways of reversing the game. For example:

There once was a maiden of Siam,

Who said to her lover, young Kiam,

"If you kiss me, of course you will have to use force— but you're certainly stronger than I am."

Undoubtedly, she got kissed. But down Nashville way, we would have seen through her. We didn't cotton to "bold" girls in Tennessee. The fact is that one of the best ways for a gal to catch a guy is to let him chase her!

Then you come to the rules for "breaking up," and here's a fine game of Last Tag. Some fun. In the teens each party wants to say "I got you last." Nobody wants to be jilted, but nobody wants to be wrong, so the trick requires that you do the breaking up, but that it was the other's fault. Get it? (Since this game cannot be played except in twos, this makes for confusion.)

And woe to the male who

doesn't carry his torch like a gentleman.

There can be real hard feelings if you play it wrong, like Mary, a teenager, whose mother had heard that she and Bill weren't going steady any more.

"That's right," Mary wailed. "And Bill behaved terribly."

"But I thought you broke it up," her mother said, surprised.

"I did," sighed Mary, "but Bill made absolutely no fuss about it."

Oh, those teenage torches! I've watched friends eat their hearts out in small bites and enjoy every tortured minute of it.

The rules for being attractive become a little deeper at sweet sixteen. More is expected of you. You have to be friendly and kind plus...

Take my first steady. The one that broke up in three weeks. She was a very pretty girl, a wonderful singer, much in demand. But she put too much strain on young love. She let me see her in her curlers. Invited me over when she was suffering from a cold in the head. Next thing you know, even when she was all fixed up I could still see those curlers and that runny nose.

There's a tip, too, in what broke up my second round of going steady. This girl was older than I, and that was all right for a while. But after six months things just cooled off and died.

The reason? We didn't have very much in common. She had moved on into a semi-summer league and I still happily belonged with the apple-blossom kids.

Finally, take it from me, the girl who will attract the most worthwhile guy and hold on to him longest, and vice versa, will be the one who is farthest along on that all-round road to maturity. Maturity—being useful, happy, well-adjusted people with varied interests, able to give as much as we get—begins really to pay off in charm at this point where you're pushing from April into May.

The part that lasts longest

The chief gift most people remember from April love is wonderful memories.

Though the romances of the teens rarely last till summer, their influence can last a whole lifetime. I am thinking in particular of what happened to a famous athlete I always admired.

Bob Richards, Olympic



MARRIAGE for Pat and Shirley grew out of "April Love." They first kissed in the back seat of a car.

A Point of Etiquette

● Gift-giving among teenagers can be very touchy.

OF course everybody loves receiving gifts, but girls must be very careful about showering their latest beau with presents—he'll think, and rightly too, that you're trying to establish your ownership of him.

Unless you've been going steady for at least six months, don't buy him birthday or Christmas presents—and when you do make sure they're not very expensive.

Best of all make him something with your own fair hands—perhaps a great big sweater in his favorite football colors—or one of

those new woolly scarves that will reach to his ankles.

Or if you're not that way inclined, give him something quaint or comical.

Girls are in the enviable position of being able to receive gifts from boys without being expected to return them.

Especially when you get to the stage of engagement rings—the most wonderful gift of all.

However, girls must NEVER imply that they expect a gift—no harping about your birthday coming up or dropping hints.

Records are a good standby for boys and girls, and can usually be exchanged if not suitable.



● **NEXT WEEK: How I eloped with Shirley**

From "Twist Twelve and Twenty" by Pat Boone, published by The World's Work.

Love Story

I was in love, but I had a rival—a bashed up old wreck of a car belonging to my boyfriend, Jim. He insisted on going everywhere in it, usually we broke down, like now, on the way to a party.



SHE ALSO SERVES

By JUNE PAGE

- Lunch hour is colossal in Judith Stokes' day. It lasts four hours.

Judith is a waitress in a busy Sydney spaghetti bar, so three of her lunch hours are spent on the customers.



WAITRESS Judith Stokes relaxes over her spaghetti "lunch" — at three o'clock in the afternoon after she's fed her customers.

HER own personal hour is from three to four o'clock—and it's millpond calm compared with the others.

She slips into a comfortable pair of "scuffs" and into the best table. She orders whatever she likes and happily waits to be waited upon.

She was like this when I saw her last week, professionally winding up a steaming dish of spaghetti, veal, and Spanish sauce at about half past three.

"It smells lovely. The most expensive dish in the place, but it doesn't cost me a penny," she said with a cheery glint in her green eyes.

She was pretty hungry—just as you'd expect a hard-working seventeen-year-old to be. As usual, breakfast at ten at home had been tea and toast.

After working from midday, her spaghetti lunch and the habitual dessert would keep her going till she got home about 10 that evening. Then she'd have an apple or something.

But her pattern of eating—and perhaps her £11/12/- weekly wages—are the only regular run-of-the-mill things about her job.

"Anything can happen in this job," Judith said with conviction gained by waitressing since she was just 16.

Jill of all trades

It might just be the steady stream of friends popping in for lunch and a swift chat to her . . . a splotch of spaghetti sauce spilt on her white collar, which is part of the black-and-white ensemble that the Italian boss likes the staff to wear . . . an old customer coming in after an absence of a week or so, who'll tell her about his holiday.

In the hungry rush hours Judith may take over making the spaghetti in the kitchen. At coffee times she will take a turn at the espresso machine.

Slack times come, and there are table napkins to fold, mirrors to polish, the floor to be swept, or the radio—Judith brings her own—to listen to.

She finds tons to do and has no ambition to move on and up to a bigger restaurant.

"I'd be too nervous and probably drop plates," she said. "And I know all the people here—all the customers are so nice and friendly."

Sometimes the men customers can be too nice and friendly and they ask Judith for a date—she's pretty.

But she can cope, and politely knocks back the offers. "It's all interesting, though, meeting all those people," she said. "Mostly they just joke and say 'How are you, dear?' and that's O.K."

This "interest" is the reason why Judith stays in her job. Not the

reason for taking it in the first place, though.

"It was like this," she began. "When I left school at Gladesville, I didn't have my Intermediate Certificate, and all I thought I could do was go into a factory or be a salesgirl."

So Judith worked in a factory, and then in a dress-shop, but found the wages for a 16-year-old not big enough.

"I wanted to help Mum a bit with the money, and I found I just couldn't." (Judith lives at Abbotsford with her mother, stepfather, and young stepister.)

"Waitresses' wages are the same, even if you're under 21," she explained. "And when I got my first week's pay working in a coffee-bar in King's Cross—it was about £10 with overtime on Sunday—I felt like I was rich."

Judith still does overtime on Sunday evenings in the same coffee-bar, and gets about £3 for the five hours' work—enough to pay her board.

What does she do with the rest of her money?

"I mostly window-shop," she grinned. "And then I have Tuesdays off, so I always go to a movie, mostly by myself."

"Then there's dancing. I mostly spend my wages on dancing—Latin American. I love the cha cha cha. You know, I feel awfully tired sometimes after work here at nine o'clock, but then when we go straight on dancing I don't feel at all tired. My feet feel fine."

As well as going dancing after work sometimes, Judith makes it a very strict rule to go mamboing and sambaing on Friday and Saturday nights.

"I go with my girl-friends on Friday nights and my boy-friend—he's Italian and a wonderful dancer—on Saturday nights."

Judith gets Saturday evening off from work, and makes up the time on Thursdays, when she works a 12-hour day right up to twelve at night.

So Saturday is the only evening she's free to eat out.

"Frank—he's my boy-friend—takes me to dinner. I always have—oh, anything but spaghetti," she said, twirling up the last paste string of her lunch.

And eventually? "I'd just like to get married. I like children, so that's a good thing."

A GUY takes SIX OF THE WORST to a party

- "Partying is such sweet sorrow," as old Bill Shakespeare should have said.

FOR a girl can make a party her escort's Midsummer Nightmare.

How? It's as easy as falling off a date-list—which is what eventually happens to these girls.

Here are some party "games" that turn girls into Merchants of Menace:

Early Girlie starts the ball rolling—the wrong way. She knows the kick-off isn't until 7.30, but she insists on dragging along her date half an hour early.

The hostess is in curlers, the house is in shambles. Thirty minutes to twiddle your thumbs until the fun begins. A great start to a good night.

Late Kate is just as bad. She's the girl who doesn't decide to go to the carefully planned, semi-formal party until it's started.

Kate makes up her mind to turn up even though the hostess mightn't have catered for her. Even then she primps and fusses around so much that she's late being late!

Over-dressed Olive soon becomes a back-date, too. She knows quite well that it's a party where the dress is casual. But this olive gives everyone the pip by wearing a dazzling dress that's meant for having a ball—at a ball!

Her escort would be proud of her—if they were in a hall with a 20-piece orchestra, instead of a living-room with a radiogram.

Under-dressed Una is a sister under the (thick) skin. No, she doesn't quite turn up in a bikini. But she does the next worst thing.

For a party at which she knows the boys will be in suits and ties and the girls in ballerinas, she fronts in slacks and a sweater so SLOPPY that JOE wouldn't be seen dead in it!

Life-of-the-party Lil is another crossed party line. She appoints herself unofficial—and unwanted—Mistress of Ceremonies at the party.

Her hostess' careful arranging takes a Postman's Knock as Lil reorganises everything to suit her own idea of a party.

The party suffers a slipped disc as she makes sure that only HER favorite records are played.

Lil also holds the floor—which her date and the other guests fervently wish would open beneath her!—by shrieking out her take-off of Stan Freberg.

Flirty Fay is a party-fun killer, too. She only stays with her escort long enough to get to the show.

Then she drops him like a hot cocktail-frankfurt to chase after every other male—attached and unattached—in sight.

When she's had her fun and tries to melt into her date's arms like butter into a slice of toast, she wonders why he prefers to stay with his Oyster Patty.

Unfortunately, no party can be without these girls. Until their dates wake up to them, that is. And then no party can be WITH — Robin Adair



ELVIS PRESLEY

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — July 22, 1959

AND SOMETHING WHICH IS USUALLY ASSOCIATED WITH IT

Arrangements

*igned arrangement
vantage. The examples
discussed below.*

the final harmony. A modern sunroom and a formal drawing-room demand arrangements diametrically opposed to each other, both in harmony and design.

Designing an arrangement to suit its setting is really the basis for the choice of design. How to go about arranging flowers in formal, informal, and other designs for specific purposes is explained overleaf.

The place in which flowers are arranged is important. It is much easier to get proportions accurate if the arranging is done where the flowers are to remain, rather than on the kitchen table.

A simple method of protecting furniture during flower arranging is to use a sheet of plastic or even strong paper beneath the container and when finished to slip it out complete with bits and pieces that have been pruned off or dust and pollen that have been shed by the flowers.

There should be no danger of splashing water, as the flowers, if correctly handled, will be dry. Water should not be put into the container until the arrangement is finished.

One reason for this is the necessity of keeping frail metal surfaces dry. This would be difficult if wet items were taken in and out of water in an upright container.

When shallow, open containers are used, pollen and other scraps floating on the surface of the water detract from the freshness of the finished picture. If water has not been added, then dust can easily be blown out.

Containers are easily filled with water by using a long-spouted flower can, or, failing that luxury, a kettle, which serves the purpose just as well.

● *Mass grouping and richness of color give a satisfying feeling of stability to this arrangement. The individual forms are not so important as the whole effect.*



● *Sharp contrast of texture and color—fluffy scarlet gum blossom against smooth white Shasta daisies. The outline is of gumleaves.*

● *One-color arrangement of Arum lilies relies on harmonious relationship of blooms in varying stages.*



OUTLINES TAKE SHAPE

TRADITIONAL JAPANESE

rules for flower arrangement form the basis of the modern designs. The Japanese proportions for outlines are not to be surpassed for beauty and for balance.

THE measurements of these lines may seem a little confusing to the uninitiated, but, once mastered, they give a definite plan to work to, which is always much more successful than just hoping for the best.

Under the modern Japanese system flower arrangements resolve themselves into three clear-cut operations.

These are, the establishment of the required outline, the placing of the focal point, and the filling-in, which must be bounded by the outline and must radiate from the focal point.

In practice it is not always possible to place the focal point in position as soon as the outline is completed.

In "mass" and "profuse" designs in tall containers, it is often necessary to add some filling-in material before it is possible to secure the focal point, but it is quite a simple matter to make sure that this filling-in material radiates from a point which has been planned as the centre of interest.

Adapted classical Japanese line design is a design for which straight lines are used to form the outline.

The first line in every upright arrangement is the highest and this is the line to which every other one is related. It is therefore important to place it accurately and firmly in position. Its height depends on the size of the container, which should be chosen for its suitability for the intended position.

For low, wide trays, troughs, and plates the height of the first line should equal the length plus the width of the container.

A firm, undamaged leaf or stem is selected and measured exactly, an extra half-inch being allowed for fitting into the needle-holder. The stem or leaf is cut off cleanly and pushed securely on to the needle-holder in a vertical position and well to the back.

Length of lines

The second stem or leaf should be one-half to two-thirds the length of the primary line and should be placed close to the base of the first and at a fairly steep angle. With tall, slim material, it is more suitable for the second to be two-thirds the length of the first, but should the material be heavier and broader, such as Canna Lily leaves, it is preferable for the length of the second leaf to be one-half that of the first.

The measurement of the third line is also one-half to two-thirds that of the second, and the leaf or stem is placed on the opposite side of the primary line and at a greater angle to it than that of the second.

The bases of these leaves are carefully sheathed over one another; they radiate from an imaginary focal point, or, in other words, are constructed simply on the lines of the ordinary plant. A triangle drawn from the tips of these three leaves now appears as a balanced outline for an informal design.

The focal point comes next. It is placed low in the arrangement and well forward. It is usually necessary to cut off most of the stem—this seems a crime to those who are first and foremost enthusiastic gardeners.

However, it is the surest way to display the beauty and qualities of a well-grown flower.

A dozen iris blooms all on stems of the same length appear more or less as a straight mass of color supported by a regular row



PURPLE FLAG IRIS and its leaves arranged after the Japanese manner by Mrs. E. G. Waterhouse, of Gordon, N.S.W. Needle-holder is hidden by grasses and succulents.

of stems. Much more form value and individual beauty can be obtained from five blooms at varying stages of maturity and on stems of varying lengths.

If the focal point is placed on the same vertical line as the primary line, it will often produce a verandah-like effect, making the whole arrangement seem as though it might topple forward at any moment. If it is placed well forward with any remaining spaces between it and the rim of the container filled in, both stability and depth are added to the arrangement.

The outline already has height and width, and the placing of the focal point well forward gives actual depth, having much the same effect as correct perspective in a painting.

The remaining material can now be placed in position.

All additional flowers must be arranged so that they come within the bounds of the already established outline and also radiate from the focal point. They add interest and rhythm to the higher, lighter parts of the design as well as width and weight to the base.

The rhythm of an otherwise pleasing arrangement can be spoiled by the hard, unbroken line of the rim of a container. The completed arrangement should fulfil a pre-conceived picture which blends plant material, container, and background.

Ivy, or the leaves of any low-growing plant, provides a natural base for tall upright stems and leaves.



BORONIA and Silver Birch catkins form the outline. Forget-me-nots are added as a low focal point.

FORMAL designs, as the name suggests, are inclined to be stiff and unnatural. Their use is strictly limited to formal settings, such as the centre of a piece of furniture or a table placed against the middle of a wall.

THEY may be arranged in shallow, wide containers, or in taller, upright ones.

The outline for a strictly formal arrangement is made up of three lines, but in this case they form a regular symmetrical triangle. As in the Japanese design, the highest line must be put in position first, with the tip immediately over the base.

The length of this line equals the length plus the width of the container. It is placed firmly in the centre-back of a holder, which is also centre-back in the container.

The second and third lines are of equal length and size, thus making a formal pair. They may be the same length as the primary line, forming the base of a regular triangle.

This is the only type of design where it is essential to place the focal point exactly in the centre.

As formal arrangements are often used for spacious settings, requiring considerable height, with corresponding width and depth, two holders can be used to advantage, one in front of the other, provided that all the material is so arranged that it appears to radiate from one focal point only.

Filling-in material must be sorted into pairs and placed accordingly.

The container for such a design will also be formal and symmetrical—a tray or trough with even sides and deep enough to ensure that all the stem-ends are covered with water. If accessories, such as ornaments or candlesticks, are to be used as part of the complete picture, they too must be in pairs.

Formal period designs

Though similar to modern formal design, formal period design is adapted to suit a period setting and container. For formal period arrangements in general the container must be reasonably antique and must, if it has handles at all, possess a symmetrical pair of them.

The outlines for these arrangements are usually well "lined" branches or heavy spikes of perennials.

At this point comes a difference from arrangements which have already been described. It is in the measurement of the first line—the line of height.

The antique container is usually tall compared with the low, wide, open containers already considered.

For a formal period design the line of height is approximately one-and-a-half times the height of the container. If it is a straight line it is placed vertically, and if a curved line, the tip must be poised over the base.

This rule for the line of height applies to arrangements in all upright or "tall" containers.

For this formal period design the second and third lines are equal to each other and usually a little less than the primary line in length.

The focal point comes forward and well down over the rim of the container, tying the plant material and the container together, and also breaking the hard line of the container's rim.

The filling-in is usually a mass of carefully grouped flowers. These groups emphasise the forms and textures of the flowers, whereas such flowers, mixed at random, tend to lose their individuality.

In general, any mass design depends on its outline and its color scheme for its effectiveness. Each flower cannot be displayed, as in informal line arrangements, but, by careful grouping, it is possible to introduce pleasing associations or striking contrasts.

Semi-formal, S-line, or mass-line designs

These delightfully vague terms, semi-formal, S-line, and mass-line, cover a much-used combination of line and mass design.

They are the tall-container counterpart of the classical Japanese-line design in a low, wide container. The setting and occasion will determine how formal or informal such a design is to be.

The S-line design is derived from an "S"-curve, which, in its pure form, is seldom practical as applied to plant material. However, variations of this S-line, in which the S-curve forms the basis for a design, are admirably suited to arrangements for tall, upright containers. S-lines should not mutilate the natural curves of stems and leaves.

The line of height in S-line arrangements is approximately one-and-a-half times the height of the container, but in very tall containers it may be twice the height or even a little more. The second line is swept up towards the tip of the first and may merge with it in the more massive arrangements or may remain distinct in lighter arrangements. On the opposite side of the primary line the third line curves down over the edge of the container to balance the upswept curve of the second line.



HIGH LINE in semi-formal wattle arrangement is twice the height of vase. Second line merges and third sweeps low. Rhododendron leaves follow an S-curve.

The length of this third line is impossible to define exactly. The necessary length for good balance is often about half the height of the container; it may be longer if the material is light, and considerably less if the material is heavy.

The focal point is usually more effective if placed slightly off centre, inclining towards the low third line.

If the emphasis is to be on "line," the filling-in will be lighter and will follow closely in line and color the already established outline. If something more massive is required, the filling-in will be heavier, depending more on color than on line and form for its effect.

In all these arrangements balance will be affected by visual weight. The heaviest flowers and leaves, or those that appear so because of their deeper color, must be placed well down in an arrangement to give stability and good balance.

In the case of mass-line or S-line arrangements the base of the low third line contributes weight also. The focal point is dominant and the extremities should become gradually thinner and finer until they slip off into infinity.

STEP BY STEP

INFORMAL

flower arrangement, as adopted by Western people today, is based on Eastern balance and line, but has a profusion of form which would not appeal to the Oriental mind.



STAGES in the development of an informal arrangement from high first line of lime branch to completed design (right) with daffodils.

WESTERN homes provide a background which is by no means as simple as the four walls, stool, and scroll of a typical Japanese room.

With this in mind, the first step in adapting classical Japanese line arrangement is to construct a design with the same measurements, allowing a little more latitude and the use of smooth, sweeping lines, but requiring a more developed sense of balance.

Again the primary line is of paramount importance; its balance is vital to the design.

To ensure this balance the tip must be in a straight line with the base. This is a principle of balance readily illustrated by nature.

A live plant blown out of alignment by wind speedily recovers its natural balance. Its growing tip curves back until it is again in line with the base of the plant.

When the primary line is in position the secondary line, one-half to two-thirds the length of the primary, is added. The slimmer and lighter the material the higher it can be.

The third line is long and sweeping, with the tip curving upwards. The distance from this tip to the bottom of the design corresponds with the measurements of the third line in the straight-line design.

(See Japanese arrangement on opposite page.)

The focal point is then put in position and the filling-in completed.

As these line designs display in detail the form of every flower and twig used, they are obviously economical with the amount of material required.

For people who live in small city flats, a few carefully chosen blooms give greater value than a large and expensive bunch of flowers which would be out of proportion in a small room.

Designs with a profusion of material and informal balance are a far cry from those of purely Japanese line.

They are suitable for surroundings demanding larger and more substantial arrangements.

The outline is still an informal triangle, but the filling-in is solid, the arrangement depending for its effect on outline and color mass rather than individual forms of particular flowers.

An almost right-angled triangle is a variation of informal outline, which lends itself to profuse arrangements when most of the stems are straight. The dried arrangement shown below is a good example of this variation.



DRIED

branches, flowers, cones, and leaves have decorative and creative values which do not compete with fresh-flower designs.

COLLECTING and arranging dried material provides an interesting hobby that can be pursued throughout the year.

A dried arrangement should not be left to collect dust but dismantled after a week or two and replaced by a change of design based on renewed inspiration.

The basic rules, such as balance, scale and design, apply as for any other arrangement.

Color harmony is just as important, although in most cases it will be in muted tonings.

In growing plants for the average garden it is quite simple to include a few "everlastings," such as statice, and globe amaranths.

Many of the annuals and perennials dry quite well. To keep their color, flowers must be picked before they have quite reached their prime. They are likely to develop a little more as they dry and if too matured will ripen seeds and disintegrate.

All leaves should be stripped off the stems as they shrivel. They become very unsightly if left on. Small bunches can be made and tied tightly as near the cut end of the stem as possible. These should be hung upside down in a dry, airy, dark place.

Most material will dry in about three weeks, and can then be packed in dustproof dark boxes until required for use.

There are several methods of treating leaves, depending on the type of leaf. Glycerine treatment is best where sprays of leaves are required on their own branches. Most smooth-leaved, woody plants can be preserved in this way.

The method is to pick well-shaped sprays of foliage and soak them in the usual way. Woody material usually requires a good twelve hours, or until the leaves are firm. The cut stem ends should then be placed in a mixture of one-third glycerine and two-thirds water, so that two inches of each stem is immersed. It may be necessary to add more liquid from time to time to retain this level.

When it is obvious that the glycerine has travelled up the stems and to the extremities of the leaves, which become smooth and almost oily looking, the material can be removed and packed away in boxes for future use.

Good gardeners systematically remove all spent flower heads and developing seed pods, but the enthusiastic collector of dried material will see the possibilities of seed heads or pods in arrangements and leave them on.

An endless supply of cones, gumnuts, grassheads, bulrushes, and weather-whitened branches can be found on roadsides, beaches, and in the bush.

Driftwood is very popular for dried arrangements.

The assembling of dried material is approached from an entirely different angle from that of fresh flowers and foliage. Stems can be made from a short loop of wire pushed through the head of the flower, and then wound round with florist's tape, or by the insertion of straws into the flower heads.

TABLE

arrangements contribute a well-balanced note of interest, color, and freshness to a table set for a formal dinner party.

THERE is sometimes a temptation when arranging flowers on a table for a special occasion to make too much of the flowers. They then become unduly conspicuous.

The nature of the occasion—a formal dinner, a wedding breakfast, a children's party, a buffet meal, or an informal luncheon party—will influence the general plan.

No orthodox rules are set for table arrangements. There is, however, one inflexible condition—that the completed picture of table, cutlery, glass, and flowers be one harmonious whole.

A formal party demands good china, sparkling crystal, gleaming silver, a fine linen cloth, or good mats on a highly polished table. With these go flowers of delicate petal texture and color such as roses, camellias, carnations, or gladioli. Materials for casual luncheon tables may be anything from miniature cactus garden to a basket of daisies.

Usually horizontal designs are more suitable than vertical ones. Tall flowers are apt to make conversation difficult across a table.

Horizontal arrangements of flowers are reproductions of simple vertical formal and informal arrangements, differing from them only in that they are designed to be looked down on. Their use is not restricted to dining tables. They are suitable form of design for low occasional tables, chests, or low shelves.

For horizontal designing the line of height becomes the line of length. The exact measurements are determined by proportion in relation to the furnishings rather than in relation to the container, which is seldom much in evidence in such arrangements.

If the design is for a central position, it will be formal, with sides of equal length and centred by its focal point. On the other hand it is to be placed across the corner of a table or on the end of a low bookshelf, it will be informal, with one longer side balanced by a shorter, heavier side.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 22, 1959

GRASSES, artichokes, corn-cobs, and gourds are included in this dried design.



Washday walkabout proves it!

NEW RINSO gives

EXTRA WHITENESS

EXTRA BRIGHTNESS

RICHER, SOFTER SUDS ACCLAIMED BY MILLIONS

Way up North where the piccaninnies play under the pepper-corn trees and all the way down to the green "apple isle", Australian women hang out their washing to dry in the sun. Some boil up in the copper; some use a washing machine, but, whatever they use, nearly everyone has a packet of New Rinso in the laundry.

You see it everywhere — and all across the land can hear the same enthusiastic comments: "Better than ever!",

"Look at the difference in my wash!", "Such snowy whiteness, extra brilliance!". These are the unprompted comments of Australian housewives, just few of whom appear on these pages.

There are millions more of them, all agreeing that you'll never find anything better than New Rinso's richer, softer suds for doing a good job on washday. If you haven't discovered New Rinso for yourself, why not try it soon? New Rinso is available from all grocery stores.



Washday in the West — and the Roberts family, of Victoria Park, W.A., line up happily in front of Mum's Rinso-bright wash. "With my big family," says Mrs. Roberts, mother of six, "I need plenty of hard-working suds. That's why I've used Rinso all my married life. This New Rinso certainly amazed me; the extra brightness of the clothes almost takes your breath away!"



Dad and four big sons make a big stack of dishes for Mrs. M. Burrell, of Ferryden Park, S.A. With the help of New Rinso — and a willing hand with the wiping-up from daughter Frances — she speeds through the wash-ups. One look at Mrs. Burrell's smooth hands proves of the softness of Rinso suds.

Mother of another big family, Mrs. T. Robinson, of Como, N.S.W., says: "The man who sold me this washer advised me to use Rinso in it." Now she finds the extra cleaning action in New Rinso gives her even better washday results.



Every morning, bright and early, people passing the trim, white cottage at the corner of Falconer Street, West Ryde, near Sydney, see blonde, pretty Mrs. R. Thorpe hanging out a hoist-full of brilliantly clean washing — mostly little girls' clothes. "They're always a bright sight," says her neighbour, Mrs. Haylock, "but now Mrs. Thorpe uses New Rinso, like most of us round here, they really catch the eye!"

There's extra cleaning action in



"Come and play with us, Barbara!" . . . and Miss Barbara Turnbull, who really came to see Mummy, is happy to oblige. Who could resist two such enchanting little people as Barbara and Timothy Weekes, all clean and sweet in their fresh play-clothes? Their mother, Mrs. H. Weekes, of Mosman, N.S.W., trusts all her wash to New Rinso's richer, softer suds and says that you'd never find better washday value in the world.



Everyone stops for the ambulance and shirts must be spotlessly white when Dad is an ambulance man. So when Mrs. J. P. Murphy, of Red Hill, Queensland, is complimented on the wonderful snowiness of her husband's shirts, she says: "All credit to New Rinso!" and points with pride to the pile of dazzling white and bright washing that didn't get into the picture.



Twenty-one-year-old beauty specialist, Glenys Bryan has her own beauty salon at Brighton, Victoria. Clean uniforms every day are no problem now that she whisks them through New Rinso's rich, soft suds. "See," she says, "what could be whiter? And my coloured frocks have an extra brightness, too." Glenys' mother uses New Rinso for the family wash, says it's a sheer miracle how New Rinso suds lift the dirt out of her plumber son's working clothes. "That's extra cleaning action for you," she maintains.



NEW RINSO's richer, softer, suds

I said, "Stick with it and wait for him to get over it. It isn't his fault what happened."

She said, "He's changed, Tom. But I can't get at him any more. I can't reach him to help."

We left the road and followed a footpath. Celestin's house was one of a cluster of kays at the back edge of a field. "Phil's hurt and bitter," Florence said. "He takes it out on me. Sometimes he even takes it out on Petey."

"Petey?"
"Robin he understands and feels close to—Robin is like him, quick and clever—but Petey hates books and won't study. He gets angry with the boy. He says unkind things. This evening—"

We were at Celestin's door and I knew she wanted to finish, so I halted.

"This evening he turned on Petey and shouted, 'You have to be smart in this world! Smart—do you hear?' If you're not they'll tear you to pieces!" The poor boy was so confused he did everything wrong. And yet Phil loves him. I know he does. His anger is really anguish."

I said, "Of course he does," and waited again, but she had said it all, so I nodded and stepped to the hut doorway. At the sight of me Pierre Celestin rose from a chair beside the home-made bed on which his wife lay.

The little tin-can lamp on the table was turned low. The woman slept. We didn't stay long because Celestin was tired from his vigil. But he brightened a little when I told him he still had his job.

"I don't want you while your wife is sick, though," I said. "Stay here and look after her. Your pay will go on just the same."

"Merci, misie," he murmured.

Continuing . . . THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LOST

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We turned to go. Florence took the man's hand gently, and said, "When Fernande wakes, tell her I came to see her, Pierre."

"Of course, madame." On the path through the field I halted to frown at her. "You knew the woman's name," I said. "You've been there before?"

"Yes, Tom. Of course. Phil has, too."

Nothing would have happened, I suppose, had Fernande recovered. Celestin would have returned to work and Phil Randall would have gone on as before, until something else occurred to bring the inevitable showdown closer.

But the woman died the following morning, an hour before a doctor arrived unexpectedly from Mirebalais to examine her.

There was nothing he could have done, he said. "She was no longer young; she was worn out inside." When he had remounted his horse to ride back to town I walked along with him a little way.

"Who sent for you?" I asked, puzzled.

"One of your workmen came with a note." He produced it from his pocket.

Phil Randall's name was signed to it.

But, doctor or no doctor, Celestin's wife was dead. That evening the entire population of the village followed the procession to the grave on the hillside. And Randall was blamed for it. The voodoo gods of Saut d'Eau had been offended. This was their answer to Randall's rebuke.

I could do nothing. It was not open rebellion but simply sudden silence. The writing

was on the wall, just as it had been in Port-au-Prince.

I waited, knowing that if it came to a head I would have to let him go. Government contracts are bigger than personalities. We had to finish the reservoir and pipe-line on time, no matter how much I liked Phil Randall or felt sorry for his wife and kids. Meanwhile, he stayed close to the village where his work was, and I spent the biggest part of my time up there where the dozers were silent now and the concrete was being poured. Until one afternoon I rode in from the job and found Florence waiting.

"Tom," she said, without preamble, "will you come to dinner tonight? Phil has something to tell you."

I'd had a bad day up on the mountain. I was hot and annoyed—annoyed with the workers for falsely blaming Randall, with Randall for having needlessly blundered into such a situation. But when I saw Florence's face and realised what she and the kids must be going through I said I'd be there. I took a bottle of champagne.

I SHOULDN'T have gone. The dinner was an ordeal. Even the kids couldn't eat in that atmosphere of tension, and once, when Petey's knife slipped from his hand and clattered to the floor, the boy cringed as if expecting to be slapped.

Both kids asked to be excused before dessert, and Florence let them go. When they left, Phil scowled at me.

"Tom, I'm quitting. I'll stay

on a few more days if you like; then we'll pack up and go."

There was no point in my arguing. I knew he had talked it over with his wife. "Where will you go?" I said. "Home?"

He looked at Florence, like a troubled small boy turning in desperation to someone older, wiser, for help. She laid a hand on his arm and looked at me with a kind of defiance.

"Yes, home," she said. "Phil's had some wonderful offers."

In the face of that pathetic lie, I went home. We never opened the champagne.

This happened in midweek and the Randalls planned to leave on Sunday. Saturday evening, when I went over to see if I could lend a hand, half the natives in the village were gathered in front of the house.

I halted, puzzled at first, then angry. Rubbing it in, I thought. That's going too far. Growling at them, I pushed through the crowd and climbed the verandah steps, intending to tell them to clear out. Then I saw Pierre Celestin inside, talking to Randall, his gaunt face mellowed by a smile.

"What is this?" I demanded.

Celestin supplied the answer. "Misie, I misjudged this man. From the goodness of his heart he is having a fine monument of concrete built above the grave of my Fernande. All afternoon two men from Mirebalais have been working on it."

"A monument?"

"Yes," Phil said quietly, and then I saw Florence and the kids standing by the table behind him, and I saw a grin on young Robin's face and knew there was more to this.

When Celestin and his neighbors had departed, Phil sat down. "It wasn't my idea," he

said with a shrug. "It was Robin's."

"It was your book, Dad," Robin said brightly.

I frowned at the boy. He was a nice kid, no smart-alec, but now he looked a bit smug. "Book?" I said.

Robin showed it to me, flipping it open to a picture of some peasant grave-markers—the big white ones, surmounted by crosses, that you see most often in the Cayes district on the Southern Peninsula. I'd read the book. Phil had lent it to me. Robin had read it, too, it seemed—with understanding you wouldn't expect in a boy his age.

"It says here that whenever a peasant can afford it he builds a monument over the graves of his loved ones," he said. "I knew Pierre Celestin hated Dad, and that was why we had to leave, so I figured—"

"It sounded like a good idea," Phil said, "so I carried it out."

My feelings were mixed up. I was relieved, of course—delighted to know I wouldn't be losing him. At the same time I felt, somehow, that this wasn't right. Coming from the old Phil Randall it would have been fine. It would have been from the heart. As a clever trick it was different.

I'd been in Haiti a long time. One thing I knew about your untutored Haitian peasant is that you don't fool him with false gestures of friendship.

I glanced across the table at Florence. She hadn't said a word and didn't now, just stood there with her arm around young Petey as though she felt a need to protect him.

But Phil had his arm around the bright boy Robin, and was

saying with a smile, "Didn't tell you he was smart?"

It was quite a thing, the monument. Folks came from a distance to admire it. Although it appeared to have solved one problem it didn't solve them all. The tension was still there in Florence Randall's face even when she worked in her flower garden.

One day about three weeks after the monument-building bumped into her in the market place and we talked while she did her shopping. I was in fine mood. The way things were going, the job at Mas Travail would soon be finished. I would be moving on to a similar project in the London district ahead of schedule.

We stopped at a rickety table loaded with star apples, as Florence bought some.

"How are the boys?" I asked. "I don't see much of these days."

The old anxious look was suddenly there in her eyes. "Something wrong?" I asked. "Too many lizards and too few books?"

"It isn't that, Tom. I'm Robin."

"What about him?"

"He—he's very impatient these days. It isn't his fault, I suppose. His father thinks the sun rises and sets in his hand and he hears Petey being criticised all the time. But I don't like to see a little boy get such big ideas about his own importance."

I said, "It's tough on Petey being the brother of a student. Don't count him on though. He's got something of his own, that boy. He gets along. Stop worrying about them."

"I think they need a vacation from schoolwork," said

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Now . . . JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER costs much LESS than ordinary brands . . .

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Florence. "Perhaps I could bring them up to your camp at the reservoir for a picnic."

"Tomorrow, if it suits you."

But it was Saturday when she and the boys showed up at the camp. They arrived quite early in the morning, Florence breathless from the long climb up the mountain trail. "My!" she said, gazing at the almost finished project. "I had no idea. It's like King Christophe's Citadel!"

It was, a little. The concave walls rose from the squared-off top of the mountain and all around us were more mountains, high and wild. "Beyond the mountains are mountains," the peasants say in Haiti. South of us lay the Artibonite Valley with its shimmering thread of river. North, the wilderness stretched for miles to the Central Plateau.

Many of the natives living in that wilderness had never seen a white face. Sometimes, hearing the voodoo drums throbbing among those little-known peaks, I wondered what sort of people they were.

We had lunch under a big tree a short distance from the camp. Then the boys disappeared, told they might go exploring but not to go far or be gone too long. Florence and I talked. When I looked at my watch it was after three. The workers had quit long ago.

"Time we started back," I said, and we called to the boys. They didn't answer.

An hour later, after searching the woods and yelling ourselves hoarse, we had to face it. They were gone. Maybe they had returned to the village, expecting us to follow. More likely they had wandered off and got lost.

It would be dark in a couple of hours. "I'll stay here and keep looking," I said. "You go down to the village. If they're

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there, send someone up to tell me. If not, get Jean Sendral to bring all the workers he can find and we'll organise a search."

I touched her hand because she was frightened. "They can't have gone far."

I kept looking and calling, and a little more than an hour later an answering shout stopped me short. You'd have thought I was the kids' father the way that shout affected me. It came from the direction of the camp by the reservoir, and, weak with relief, I hurried back there.

But it was not the boys. It was only Jean Sendral and Phil Randall with a small army of men.

I paired the men off and sent them into the woods. To Phil I said, "You'd better stick with me."

He didn't appear to be badly scared. "They'll be all right, Tom," he insisted. "Robin will know what to do."

"He's still only a boy."

"But smart. He'll have things under control."

I hoped he was right, but I knew those mountains and he didn't. I knew what they could be like at night—loose rocks on steep cliffsides; deep ravines yawning in the smothering dark. And if the voodoo drums began to beat . . .

Night fell. One moment there was a bright white afterglow in the sky, and the air was warm; next moment I was using my flashlight and shivering. I halted in a labyrinth of rocks and waited for Phil to come up to me. Sounds reached us from all sides—brush crackling under, the blows of a machete, stones clattering down a slope, a voice calling steadily with a Creole accent, "Robah! Pay-tay!"

"I'll tan their hides when I get them home," Phil said. And I knew he wasn't really afraid. When there's fear in such a situation, talk of punishment comes later.

"Have the boys ever been in the mountains before?" I asked him.

"We used to go on little hikes above Port-au-Prince."

"This isn't Port-au-Prince."

"It will be all the same to Robin," he said. "You're worse than Florence, Tom."

"Where did you leave Florence?"

"At home. She'd be no good here, and if the boys find their way down to the village they'll need looking after. How far have we walked?"

I didn't know, but I had never been this distance from camp before. We were deep in a vertical wilderness. Not even a lamp in a peasant hut relieved the darkness. And now I heard drums.

"Voodoo?" Randall asked. For the first time his voice betrayed nervousness. He'd seen voodoo in the capital, of course, but ceremonies in the back

Self-pity automatically excludes the sympathy of others, for they know they cannot hope to match the pity you feel for yourself.

—Brendan Francis

country are something else again. The mountain peasants invite few strangers to their voodoo, nor do they talk about it to outsiders.

I shrugged. "Maybe only a social affair, a bamboche. Saturday night's the time for it." But Saturday night is the time for voodoo, too. He knew as well as I did. We turned towards the sound and quickened our pace.

The drums were the only sound in the stillness when I halted again more than an hour later. Sendral's men had either fallen behind or spread out so far we could no longer hear them. I held the flashlight on my watch and said, "Nearly midnight."

"We ought to be finding a path soon," Randall muttered. "There must be one leading to the village." By "village" he meant a few thatched-roofed mud huts in a mountain clearing, and he meant the particular clearing in which the drums were throbbing. "The kids must have followed a path," he said. "They never could have got this far through the bush."

I thought he was right, but it was two in the morning before we discovered a trail, and an hour later we were still on it, weary and apprehensive. Even Randall was scared, though he kept insisting Robin would have things under control. His faith in Robin's intelligence had become an obsession with him. He seemed to have forgotten Petey.

As a matter of fact, so had I. Because those boys were good and lost—lost in a raw, wild region where they might wander for days—and if we didn't find them soon their very lives might depend on Robin's intelligence. There is a peak near Bois Pin called *Morne des Enfants Perdus*, the Mountain of the Lost Children, and a terrible legend lies behind the name . . .

The drums had been silent for some time, and it was thirty by my watch. The path was all boulders, wrig-

gling up a cliffside. Suddenly I stopped short.

Nothing but space lay before me. Something—a landslide, probably—had cut away the mountainside. I grasped a twisted bayahon bush at the brink and gingerly leaned forward, aiming the flashlight into the depths of the ravine. There was nothing but darkness.

"We must have gone by a side path," I said. "The natives wouldn't use this trail." But, I thought, the kids would have used it, just as we did. And they didn't have a flashlight.

We back-tracked a couple of hundred yards and found a side path. In the brush nearby stood a rude wooden cross, on guard against the evil spirits that lie in wait at all country crossroads. The mountains were sinister with silence now after the incessant throbbing of the drums. We were silent, too. Of course, the kids may not have come this way at all.

The new trail cut across the ravine and followed the other side of it, steadily climbing to a plateau at the top. We walked for 10 minutes. Then I heard voices and saw lights.

It was not a village, really, not even the usual cluster of huts. The clearing held only two structures and one was a thatch-roofed tonnelle on crooked poles, with its tell-tale post, so the other, behind it, had to be a voodoo houfou.

Halting at the clearing's edge I watch the crowd for an instant. Men and women walked about under the tonnelle roof. The three rada drums leaned abandoned against a bench. The ceremony was apparently over.

Then I saw Robin.

He sat by himself on a fallen tree at the edge of the firelight, 20 feet from the tonnelle, a pathetic little figure yet somehow defiant, with his back to the gathering and his fists clenched on his knees. We hurried forward.

With a shrill cry the boy leaped to his feet and clung to his father, sobbing. I felt sorry for him. His clothes were torn, his legs bruised. He had a right to cry.

But some of those tears were tears of anger.

"I didn't want to come here," he wailed. "I remembered what you said—not to trust anyone, ever—but Petey wouldn't listen. He's over there now, talking to those people. He just doesn't know any better!"

STILL clinging to his father, he twisted round to look fearfully towards the tonnelle. "We could have found our way back all right if we'd stayed on the main trail," he whimpered.

I looked at Phil, but what I saw in my mind were those two kids, standing at the crossroads, arguing, not knowing their lives depended on the outcome of the argument. Petey knowing instinctively they had to have help. Robin afraid to ask for help because Phil Randall, in his bitterness, had taught the boy never to trust anyone. I said at last, "How long have you been here?"

"I—I guess about an hour."

Randall put his hand on the boy's shoulder and said gently, "Wait here a minute, son," and we walked over to the tonnelle. The people were aware of us by now; some of them, anyway. In silence they watched us approach, then greeted us politely in Creole. I halted, peering into the shadows on the far side of the fire, and a young woman in white said, "The little boy is over there."

Petey didn't see us at first. He sat on a little home-made

chair, surrounded by men and women of the mountains, and he was smiling at them all and answering their questions and asking some of his own. He had a big, sticky chunk of peanut candy in one hand.

Randall, beside me, took a nervous step forward. "Wait," I said, stopping him. Odd, but there in the midst of a mountain voodoo gathering at three-thirty in the morning I was remembering Petey's little green lizard. You got to make friends with them.

You got to make friends with them. You mustn't trust anyone, ever. Those were lines from different creeds. Someone, the boy or his father, was wrong. They couldn't both be right.

I looked at Phil for a clue to his thoughts, but just then the boy got off his chair. "Is the service over?" he said. "If it is, I guess I ought to start home, because Robin is kind of scared. I can come back some other time, though, if my father will let me." And suddenly, turning, he saw us.

He ran at Phil and hugged him. "Gee, Pop! How'd you ever find us?"

Phil didn't answer. He just held the boy close.

"You'll have to meet my friends," Petey said then. "They're swell, Pop. They were going to take us home." He caught hold of Phil's hand, pulling him forward.

It was amazing how many names the boy knew. "This is Gerard, Pop. And Giselle. This is Leonce: he plays the big drum. And this is Dominique; he's got a little boy just my age." The introductions lasted so long I began to feel concerned about Robin. I turned to go after him and stopped short.

Robin was right there within arm's reach, staring in wonderment at his brother. "Hi, son," I said, grinning. He caught hold of my hand and looked at his father.

Phil Randall was grinning, too. I hadn't seen such happiness on his face in months. He was like a man let out of prison.

"Gee! Robin whispered. And suddenly he smiled.

Two weeks later the job at Mont Travail was finished. Some of the workers were going with us to Dondon, others would stay behind for a time, under Jean Sendral, as a maintenance crew. Departure day was Saturday, but I was staying over a day longer to wind things up.

When I walked across to the Randall's house Friday evening to sit around and be in the way while they packed, I found Florence and the boys in the garden. Florence was methodically cutting every flower in sight and the kids were carrying them to the porch.

"What goes on?" I asked. She straightened and smiled at me. "I haven't the faintest idea, Tom. Phil wants them."

Phil appeared in the doorway. "Are you going into the florist business?" I demanded.

"That," he said, grinning, "is none of your concern."

I went home early because they were making a daylight start. It was late Sunday afternoon when I pulled out of Mont Travail myself. The road led past the hillside where Pierre Celestin's wife was buried. The sun blazed on the famous block of concrete.

But the monument wasn't white now. It was a mass of colors. The flowers from Randall's garden were banded high all around it.

(Copyright)



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Matt drove her back to the office. "Can you really line it up by Thursday?"

"I know what he wants: nothing subtle, just the mixture as before."

"Do you always plan by the personality of the key man?"

"Sometimes it helps!" Enigmatically. "Now, do scout, and let me work."

"But it's five o'clock!"

"I want to make notes while it's fresh in my mind."

Matt was doubtful. "Over-time! That's how Cartwright got his!"

She flicked the cover from the typewriter. "I'm not the type. You don't get ulcers doing what you enjoy. Perhaps he was a peg in the wrong hole."

He was not being dismissed. "I'm not a client," he wheedled. "Have dinner with my sister and me?"

Tamsin's nose wrinkled delightedly. "Oh, sisters are very—night, aren't they?" She paused. "Mr. Callender is married, isn't he?"

"How did you know?"

"You were so—incensed."

"I must be transparent," he commented wryly. "You also knew I was worried. What else?"

She twinkled provocatively. "You're hungry. Let's go!"

Well, that was Tamsin in an amenable mood; but how she could change! Next morning he found her with all the assurance of a paddle-boat in a backwater, churning the staff into a frenzy.

Amused at the spectacle, relieved at her capability, and grateful for her presence, he went out to find her a flat. He wasn't needed there, anyway.

Returning, he was met by the accountant, flapping like an angry seagull. "She's landed this quote for posters, 10 per cent. lower than we've ever had!"

"Good!"

"But they won't stand by it."

"Don't worry, George. Remember Cartwright?"

Turning away, Matt fell over Bill Price, the displayman, staggering under a swaying load of old chairs.

His face framed in broken cane-work, Bill gasped. "She ordered them. Obviously uncomfortable ones from the auction marts. We're storing them in your office."

Matt burst into her room. "That's the idea, putting all these..."

TAMSIN was unperturbed. "Temporary measure," she said. "You need a workshop, you know."

Nettled, he still protested. "But Callenders mightn't buy the idea."

"Then they'll do for my flat. I want lots of this, and I'll take time to collect them."

"But what are they for?"

"Remember Cartwright!" she approved. "Window-display."

By enthusiasm took over. "Look—I've got the name. Comfortable. Callenders' Comfortable Chairs. Simple, dignified word. 'Are you going home in a Comfortable Chair?' And a big poster—'Comfortable as a cat—cats are hackneyed, of course, but they tell a story everyone understands. Then, anywhere people sit, we'll have it—'Is your chair Comfortable?'"

"Yes, in cafes, theatres, waiting-rooms—it'll go well on too. You're word."

"What's that?" Matt's creamy smile disappeared as he whirled about at a squealing and yowling beyond the door.

"Art!" McArdle hurtled in, clapping a fighting alley-cat. "Will this do?" he yelled. "I caught it on the roof."

"No," she said decisively. "I want a purry one. With a complete set of hair. Persian or Pampas."

Continuing ... MISS PIED PIPER

from page 19

Art looked harassed. "And where do I get one?"

"Wait!" she called. "Don't let it go—do some sketches of it on one of those chairs, looking awfully uncomfortable. You know, miserable as an alley-cat, or Comfortable as a Persian."

"Yair, and just how do I make it sit?"

"Salmon!" she snapped.

Fighting a determined rear-guard action through the battery of old chairs, Matt reached the sanctum of his desk, and worked in comparative peace for an hour, only occasionally giving way to the impulse to giggle like a schoolboy. His face soon changed when Tamsin ushered in a strange man with new chairs—Callenders—for the office.

"We simply can't use any others now," she said round the door.

Matt lowered himself gingerly into the new one. He loved his battered old swivel-chair—but, by heaven, this one really was comfortable. No getting round it.

Then the door opened again.

with rage. "Oh, a woman!" he muttered. And asked viciously, "Who?"

"Henry Norrie."

Matt sat up. "And what will he cost you?"

"Burton Biscuits had him. Two hundred guineas."

He set out for Tamsin's door. (Gotta keep up with the Burtons: Mrs. Callender was a Burton.) He knocked firmly.

"Go away," she called. "I'm busy."

"No you're not," he rasped. "It's all off." The door whipped open. "Sim Callender wants Henry Norrie instead."

Tamsin's face turned to marble: he watched a little vein pulsing at her temple. "Henry Norrie," she laughed bitterly, and turned back to her desk. "It's spite, of course." She pushed her papers together, shoved them into a folder, and handed them to him, wistfully. "Norrie won't do it any better. Some time, look this over—for

"All-in wrestling, I take it?" Matt asked innocently, and returned to his lair.

Nostalgically, he pulled Tamsin's papers towards him, and began reading—yes, Norrie would have to be good—

He was: Matt could hear every word, even before the man charged in upon him.

"Easy! That's the word. Easy chairs. Simple, dignified word. Now—what's Easy?"

"Falling off a log? Easy as wink? Easy on the eye?"

"Dammit, you don't look at the chairs, you sit on 'em!" Norrie thundered. "Easy does it," he said, and lapsed into thought. "Yes, pick an Easy chair. Easy, breezy—"

"Sleazy, queasy," Matt added maliciously. "What about Comfortable?"

"Too long, old-fashioned... But hey, not bad at all. Comfortable as a—"

"Cat," Matt smirked.

"No," Norrie decided. "I didn't think of it. Pity. So, Easy it is. Do you sit Easy? Say, I want some hard chairs, Matt."

"That's funny," Matt said. "I thought you said hard chairs."

"I did."

"Ask Bob Gregory. They're all up in his studio." He waved Norrie out, and sat staring at Tamsin's papers. "I'm not dreaming," he said aloud. Easy, eh? Not cats this time, anyway. He put his feet up on the desk, and closed his eyes. Norrie was rounding up McArdle, to go out with him...

We were wakened by a babble of voices, and, following the sounds, arrived at McArdle's studio, to find it full of shabby old people and Art crouching before them, sketching feverishly.

HE looked up apologetically. "Norrie says they sit as though they enjoy it, and glamor-girls do it to look pretty, so—"

Matt swallowed. "I'm going home," he said. "I have a very sore throat. I think I might choke any minute."

If history repeated itself to schedule, all should be peace by midday on Friday: so he chose that time to return.

"Ha!" Norrie pounced. "You certainly take it Easy, my boy. Well, here we are. You can look it over tonight, ready for tomorrow."

"I'll do it now, and we can talk it over at dinner."

"I never talk business over meals," Norrie said. "Gives you ulcers. I forget everything when I eat."

Matt eyed the giant frame before him. "I believe you," he said, opening the proffered pages. They lay beside Tamsin's, and as he read he could not fail to notice the similarity. It was uncanny.

Finally, he threw it down and went out for coffee, his head full of piano-wires again. After five cups, black and sweet, his mind cleared enough to return, but he met such an uproar back in the office that all the good work was undone. He'd made a down-payment on the next ulcer.

"What?" he asked wearily. Maisie was sobbing all over the switchboard. "It was awful—simply terrific. Mr. Norrie went into your office—I don't know what happened, but he came out like a tornado—roaring for a solicitor. Something about stealing ideas, and liars, cheats, and swindlers. Then he demanded his fee before 'they' did him out of it—"

Tamsin's papers, of course.

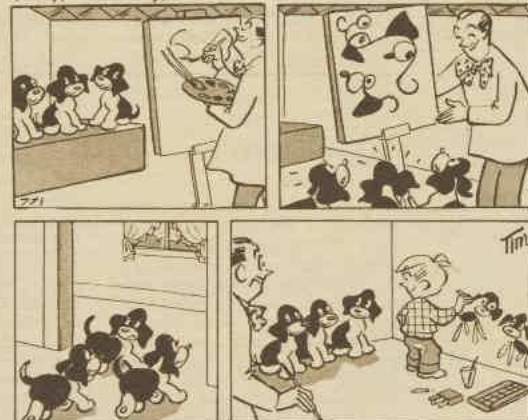
"Oh, don't go out again, Mr. Roberts," the girl wailed.

Tamsin was drying her hair

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Matt was ready to roar for help—his office was a thoroughfare. Who was sending everyone to him? An elderly lady, like a wind-blown sparrow, in her moth-eaten feather boa, pecked in at him. Her fat, rosy cheeks puckered with smiles as she eased a couple of cat-baskets in. Judging by the length of fur, there were Persians inside. Not exactly purring, either.

"Now, may I put the pussy-boys on these nice, comfortable chairs?" she chirruped. "They want somewhere quiet to relax. They're so highly strung, you know."

Matt smiled tightly. A man can't win. Thank heaven I didn't put her on to the Pencil Pepper account. Imagine bloodhounds—"hot on the trail."

Conditioned to Tamsin's bustle, it was a new shock next morning to find the office enveloped in a tomb-like silence. Even the telephone bells seemed muted. A notice on her door—"Do Not Disturb."

It set his teeth on edge, and he couldn't work. He remembered this presaging silence from childhood, before someone—who died. Something awful would happen.

The morning dragged heavily on, through a couple of financial statements, a contract, two leases—then his hair stood on end as the phone rang at his elbow. Sim Callender.

"... we think she's too young, and therefore inexperienced, to handle such a big programme. We'd like a consultant, then she can carry it through."

Matt's toes curled and the arches of his feet contracted

comparison. Shall I—bow out—gracefully, now?"

"Certainly not!" His voice snapped, covering embarrassment. "There's rain prophesied, and Utley's Umbrellas want pushing. Oh—come on out, and eat—"

"I don't suppose the world has ended," she said, slamming a hat on to her head and pushing black curls under it, wildly. "But it was such a chance to prove myself. Henry Norrie, of all people!"

"Do you know him?"

"I've heard plenty," she said guardedly.

Henry Norrie arrived on Thursday. No one had ever heard of starting a job on a Thursday, and it looked like a sweet little charge for overtime on Callenders' account. Serve 'em right.

IN the advertising world Norrie was almost an institution, and he looked, acted, and sounded the part. The office resounded with his rich voice, like braised-steak gravy. Tamsin stayed at home with a sore throat.

"Sore ego," Bob Gregory corrected. "It's a shame. I like to look at her, and I don't feel that way about old Norrie."

Norrie asked questions, her questions, all over again.

"We gave the details to Miss Hogg," Sim explained.

"I don't chew old bones," Norrie boomed.

He made a flying trip to the factory. "Nice little show," he commented, deflating Sim. "That'll be easy—just the usual treatment. Come in on Saturday morning. Matt, book me a return on Saturday midday plane. Don't want to miss the fight."

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To page 47

Is your family **ACTIVE & VITAL** or only 'JUST WELL'?



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Daily 'AKTA-VITE' generates zestful health through greater intake of the essential vitamins A, B₁, C and D. Only in 'AKTA-VITE' can stated and guaranteed quantities of the important vitamins A, B₁, C and D that your body needs, be obtained in the form of chocolate-malt flavoured granules.

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MOST of us who think ourselves in good health are, in fact, not always "a hundred per cent". It is common to hear people say, "Oh yes, I feel well enough", but they add "I only get a bit tired now and then and sometimes can't sleep", or "I seem to be off my food".

Through lack of knowledge these people speak of such troubles as being only natural—just a part of modern living.

Actually they are a part of modern living, but modern living is not altogether natural living in the true sense of the word and some assistance is often needed. The difference between being "just well" and "right on top" is, in many cases, a matter of good nutrition.

What is good nutrition?

It is not necessarily the taking of a lot of food—it is largely the result of proper balance in the various components of the food and is absolutely essential for maximum health.

A balanced diet provides adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, fats and proteins in the correct proportions of one to another.

What vitamins do

Of recent years, much has been learned of the vitamins and the part they play. The subject is rather complex and could be dealt with at great length, but a good general understanding can be gained from the following:—

Vitamins are substances which occur in minute amounts in the food we eat. They are essential for the proper functioning of the bodily processes and in enabling us to get full value from the food we eat. About twenty vitamins have been identified by animal experiment, but only a few have been shown to be of practical importance in human nutrition. In this class are vitamins A, B₁, C and D.

VITAMIN A is necessary for clear skin and good eyesight.

VITAMIN B₁ is needed for proper nerve function and to ensure you get the value from energy producing foods. Insufficient vitamin B₁ is a cause of neuritis and kindred complaints.

VITAMIN C is essential, as well as vitamin A, for a good skin and is especially important for healthy gums and teeth.

VITAMIN D is essential for proper bone formation.

Do we get enough vitamins?

Following are some common, everyday reasons why we may not:

- Cooking causes a substantial loss of vitamins in some foods.
- Vitamins are often lost through exposure of the food to light and air in the shop.
- The modern practice of taking quick "snack" meals—pie or

toast, etc.—of little or no vitamin value.

- The natural inclination for most people to eat "what they fancy" rather than what they need.
- The worry and strain of modern times which affect digestion.
- The present high cost of food which is causing many to omit certain essential foods from the daily diet.
- Scarcity of some foods at times.
- The need of certain individuals for more than normal amounts of vitamins—expectant and nursing mothers, convalescents, growing children, tense, nervy types of people.

Due to such factors as these it can be seen that vitamin-deficiency is more common than is generally realised and that most of us could well benefit by giving attention to vitamin requirements.

'AKTA-VITE' gives you the vitamins

'AKTA-VITE' has been specially designed to provide a "cover" of those four important vitamins already mentioned—A, B₁, C and D. It contains each of these vitamins in a highly concentrated form so that only small amounts are needed to bring the average diet right up to full requirements. Anyone taking 'AKTA-VITE', if they have been even slightly deficient in any of these vitamins, will soon

feel the benefit in better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. By restoring the lacking vitamins, 'AKTA-VITE' acts as a tonic of the most natural kind—a food tonic.

'AKTA-VITE' makes an excellent hot or cold milk drink—but it can be taken in a number of other enjoyable ways—sprinkled on ice-cream, fruit dishes or breakfast cereals, sweets, junkets, etc., or in bread and butter sandwiches.

One important point to be realised about 'AKTA-VITE' is that its pleasant taste should not lead to the belief that it is just another ordinary "milk addition" product. 'AKTA-VITE' is a supplier of large amounts of essential vitamins in a pleasant-to-take form.

Everyone in your family can benefit from delicious 'AKTA-VITE'

For strenuous sports

Athletes have every reason to give attention to their vitamin requirements. 'AKTA-VITE' helps the body to use the food efficiently; without adequate vitamin intake energy-giving foods can be largely wasted.

For 'energy burners'

There are many people who,



either because of their serious, conscientious nature or by force of circumstances, are continually driving themselves. 'AKTA-VITE' to such people is a boon, stimu-

lating the appetite which may be dulled through lack of proper exercise, soothing the nerves and aiding the mental condition by promoting sleep.

For convalescents

The further one is from normal health the more the need to build up. The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way, because it ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B₁, C and D. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' has a particular appeal at any time when many are inclined to be more "finicky" than usual.

For striving students and adolescents

Rapid growth and long hours of study may take heavy toll of health if allowed to go on too long. At such times the body needs more nourishment. In



ALL cases a sure intake of vitamins is, to say the least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended at such times.

For the housewife

The housewife nowadays bears a heavy burden and often feels far from well, though not actually ill. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value.

For expectant mothers

The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is the surest way she can get them. Also

'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breast-feed their babies by improving the milk supply.



For early growth

Toddlers and children need greater amounts of vitamins during periods of rapid growth. During such times 'AKTA-VITE' will be found a boon, giving them their vitamins in acceptable form. Children who dislike milk love it when 'AKTA-VITE' is added.



ASK YOUR
FAMILY
CHEMIST—
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a power for health Daily 'AKTA-VITE' costs only 3d. a day.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 22, 1937



LARD is cut into sifted, dry ingredients by using two knives and working with cross action.



PREPARED pastry is folded into three even sections. This gives the pastry its layers of flakes.



BROWNED veal pieces are lifted from frying-pan with a broad-bladed flexible spatula or slice.



STRIP is moistened with milk or water with small brush before covering over.

Debbie makes a pie

● **Veal and Bacon Pie** is the tempting dish which Debbie, our teenage chef, shows us how to prepare this week. It is topped with an easy-to-make puff pastry.

DEBBIE chooses this simplified version of the traditional puff-pastry recipe because it is time-saving, yet produces a many-layered, light, crisp topping for the veal and bacon, or any of the alternative fillings she has suggested below.

As with all pastry-making, Debbie knows that she must keep both ingredients and utensils as cool as possible and allow the pastry to rest well so that it will not shrink during the baking. Here are Debbie's instructions:

VEAL AND BACON PIE

Quick Puff Pastry: Eight ounces self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 6oz. lard or other good shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk or water.

Sift flour and salt into large basin, add shortening which has been well chilled in refrigerator and chopped into small pieces. Cut shortening further into dry ingredients about the size of large peas, using two knife-blades to make a cutting movement. Add sufficient milk or water to make a pliable dough, still using a knife-blade for mixing, as this helps to keep the mixture cool. Shape into a ball; stand aside $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Turn out on to floured board, knead slightly, roll out to an oblong sheet about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. Fold evenly into three. Turn half-way round so that open end is towards self. Roll out again to about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Run knife under pastry to make sure it is not sticking. Rest again while preparing filling.

Veal and Bacon Filling: One to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. veal steak (thinly sliced), 1oz. flour, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 or 3 rashers bacon (rind removed), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, 1 cup stock or water, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cut veal steak into 2 in. pieces, toss in seasoned flour. Heat oil in frying-pan, add steak, and fry until lightly browned. Remove from pan, drain on absorbent paper. Place in pan bacon cut into small pieces and washed and sliced mushrooms; fry 2 or 3 minutes, lift out of pan; drain. Add remaining flour to oil and sediment left in pan, stir over heat until well mixed. Add stock or water and simmer until thickened, stirring constantly, season with salt and pepper. Place prepared veal, bacon, and mushrooms into piedish, sprinkle with parsley, pour over gravy.

Cut a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. strip from pastry-edge, moisten ridge of piedish with a little milk or water, place pastry-strip in position. Cut a round from pastry to fit top, moisten pastry-strip, lift top piece into position. Trim edges with a sharp knife, cut 2 or 3 slits in top. Brush with milk, decorate with leaves cut from pastry trimmings. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate and cook further 40 minutes. Serve piping hot, garnished with parsley.

Other fillings

Steak and Oyster: Substitute thinly sliced rump steak for the veal pieces and use 1 dozen oysters in place of the bacon and mushrooms. There is no need to fry the oysters before adding to meat in piedish, but add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oyster liquor to the gravy before pouring over meat.

Egg and Bacon: Beat 4 or 5 eggs lightly, season with salt and pepper and a little Worcestershire sauce, pour carefully over 6 to 8oz. bacon rashers (rinds removed and cut into small pieces) arranged over base of piedish. Sprinkle 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley over egg mixture before covering with pastry.



Savory Tuna: Make a medium-thick white sauce using 1oz. butter or substitute, 1oz. flour and 2 cups milk. Season well with salt, cayenne pepper, chopped gherkins or capers, lemon juice, finely chopped onion. Fold in 1 cup shredded tuna or other tinned or cooked flaked fish.

Asparagus and Egg: Make a medium-thick white sauce, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese, season with salt and pepper. Fold in 2 or 3 roughly chopped hard-boiled eggs and 1 small tin drained chopped asparagus. This is delicious served as a luncheon dish.

HOT SAVORY PIE with veal and bacon filling and deliciously light flaky pastry cover is most popular with Debbie's family and friends. Served with vegetables in season, this makes a good meal for cold days. Alternative fillings for the pie are given on this page.



Tip for a girl in love!

Your destiny — every woman's rightful destiny — is to be lovely, to love and be loved. But smart women don't leave it all up to Fate — they make sure of always looking their best. And, because your complexion is such an important part of looking your best, always remember you can look your loveliest with Three Flowers. For Three Flowers Face Powder is just revealing enough to permit your natural skin tones to show through — yet flattering enough to conceal imperfections and impart a smooth, even finish to your complexion.

Three Flowers won't streak or cake or change colour — it covers perfectly, clings like a second skin, safeguarding your loveliness through busy days and happy evenings. There are six enchanting shades to choose from — one of which will suit you perfectly. Ask for Three Flowers from your Chemist or store. There is no better face powder!

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THE MAKE-UP THAT HELPS DREAMS COME TRUE.

Country homestead



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows spacious pillared verandahs at the front and side of the house. The bedroom wing of three rooms is on the right.

● A charming, rambling house with big rooms and cool terraces has been designed for this week's Home Plan No. 679. Built over an area of 29 squares, it makes an ideal country home where there is unlimited land.

THIS week's "signature" plan has been designed by Adelaide architect Mr. R. Milton-Hine.

With the accent on comfortable living, the bedroom wing is separated from the living-rooms by a spacious hall.

The service rooms have a separate entrance and an additional shower and lavatory.

The office is in this section of the design, where it is easily reached from the outdoors and by car.

A big walk-in pantry in the kitchen provides ample storage space.

Building costs

Building costs of Home Plan No. 679 would vary according to the proposed location and our Home Planning Centres (see addresses right), which are located in the various cities, will supply local costs.

Approximate costs for building this home would be £10,000 in brick construction and £6500-£7000 in timber or fibro.

Plans for this house and other standard Home Plans can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres.

These Centres give free advisory service on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home.

Another useful service given

by these Centres is that for fee of only £1/1/- per square you can have a house designed to your individual requirements or one of our standard plans modified to suit you.

Each set of plans contains five copies of the plan and three copies of standard specification. This includes numerous details on drainage, fencing, paving, etc., as well as general construction.

Buying guide

All Home Plans conform to council requirements.

Our centres will also arrange for site inspection, draw preliminary sketches of any plan, which will be invaluable when you are discussing design and cost, and advise you on the best design for your block of land.

For readers who intend to build their own houses, our Centres will, for a reasonable fee, prepare a material quantities list, which is an excellent guide for buying materials and assessing costs.

They will also give helpful advice on remodelling of homes or the addition of room, and will advise on all structural alterations you wish to make to your home.

OUR CENTRES

THE plan on this page and other standard plans can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and state building material to be used. Please include fee.

Centres' addresses are:

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony

Hordern's.

MELBOURNE: The

Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer

Emporium, Fridays and

Saturdays only.

SYDNEY: Anthony

Hordern's.

ADELAIDE: John

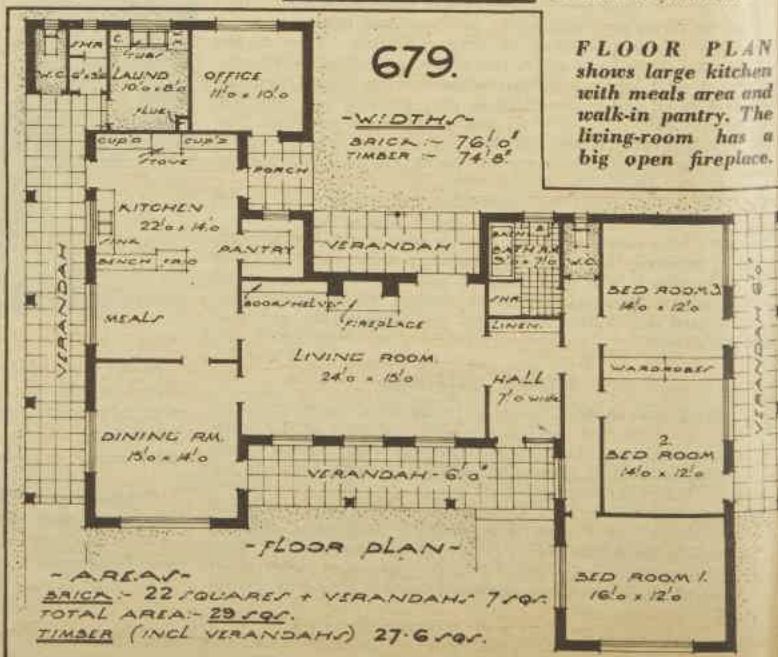
Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhir-

ter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pig-

ott's.



FLOOR PLAN shows large kitchen with meals area and walk-in pantry. The living-room has a big open fireplace.



Soup's a winner

PRETTY pottery bowls are ideal for serving Vichyssoise soup.

Delicious soup wins the main £5 prize and melt-in-the-mouth pancakes win £1 prize in our recipe contest this week.

VICHYSOISE soup, the prizewinning recipe, tastes equally good hot or cold.

Spoon measurements are level.

VICHYSOISE ORIENTALE

One cup coarsely diced raw potato, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coarsely diced onion, 1 cup diced peeled apple, 1 diced banana, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups well-seasoned chicken broth (home-made or prepared from packaged or tinned soup), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder, 1 cup cream, nutmeg. Place prepared potato, onion, apple, banana, celery, and chicken broth in saucepan. Cover, bring to the boil, then simmer until vegetables are tender (about 15 minutes). Remove from heat, add salt, butter, and curry powder. Beat with rotary beater until mixture is smooth. Stir in cream, return to stove, stir until reheated, but do not boil. Serve sprinkled with nutmeg.

To Serve Cold: Chill mixture thoroughly, serve topped with finely chopped chives.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Buckley, 25 Griffith Street, Everton Park, Brisbane.

PARTY PANCAKES

Pancakes: One cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, melted butter.

Sift flour and salt into basin, add sugar. Make well in centre, add egg and milk, stir until a smooth batter is formed. Pour one-sixth of batter over base of greased pan, cook until set and lightly browned underneath, toss; brown other side. Repeat until all mixture is used.

Filling: Four ounces cottage cheese, 4oz. package cream cheese, 1 teaspoon lemon rind,

4 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup strawberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract.

Beat cream and cottage cheeses, lemon rind, 3 tablespoons lemon juice and sugar. Divide filling evenly between pancakes; roll up. Place folded side down in baking-dish. Re-

heat in oven for 10 minutes before serving. Heat strawberries, remaining lemon juice, and almond extract. Spoon over pancakes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Leech, Colmslie Hostel, via Cannon Hill, Brisbane.

FAMILY DISH

VEAL steak with apple and cheese is this week's family dish. Simple but different, it serves four or five and costs about 9/-.

VEAL STEAK WITH APPLE AND CHEESE

One and a half to 2lb. veal steak, 3 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons milk, browned bread-crumbs, small quantity good clarified fat, 1 large green apple, margarine, 3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Cut steak into service-sized pieces. Dip into flour, salt, and pepper. Blend balance of flour with the milk, adding extra milk if necessary to make a thin, creamy consistency. Dip steak into this mixture, toss in crumbs until well coated. Fry in small quantity hot fat in shallow pan approximately 15 minutes, turning once. Drain, keep hot. Strain fat to remove any crumbs. Fry cored, peeled apple slices in a little hot margarine, place a slice on each piece of steak. Sprinkle with cheese, place under hot grill until cheese starts to melt. Serve hot.

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in the sun with Utley's umbrellas all around her. "Come and see this!" she called gaily.

"Forget Utleys. We're in trouble."

"Henry Norrie," she stated, as if it were a foregone conclusion. "Sit down, Matt. Remember poor Mr. Cartwright."

"I wish I could forget him," Matt sighed. "I left your papers beside Norrie's, and he saw them. Now he's after a whoitor—says we're pinching his ideas."

"Why should he?"

"That's the point—your plan is almost identical with his. If anything, it's better."

"Oh, Matt—is it really?" Her eyes shone. Then—"Well, I'm not surprised. I'll come back with you." She began tidying her hair.

Matt paced. "Think of the implications! Norrie might tell Sim—to protect himself. Sim will be mad at paying through the neck for what he could have had at regular rates. You're my employee, and I protect you. Not only for loyalty, but because you're good, and I want to keep you."

That was when she smiled at him, just for him.

"Tamsin—"

She shook her head. "Not now. We must hurry."

HE followed her doubtfully. "You're very small to tackle that hulking brute—"

She laughed scornfully, and flashed ahead. His instinct was to creep in via the fire-escape, but nothing like that occurred to her. She advanced like a cross between Boadicea and Sairey Gamp, only she still looked like next season's advance on Audrey Hepburn.

Norrie was on a sit-down strike with a young raw solicitor at nervous attention beside him.

"Ha! You rat!" he bellowed at Matt.

Tamsin charged in. "That will do, Father!" Her voice was like silk sheets in a heavy tent.

Norrie recoiled. "What the blazes are YOU doing here?"

"I work here," she said.

Continuing . . . MISS PIED PIPER

from page 41

drawing herself to her full height of five feet nothing-much. Oddly enough, she seemed quite as big as Norrie. Matt began to chuckle.

"I might have guessed, when I found my ideas flagrantly stolen," he snarled, "that you were in the picture somewhere. Up to your old tricks, daughter?"

Tamsin stood her ground. "This, of course, entirely clears the air, Father. You always said I stole your ideas, but everyone here knows I thought this out first."

Matt moved between them. "Now, the position is really quite simple—"

"I'll say it is!" They were in complete agreement, like two dogs at one bone, Matt being the bone.

"No—listen," he persisted. "If your father trained you, Tamsin, it merely means that

He who, when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and is done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in a low voice and never ceases nibbling.

—Lavater

you both think along the same lines—"

"Svengali!" she hissed.

"—and you should realise how much each owes to the other. Instead of fighting against your heritage you should be proud of it—"

"Gah!" Norrie mocked. "Stuffed-shirt! You sound like a mealy mouthed marriage-counsellor—"

Matt took his time in answering: the man was quite impossible. You couldn't appeal to a better nature when it didn't exist. No wonder Tamsin had left him.

"Marriage-counsellor?" he said whimsically. "That's the

very idea. What about it, Tamsin? Marry me, and leave the hated name of Norrie behind you."

"But I don't hate the name," she whispered. "I'm terribly proud of it, even if the senior member does behave like an ignorant ape." She glared from one to the other, trembling between rage and tears.

"What's all the fuss, then?" Matt asked mildly.

"Fuss?" She exploded. "Fuss? Why, you big-footed steam-roller—as for marrying you, I never heard of such a thing." She glared, tossed her head, and ran into her own office.

Norrie sat down with a crash. Evidently Callenders' chairs can take it, Matt noted. Then he heard a new noise. It turned out to be laughter, on a grand scale.

"Never heard of it, didn't she?" Norrie rumbled. "I'll bet she's thought of it often enough. Say, what is the idea, anyway?"

Matt swallowed. "Actually, I only gave her a job to keep her here long enough to ask her—"

Norrie hove to his feet and slapped Matt on the back with the hearty thump of a pile-driver. "Go to it, then. I'm going for food. Emotional upsets at my age merely provoke hunger . . . Pity!" He sighed enviously. "If you two sort yourselves out, come for dinner. I'm at the Astor-Commercial. The food's crook, but you won't notice."

Tamsin was staring resolutely through the window. He went quietly across the room and stood close behind her, stroking her head. "Stop fighting, darling."

"Who?" she sighed. "You, father, or myself?"

"All of us, perhaps . . ."

What happened?

"Oh—" she choked. "I love him so much—admire him so—but we always seemed to

stand in each other's light." She paused. "Then we became jealous of our work, and one city wasn't big enough for us. He began to taunt me—that I couldn't stand on my own—and I was frightened—"

"Why? Perhaps you were too dependent on him, and he knew it."

"I thought I was only a reflection of him, without any talent—I came here to find out. But even here, he had to come. And you—"

She stopped suddenly and pushed away from him. "Now you find I'm his daughter, you'll marry me—to keep me in the firm." Her voice rose. "That's how good I am! You never thought of marrying Tamsin Hogg, only Tamsin Norrie."

Matt laughed happily. "Is that all? It's you, Tamsin—the name doesn't matter. That was my idea, the minute I saw you in my office. You can't steal that one, my girl."

SHE smiled, slyly, bewitchingly. "Actually, I saw you first—I was standing at Maisie's desk—I thought of it—"

"Well, we'll share that one . . . Your father's asked us to dinner."

"Has he simmered down yet?"

He nodded. "But he's the one who ought to have an ulcer."

She shook her head. "No. Sim Callender's next on that list. Wait till he hears I've collected his fee for a wedding-present!"

"But you haven't—"

"I just had the idea," she said calmly. "So Father should be getting round to it quite soon, too."

"I'm beginning to understand your father," Matt mused. "You play the tune, and we jump in the river, eh?"

"Exactly," she said, patting the creases from her skirt. "I hope you're a good swimmer, Matt."

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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"My husband has been suffering for the past 4 months with sciatica... and he could not work. I put him on a course of your pills. After the first bottle... he is now back at work." (Original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).



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Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 21

get rid of him, surely they wouldn't advertise it."

"These lists he got through the post—they might have been sent by anyone," Jack Simmonds said. "Not necessarily somebody here."

Swinton shook his head. "Coincidences happen, Mr. Simmonds, but isn't that asking a bit too much? Mrs. Treloar says there was a list found here, and Mr. French says you all treated it as a joke. Then within the next four weeks Mr. Flecker receives threats through the mail in the form of lists, three of them, and each one contains an item identical with one of the items on the original list. That item is 'get rid of William.' Now, Mr. Simmonds, I don't know what the other item were on the original list, but it doesn't matter. The point is, that list gave someone an idea."

"But it may have been just a joke. They may not have been real threats," Betty Simmonds pleaded.

"Yes, they may have been a joke, of the kind that isn't very funny. The nasty truth is Mr. Flecker has been got rid of."

Into the stunned silence another woman sobbed. This time it was Pamela Atkinson. She flung her arms down on the table and buried her head upon them, wailing, her voice rising hysterically. This complete dissolution sobered Joanna, who got up and went round to Pamela and tried to comfort her.

"You mean he's dead?" Jack Simmonds said.

"Yes," Swinton stood up.

"But where, and when? I can't believe it!" Steve demanded.

Cynthia was sitting with bowed head. She looked up at Swinton. "You should have told us at once, Inspector. That was very cruel."

"Murder is very cruel, Mrs. French."

"But surely, Inspector," Bill said, "you don't suspect anybody here!"

"You'll all remain here for the present, please. I hope you won't be inconvenienced for too long. Perhaps tomorrow . . . he beckoned to Primrose and began to move away. "Will you come with us, please, Mrs. French? You can move about the house freely, of course," he added, "but it would be a nuisance if anyone made an attempt to leave."

"Is this original list in existence, by the way?"

"I shouldn't think so, Inspector," Steve said. "Nobody claimed it. William probably put it in his pocket or threw it away."

"Supposing Mr. Flecker sent the lists, Inspector, to himself?" Bill Baynes suggested. "Sort of flamboyant thing he'd do, isn't it, Steve?"

"Very likely, indeed. That's probably it, Inspector."

"We'll see," Swinton said quietly.

"Inspector," Des said jerkily, "where is he? I mean, where was he?"

"Out on the road."

He opened the door, waited for Cynthia to precede him, then went out, followed by Primrose.

Out in the hall Swinton said, "I'm sorry about all this disturbance, Mrs. French, but it can't be helped. Now, could you put a telephone at our disposal? Privately, I mean?"

"Yes, of course." Her voice was lifeless. "You can take over the library."

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"Thank you, Primrose, Simpson and some local men here," Swinton said.

Primrose went off at once, fully understanding his instructions, to check up on Dr. Simpson and the medical examination of the corpse, and to provide a police guard here at the house.

"Now, Mrs. French, I'll want to see Flecker's room, but first, what other rooms are on this floor?"

She told him. They crossed the hall and went into the living-room.

"This is where we usually congregate, particularly at night," Cynthia said. "You see . . ." She waved a hand at the table of presents. "They were for him—farewell gifts. Does it look as though anyone here wanted to kill him, Inspector?"

SWINTON walked over to the table. He picked up each pathetic package in turn and examined it, reading the labels and messages.

"Did you phone Mr. Flecker at his home last night, Mrs. French?" he asked casually. "Just to see how he was, if his headache was better, perhaps?"

"No," Cynthia said. Her eyes were wide with fear.

"It would have been a most natural thing to do," he murmured.

"But I didn't," she cried excitedly. Then she took a grip of herself. "I was too angry. Inspector. Oh, I know he didn't feel well, but he could have rested here just as well as anywhere. It seemed such a mean thing to do, after everyone coming to wish him well, after all our trouble."

"He knew, remember, that one person at least didn't wish him well."

"I can't believe that nonsense about the lists."

Swinton went over and opened the door into the hall. Then he came back again to the table of presents. He picked up one that he'd put aside; the wrapping paper was blood-red.

"Whose present is this?" he asked.

"I don't know." She shrugged. "It's not ours. It might be anyone's."

"What if you think Flecker meant by that note he wrote, Mrs. French?" His voice sounded absent. "Something's happened, couldn't be worse. That's a funny thing to say, isn't it? It sounds as though he wrote it after death, because what could be worse than death?"

Her ashen face stared, hypnotised.

"Don't you agree?"

"I . . . think he must have meant not feeling well . . . on top of his disappointment?"

"Well . . . perhaps," Swinton said pleasantly.

Primrose came in.

"All O.K., sir," he reported. "Look at this," Swinton said, holding out the package.

Primrose took it. A card attached to the wrapped gift bore the printed message, "Goodbye, Sweet William."

"Odd sort of thing," Swinton remarked.

"Oh, I don't know, sir. Maybe he was sweet."

"Do you want me to show you the rest of the house?" Cynthia asked coldly.

"Yes, please, Mrs. French."

Swinton was equally cold. "Just the layout; so long as we know which room is whose."

She showed them Steve's study, the kitchen, pantry, and the rest of the downstairs offices. Mrs. Bates, the cook, who was reading at the kitchen

table, stared at them silently as they made their impassive way through her domain. They came back through the kitchen again just as impassively, and Mrs. Bates looked at them sourly and wondered what they were after.

Cynthia took them upstairs. As she pointed out each room and named the occupants, Primrose swiftly drew a little plan with names attached.

"Thank you, Mrs. French," Swinton said courteously. "We won't need you any longer. A search warrant is on its way. I'm afraid it's necessary. Are you going downstairs?"

"I suppose so."

"Will you be so kind as to tell the others I'll want to interview them all, separately? I'd like them to be on hand," Cynthia heard the threat in his quiet voice.

She turned away without replying.

Their search upstairs was unrewarded. They were trained to be quick and thorough, to notice the thing that shouldn't be there or the lack of the thing that should. Room by room they drew a blank, Primrose deftly probing under Swinton's gloomy eyes. They found nothing exceptional, only that Flecker's departure had certainly been accepted and acted upon. The bed was stripped; everything was tidy.

The two men parted at the foot of the stairs. Swinton to establish headquarters in the

library, Primrose to check the arrival of the local men and to institute a search downstairs. Swinton phoned his wife during the breathing space.

"It's a palace," he told Mary. "One of those big, old places been done up . . . more modern than they know what to do with. Gets people into trouble. Don't know when I'll see you Mary—tonight late, I hope."

He rang off, thinking with compassion of those miserable people who could afford to let their emotions run riot, of the conditions that bred crime. Swinton was a firm believer in the theory that crime flourishes best where there is either too much or too little; that the balance between people are largely let out of mischief by their daily jobs. While he waited he took out the note again, together with William's address book. No doubt about it, the writing was the same. He gave a fugitive thought to the pies in his overcoat pocket.

Primrose came back; the men had arrived and were lurking, obtrusively near the freights and the garages. He watched Swinton writing for a moment, then drew up a chair to the desk.

"Well, Inspector?" he said eagerly.

Swinton held up a restraining hand and continued writing. Primrose made some note of his own. At last Swinton sat back, got out his pipe and

To page 53

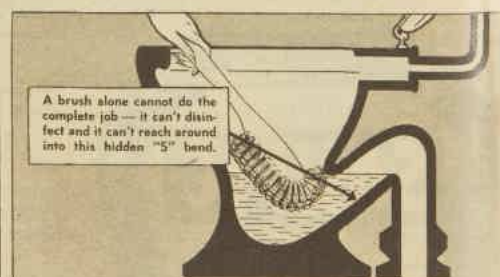
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THERE'S A NEW 'BLUE ANGEL'

★ *An off-beat Swedish blonde with catlike eyes and a peek-a-boo hairstyle is to play the role that 30 years ago made Marlene Dietrich a permanent symbol of sex appeal.*

SHE is 23-year-old May (pronounced My) Britt, and the role is that of the disillusioned, sexy nightclub entertainer in Fox's re-make of the famous German film "The Blue Angel." It will be only the third American picture May has made. After being given a screen test by Jean Negulesco in Rome, she was brought to Hollywood for "The Young Lions," and after that went into "The Hunters." Italian producer Carlo Ponti, now the husband of Sophia Loren, discovered May when she was working in a Stockholm photographic laboratory. Her ambition then was to be a photographer. During the five years she was in Rome, May made 10 movies. Hollywood became interested after she had played the minor role of Sonya in "War and Peace." Since being in America May has married Edward Gregson, youthful scion of one of the best-known Southern families.

*Film
Parade*



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A BIG NEW DEAL FOR COLOR TV

By NAN MUSGROVE

● A new offensive designed to popularise color TV is about to be launched in America. It comes after months of research by big business brains who have announced that only now are Americans "ready" for color TV.

COLOR TV has been the biggest and most resounding flop in America. Only 500,000 color sets are in operation as compared to an estimated 50,000,000 black-and-white sets.

After 10 years the experts say the main trouble has been the price and the difficulty of tuning color. The cheapest color TV sets sell at about £A250, about £A150 more than a comparable black-and-white set.

Tuning was too sensitive, too complicated, for the average impatient Americans, who sent their expensive color sets back to the retailer.

The new offensive starts with new sets with simplified color tuning. The color is described as "much more stable" and the whole set as having "drastically reduced engineering bugs."

The fascinating part of the new color TV merchandising programme, though, are the reasons for its "rightness" now.

Experts say the most important reason is the market saturation with black-and-white sets in an estimated 89 per cent. of American homes.

Black-and-white TV in America is little more now than the generally accepted telephone on the desk, one expert says.

Expounding his theme, he goes on to say that Americans must have new gadgets to buy, and that the latest, stereophonic record players, served in a limited fashion only to satisfy the desire for new gadgets.

In other words, color TV becomes the new gadget that Americans are "ready" to buy.

The new offensive is being launched direct at the "Cadillac" trade—people who can easily afford an extra TV set.

The fortunate people in this class are estimated at 900,000. Especially for them, an extra 30 per cent. of TV shows will be done in color soon by NBC-TV.

The new color will be put into shows that appeal most to the upper-middle-class taste.

If the Cadillac trade goes for the color TV, the volume sale will lead to mass production and to drastic reduction in color-set price. Then the "Ford" or ordinary trade will benefit.

Maybe Australians will, too.

In the meantime, while Australians sit on the sidelines and hear about it, Japan is about to introduce regular color TV.

Japanese viewers are described as "unusually TV color-conscious." Already Japanese manufacturers have developed their own and are



CLINT "CHEYENNE" WALKER as trapper "Yellowstone Kelly" in a full-length movie. His co-stars are John "Lawman" Russell and none other than Ed "Kookie" Byrnes of "Sunset Strip."

about ready to supplant imported color sets with the local product.

Total number of color sets in Tokyo for the opening is estimated at 10,000, with large numbers of them installed in hotels, restaurants, and bath-houses.

And whom will they look at? That old smoothie Perry Como in glorious technicolor per color TV tape.

★ ★ ★

MY condolences to Melbourne viewers who saw "Antony and Cleopatra" as their first live Shakespearian TV. It was shown as a tele-recording in Sydney recently, and couldn't compare with the excellent live Sydney production of "Hamlet" for acting, lighting, or camera work.

TELEVISION PARADE

There's no doubt about Shakespeare. He took the classic ingredients of a best-seller—sex, high life, and a shocking situation—and clothed them with his wonderful words into first-rate stories.

"Antony and Cleopatra" is a real woman's play. All women like to see proof that other women, and men, too, endure trials and tribulations in love.

And every woman would like to have been Cleopatra (Bettine Kauffman did a very good job in the role) with her legendary beauty, her power over men, and to have enjoyed the cossetting and attentions she received as a Queen of Egypt.

I didn't like Keith Eden as Antony—he didn't convey his greatness as a soldier or a power in the land, nor look to me like the great woman's man he was.

Getting back to the play,

what an insight into the way men gossip. I loved the backstairs conjecture between courtiers, soldiers, and messengers about Antony and Cleopatra.

Shock of the night was Enobarbus' description of Cleopatra as newly married Antony's "Egyptian dish." I thought the adaptor, Arthur Clippner, had gone too far with that one, and looked up the text. I was delighted to find that Shakespeare used this modern slang himself back in 1603.

I couldn't help thinking when I'd seen both "Hamlet" and "Antony and Cleopatra" how the Japanese must love Shakespeare. The last act is generally thick with honorable suicides as he straightens out one sticky situation after another.

OLD movies come up with some quaint sights if you can bear to watch them. One of the best quaint sights I've yet seen was a full-lengther that raged on, reel after reel, one Saturday night recently from Sydney's Channel 9.

It was called "Brother Rat" and was a story of cadets at the Virginia Military Institute. There were high old goings-on, on and off the parade ground, getting the group of cadets graduated.

Greatest problem was getting Eddie Albert through his chemistry paper. Living dangerously, the commandant's teenage daughter broke every rule and, smuggled into the cadet's dorm the night before the exam, coached him to success.

The commandant's daughter was young, all of 18, with long golden hair that curled around her shoulders and

horn-rimmed spectacles that made her look plain.

She had a vaguely familiar look, and I was amazed to find from the credits that it was Miss Jane Wyman who had coached, one cadet to success and got her man, another cadet, in a fade-out clinch.

Miss Wyman really did get her man in "Brother Rat." One of the cadet stars was Ronald Reagan, whom she married in 1940.

"Brother Rat" was made in 1938, and 21 years later, almost to the day, Jane Wyman made her bow on Australian TV with "The Jane Wyman Show" (Channel 7, Mondays 1.30 p.m.), a series of half-hour dramas.

Jane looks miles better now. She has got rid of the blond curls, and wears her hair in a smooth, sophisticated fringed cut—no glasses. And she has had three husbands and three children.

The husbands, in order of appearance, were Myron Fatterman 1937, divorced 1938, Ronald Reagan, married 1940, father of her three children, divorced 1948, and present husband, Fred Karger, whom she married in 1952.

I do carry on, I know, about old movies—they are interesting curiosities even if they're not good film shows.

One I am waiting for eagerly is "Casablanca," scheduled for Channel 9, on Sunday, July 19, at 8 p.m.

It is the original wartime version, vintage 1942, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, S. Z. "Cuddles" Sakall, Conrad Veidt, and Hoagy Carmichael at the piano in Rick's cafe.

Hoagy and his music are, of course, largely responsible for the "Casablanca" nostalgia that rages unabated. I'd like to take a poll of how many middle-aged couples say "That's our song" when Hoagy plays "As Time Goes By."

Be watching at 8 p.m. on July 19 for "Casablanca" and don't confuse it with the telescoped 45-minute TV version that was shown not long ago.

There's no telescoping deue in the film version. It is to be run unedited for its full 105 minutes.

As a consequence, all the following programmed shows will be 15 minutes later than usual, but who cares? Time goes by.

● Is my face red? In a frenzy of TV watching last week I let the Victorian edition copy slip into the New South Wales edition. Now, bowing in all directions, I'm in a whirl of sevens and nines. To put it briefly, Channel 9 will soon show "Peter Gunn" and Channel 7 shows "77 Sunset Strip"—as if you didn't know.

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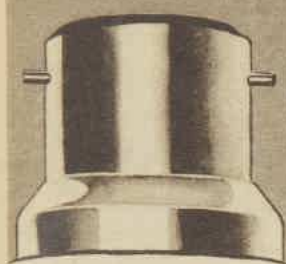
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Brando's errors will help Wayne

● Veteran John Wayne, preparing to make his first self-directed picture, "The Alamo," is profiting by Marlon Brando's troubles with "One Eyed Jacks."

TO counter any similar bother, Wayne is taking on location his old buddy and former director, John Ford.

Ford will direct the actual scenes in which Wayne appears.

"This is my first stab at directing and I figure it will be good insurance just to have John stand around," says the canny outdoor hero Wayne.

Perfectionist Brando shot no less than nine hours of film on "One Eyed Jacks." Preliminary editing cut it down to six hours of viewing.

The job now facing Brando is to get the picture into the sort of shape—and size—that will be acceptable to the distributors.

★ ★ ★
DETERMINED to tie up 17-year-old singing sensation Fabian good and hard now they have got him, 20th

Century-Fox have made him sign a multiple-picture contract. Now all they have to do is find the pictures. And with Presley due out of the Army shortly, Fox would like to get their new boy launched as soon as a promising script can be whipped into shape.

★ ★ ★
THE strip clubs of Soho are to be the subject of a new film by producer George Minter.

Titled "The Beat Girl" it is expected to star lovely 15-year-old schoolgirl Gillian Hills, who was discovered by Roger Vadim.

She was all set for the starring role in Vadim's "Dangerous Liaisons" until public outcry made him change his mind. Miss Hills will not be required for the strip-tease sequences of the film, being saved from such a ghastly fate by a hero, yet unnamed and uncast.

LATEST to be named as a possible co-star for France's Brigitte Bardot is Tony Curtis. The suggested picture is a story of a professional swimming troupe, "High Dive," and will be filmed in Paris. The possibilities should please both B.R. and Tony.

★ ★ ★
MICHAEL POWELL, whose films have included the memorable "Red Shoes" and "The Tales of Hoffmann," has turned to a modern subject for his next film.

Titled "Peeping Tom" it is expected to star Laurence Harvey as a mentally unbalanced film cameraman who sees life through an imaginary viewfinder. Anything which doesn't appear quite in focus upsets him and leads him to murder.

French dancer Nicole Adam will be seen as one of those people out of focus in Mr. Harvey's viewfinder of life. She gets murdered.

Diana's successive husbands are played with decreasing impressiveness by Zimbalist, Ray Danton, and Edward Kemmer.

Use in some of the shots of Barrymore's own fantastic Gothic Hollywood house, "Falcon's Lair," gives a rather eerie verisimilitude.

In a word . . . DEPRESSING.

★ PASSIONATE SUMMER

Drama, with Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers. In color. Capitol, Sydney.

BRITAIN'S attempt at love in the Caribbean is a tortuous and pretty dismal affair, proving—if anything—that the calypso isles are no place for the unwinding of tangled human relationships.

Husky schoolmaster Travers' interest in a free-living air hostess (Virginia McKenna) is almost unbearably complicated by her persistent yen for a former French boyfriend, and the yen for Travers of both the headmaster's neurotic wife (Yvonne Mitchell) and a teenage American pupil (Ellen Barrie).

This New York child actress handles her role with amazing efficiency.

There is a good deal of underlying maturity in the story and characterisation, but the roles of the two women are so unsympathetic that you never believe in them.

Travers, who has never been too impressive in black and white, emerges on the color screen as a quite likeable personality.

In a word . . . IRRITATING

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★ CINERAMA
HOLIDAY

Second Cinerama entertainment. In color. Plaza, Sydney.

A THREAD to hold together the various episodes making up a Cinerama programme will always be something of a problem. But this time producer Louis de Rochemont has hit on a happy solution.

We go sightseeing in Europe in the company of a nice young American couple, seeing Europe for the first time, and accompany a pleasant young Swiss couple on their first trip to America.

Highlights of the Trollers' United States tour include the fantastic gambling town of Las Vegas and New Orleans, where they see an old-style negro marching funeral and visit a jazz basement.

Understandably, the American Marshes do rather better, with, among other things, high mass at Notre Dame, St. Moritz with a breathtaking bobbed run, sightseeing in Paris, including a visit to the Louvre.

The very nature of Cinerama makes it most suitable for lively subjects, and de Rochemont has achieved a high degree of success in avoiding the static patches that slowed down "This Is Cinerama."

In general I found this a better rounded-out and more entertaining programme than its predecessor.

In a word . . . BRIGHT.

Film Parade

★ TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

Biographical drama, with Dorothy Malone, Errol Flynn, Efrem Zimbalist. Century, Sydney.

IT might seem that the troubled life of Diana Barrymore as related in her autobiography would prove highly melodramatic screen material.

But despite its determinedly sympathetic treatment under Art Napoleon's direction and co-scripting, all that emerges is a long, slow, and relentlessly second-rate movie.

While Dorothy Malone may have her limitations as an actress, her Diana Barrymore is not without its good moments, and under more skilled guidance might have been the moving affair that clearly was intended.

Though he lacks the grand-ham brilliance of the late John Barrymore, Diana's actor father, Flynn makes this portrayal a sincere tribute to a man he knew and revered.

Not noted for any special dedication to the art of acting, Flynn has probably never taken so much trouble with a screen role before.

The role of the fashionable poet Michael Strange (Diana's mother) is effective, though a little chilly, as played by Neva Patterson.

from page 48

tobacco pouch, and filled the one from the other by touch, his eyes fixed upon some distant view of his own. His movements were deliberate rather than slow, and people who thought of him as a slow-coach were wide of the mark.

He was alert, intuitive, and imaginative, and if his tastes were stodgy it was simply because his brilliance lay in a different direction. He was the opposite of the bright young man beside him, yet the bright young man would never hear a word against the chief, whose training and friendship were both invaluable.

"What have we got?" Swinton said. "We've got a bit of a muddle on our hands, Primrose, my boy." He consulted his notes. "First, we have a bloke called Flecker who reports receiving threats by mail on three different occasions, the first April 26, the second May 17, the third May 18, the day he reported them. The threats, if that's what they were, took the form of listed items, identical in each case, one of the items being 'get rid of William.'"

"Apparently that was the last of them, because we heard no more from him. Second, we have what appears to be a roadside crime, possibly a hitch-hiking job, a deserted car with a corpse. The hitch-hiking theory is rather knocked on the head because of the car doors being wiped clean, and vanishes completely by virtue of the corpse itself — a corpse with a knife wound in the chest, bound up in a towel, and another just above the collarbone, in that place you know about."

"The carotid."

"That's the chap. By the way, Simpson will phone here direct as soon as he's got anything."

"Yes."

"Well, then, third, we have the dead man's overnight bag — presumably it's his — with a small blood-stained dagger helter-skelter among the clothing, packed all anyhow. We don't know yet about fingerprints. Fourth, we have his note saying something's happened and it couldn't be worse. Fifth, we have two mysterious phone calls by a woman who was 'at the same weekend party,' phone calls to Flecker's home address last night at 9.10 and 11.16 respectively; according to evidence so far, he was last seen here around 5.30 when they all retired to their rooms — all very neatly, I might say. And sixth, we have Mrs. Treloar's outburst that Flecker is dead, and her story about some int at a weekend party here in April, a list that contained one item that appeared on the other three lists, viz: 'get rid of William.'"

"A very masterly compendium, sir."

"I don't care for those long words, Primrose. Now, I think we'll begin with Mr. French. He's going to be helpful, I'm afraid. Get him, will you?"

Primrose went off lightly-hearted. He knew the boss wasn't really annoyed; when he got really mad he called him by his first name: Cedric. That was red for danger.

They were still in the dining-room. There was dead silence when he went in, yet he had the feeling that the silence had been there, anyway.

"Mr. French," he said politely, "Inspector Swinton would like to see you first, please, in the library."

Steve got up, almost blithely, and came to the door without looking at the others, without noticing his wife's poignant look. He walked jauntily beside Primrose, and said, "Well, Sergeant, how's it going?"

It is to the credit of human nature that, except where its selfishness is brought into play, it loves more readily than it hates.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne

"Quite well, thank you, sir," Primrose said primly.

"Come in, Mr. French," Swinton said. "Sit there, will you? Sorry to take possession of your house like this."

Primrose sat slightly behind and to the right of Steve, unobtrusive notebook on knee.

"Now, Mr. French," Swinton began, "this is a very unfortunate thing to have happened. I admit at first it looked like a roadside job, but now I'm afraid we must discount that theory." He leaned forward. "I believe Flecker was murdered here, in your house."

"Oh, now really, Inspector, that's a bit much," Steve spoke lightly, as though the Inspector had accused him of wearing a wig. "I don't think I like that suggestion."

"Have you any other?"

"I'm afraid not, but there must be one."

"You didn't seem very surprised when we arrived today, sir, French."

"I'm a well-trained husband, Inspector. My wife has taught me never to be surprised." His voice had an edge of malice.

"Aren't you curious about the manner of Flecker's death?"

"Certainly, Inspector."

"I'll let you know as soon as we get the medical report."

Swinton was watching the other closely. He saw the slight lift of the eyebrows; that was the only sign.

"You mean you're not sure?" Steve asked. "He hadn't been stabbed or shot or anything?"

"Who would stab or shoot him?"

"All right, Inspector, you ask the questions. A lot of people didn't like him, including myself. I don't think any of us is really sorry he's dead, except . . ."

He shut his mouth on his wife's name.

"Wasn't he popular?"

"Well, yes, he was, in a way. Most people were afraid of him. He could be so charming, then suddenly he'd ridicule someone in front of a crowd, or belittle their work. He was untrustworthy; he'd stab you in the back as soon as look at you. Worse than that, too, he'd let you down, harm you professionally, like Simmonds, for instance."

"What about Simmonds?"

"You ask Simmonds. But don't suspect him, for heaven's sake."

"Now, Mr. French, what were your own movements between 5.30 and 7.45, when you say you came downstairs with your wife and found the note?"

"I went upstairs with my wife. Then later I came down to my study. I'm working on a long poem."

"What time was this?"

"Some time after six, it would be."

"Could your wife corroborate that?"

"I expect so."

"What time did you leave the study?"

"I don't know. In time to bath and change, anyway. I suppose I must have been down here about half an hour."

"Did anybody actually see you in the study?"

"Well, no. Hey, wait a minute, Inspector . . ."

"I'm not accusing you, Mr. French. We have to get the times straight."

"But my wife knew I was down here."

"Was she in the study with you?"

A baffled look came into his eyes. "No."

"When you and your wife came downstairs about 7.45, was anyone else down then?"

"No. We didn't see anyone."

"And when you came back from checking up on Flecker's car?"

"Mrs. Treloar was in the hall."

"What was she doing?"

"Well, nothing. She was just there."

"All right, Mr. French. Now, can you help us with Mr. Flecker's relatives. This story will break in the Press tomorrow — so we want to avoid that sort of shock, naturally."

"As far as I know, there's only one. His sister. His parents are both dead. She's Mrs. Claud Harrington; lives at Turramurra."

"Thank you. That's all for the present, Mr. French."

He waited pointedly while Steve, like a dismissed school-boy, left somewhat deflated.

"Primrose, get on the phone, like a good fellow. Get someone to go to this Mrs. Harrington's address, will you; break the news gently?"

PRIMROSE obeyed, while Swinton sat waiting patiently.

"Mrs. Treloar now, I believe," he said when Primrose had finished.

Joanna came in, all big brown eyes and nervousness. Swinton was kind.

"Mrs. Treloar," he said when she was seated, her hands gripping the chair on each side, "as you know, Mr. Flecker is dead. You seemed so sure of it yourself. He's been murdered."

"I know. Poisoned." Her voice was anguished. Swinton stared at her and Primrose almost dropped his notebook.

"Now, how did you know he'd been poisoned? Did he tell you?"

"He has, hasn't he?"

"Do you know anything about the poisoning? He didn't tell you?"

"No, oh, no!" she cried wildly. She buried her face in her hands.

Swinton studied her bent head. She'd given him a number of surprises, but this one capped them all. He was not given to wild conjecture, but he found himself speculating.

"Mrs. Treloar, please try to keep calm. Understand that we must find out all we can before we can even begin to sort out this mess. Now then, will you please tell me your movements between 5.30 and the time you met Mr. and Mrs. French in the hall."

Joanna dried her eyes and sat clutching her handkerchief.

"I went upstairs when everybody else did. I just stayed around in our room for a while."

"Was your husband with you?"

"He was away for about a quarter of an hour, having a bath."

"And then?"

"Then later on I went down to the kitchen for my milk."

"Milk?"

"I always have milk before any sort of a party. It puts a coating on the stomach, you know."

Swinton bowed his head, but whether in amusement or reverence Primrose couldn't tell.

"How long were you gone?"

"I don't know. Just long enough to drink a glass of milk, I suppose."

"Did anyone see you in the kitchen?"

"Mrs. Bates was there. She's the cook."

"Yes. Nobody else?"

Joanna shook her head miserably.

"Where was your husband?"

"I left him in our room and he was there when I got back. Oh, I think he went along to borrow a catalogue or something from Jack Simmonds — only a moment."

"And what time was it when you made this forage for milk?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some time between half-past six and seven. Closer to seven."

"And did you leave your room again?"

"Yes, I did. I went to have a bath."

"Mm. And then you went downstairs first, before your husband?"

"Yes. I was restless. I thought some of the others might be down. I'd only just got to the hall when Mr. and Mrs. French came in from outside."

"Did you phone Mr. Flecker's home last night?"

Her hand flew to her mouth in a childish gesture.

"No, I don't think so. No, of course I didn't."

"I didn't suppose you had," Swinton said conversationally. "Knowing, as you did, that Mr. Flecker had been poisoned."

Joanna just stared at him.

"Look, Mrs. Treloar, these are the lists Mr. Flecker received by post. I want you to look at them and tell me how much they resemble the other list you mentioned, the first one that appeared in this house last April."

Joanna took them, but her hands were trembling so much she had to put them back on the desk. She drew her chair up and bent over them.

"They're the same, but different. The other items are different, all except that one, 'get rid of William.' There's another thing, too."

"Yes?"

"These are typed. The first one was handwritten. I remember particularly because it was mentioned; everyone said whose handwriting it is, and it wasn't anyone's."

"A ghost, perhaps," Swinton said without humor.

"Oh, so that's what he meant!" Joanna said, startled.

"That's what who meant?" Swinton said quickly.

"I . . . nothing."

"I think you'd better tell me, Mrs. Treloar."

"It's nothing. Only yesterday . . . in the garden . . . he said something about Virginia. I didn't know what he was talking about."

"I don't think you're being quite frank, Mrs. Treloar. Who is this Virginia?"

"I don't know."

"Then why should he mention her to you?"

"Oh, I don't know! Because he was worried about the lists. I suppose. How do I know?"

There was silence. Primrose thought: she can't stand much more. Swinton remained imperturbable.

"Did you like Mr. Flecker?" he asked at last.

"I hated him!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Treloar."

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That's all for now. Go and lie down for a while."

She didn't move. She seemed paralysed on some momentous brink. Her eyes dilated as she stared at Swinton and through him.

"Mrs. Treloar . . ."
"I did it! I poisoned him!" she cried violently. She sobbed and ran from the library.

They stared at each other.
"All we need now is someone who shot him," Primrose said. "You're setting traps, aren't you?" he added slyly.

"What d'you mean?"
"Not telling any of them how he was killed. Letting them tell you."

"Cunning, eh?" Swinton smiled wryly. "You know, that girl's basically honest. That's why she's getting in such a state about all the lies she's telling."

"Why should she tell lies?"
"That's what we've got to find out." He lifted the receiver off its hook and dialled. "Hello, Swinton here, speaking from Richmond. A message for Simpson straight away. There may be poison. All the findings as soon as possible, please. Got that? And another thing: Any reports on the dagger yet, fingerprints? There is! No clear prints. I didn't think there would be. What about blood? Same as the victim's, yes. Send it out to me at once, please. The house is Thornton, people named French, between Windsor and Richmond. Right."

He rang off and looked at his watch. "Quarter-past five, Primrose. We'll have Mrs. French now, and while we're about it we might as well check up on any typewriters in this house. There's probably one in Mr. French's study. I don't for a moment suppose that's the one used for these lists, but we may as well check. So she poisoned him! You know, Primrose, this is screwy."

Cynthia was now very composed. She knew what she was going to tell them. She'd had time to prepare her story. She looked at the big man behind her desk. She felt superior to him, but afraid of him. She had only one objective: to protect Steve and everything she had because of him. Now that William was dead she realised how little he'd meant to her. Why, he was nothing! What did she care who'd killed him?

"How was he killed, Inspector?" she began the attack.
"Haven't you got some theory, Mrs. French?"

"I haven't the faintest," she said coolly.

"We're not sure yet, either," he said in calm, comfortable tones. "Did you give orders to anyone about Mr. Flecker's room after he'd gone? We noticed that sheets and blankets had been removed and everything cleared up with surprising rapidity."

Oh, so they'd noticed, had they? Well, she'd been clever about that.

"Naturally," she said. "I didn't give any special orders. My maids are well trained. I don't like untidiness, Inspector. A guest goes and traces are removed. The girls would have attended to it this morning in the normal course of events."

"I see. Your husband tells me he went to his study some time after six and stayed there about half an hour. Can you verify this?"

"Of course. He was with me when he left to come down, and I came down myself a few minutes after."

"You were in the study with him?"

"Yes, Inspector," she said calmly.

"Mr. French said you weren't."

"Oh, he's got muddled," she said fondly. "He was writing, you see. He becomes quite deaf and blind when he's writing."

Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 53

"Are there any weapons in the house, Mrs. French?"

"Weapons?"

"Yes. Revolvers, rifles, knives, daggers . . ."

"Daggers?"

He looked at her.

"There's one dagger," she said slowly. "Oh, but no, it's too silly! Although," she continued reminiscently, "William did say it could kill someone."

"Where's it kept? Is it here now?"

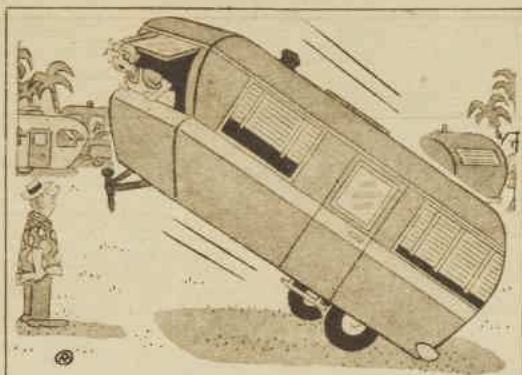
"It's not kept here. It doesn't

that? She'd come across some scribble of his in the same vein and had destroyed it. Had he left anything lying about? She must check, and quickly.

"Nothing at all. I remember the first list in April; we all do. But that's all."

"Have you ever known anyone named Virginia?"

"Let me see . . . there was a girl at school . . ."



"All I did was push the furniture back so I could wash the floor."

belong to the house. But it's here now."

"Is that a bit of a conundrum?"

"No. It's quite simple. It's the dagger in Miss Atkinson's belt."

Swinton glanced at Primrose.

"That's the only weapon?"

"Yes, Inspector."

Before he could speak again the phone rang.

"Yes, this is Swinton." He listened. "Oh, well, that's all right, then." He placed the receiver back.

"Just nobody grieves over Mr. Flecker. His sister has been informed and, to quote the man who told her, 'she was unstruck by grief.'"

Cynthia shrugged.

"Is that all, Inspector?"

"I'm afraid not, Mrs. French. Did you stay in the study as long as your husband was there?"

"Almost as long. I went up to take a bath, and he was already putting away his work ready to follow me up."

"Yes. What time will you be dining, Mrs. French?"

This man jumped about like a verbal grasshopper. "Eight o'clock. With your permission."

He ignored the sarcasm.

"Sergeant Primrose and I will go in to Windsor. There will be men here."

"You don't have to go in to Windsor," she said coldly. "You won't want to dine with us, naturally, but you can dine in here, as you've taken it over."

"That's very kind of you, Mrs. French. Have you known Mr. Flecker long?"

"He was an old friend of my husband. I met him when we were married."

"All get along well together?"

"Perfectly."

"When you and your husband came downstairs around seven forty-five, did you come down together?"

"Yes. Side by side."

"Did you see the note on the hall table?"

"Perfectly clearly. I saw it before my husband did, and said, 'What's that?'"

"And were you surprised at the message?"

"Not really, Inspector. Mr. Flecker chose to dramatise everything."

"Do you know anything about these notes sent to Flecker by mail?"

Heavens, had Steve done

"That's not what I mean, Mrs. French," he said severely.

"Has there ever been anyone named Virginia connected with your circle of acquaintances—since you've known Mr. Flecker?"

"No. I don't think so. Why?"

"Because Virginia apparently meant quite a lot to Mr. Flecker."

"But not to me, Inspector."

"I see. Well, I think that's all for now, Mrs. French, thank you. Are your two maids about?"

She stood up. "Yes. D'you want them?"

"Please. Just for a moment. In five minutes' time, say. We're just going into your husband's study for a few moments."

Now, take a grip on yourself. "Shall I show you the way?"

"You did, Mrs. French, thank you, earlier. Don't you remember?"

He smiled at her.

THIS was a slip-

pery customer. Not as dull as he looked. She turned angrily away and preceded them from the room.

Primrose was fascinated by the study. It was a small room, yet spacious, with hundreds of books lining the walls, an easel at the window, a record-player, a dictaphone, a cello, a large desk with papers, pens, pencils, and a typewriter.

"Well, go on," Swinton said.

Primrose sat down at the desk and inserted paper into the typewriter. He typed out a list identical with those sent to William. Then he compared them.

"No doubt at all, I should say, Inspector. The same ribbon, too. I'm sure . . . it hasn't been changed. The same lightweight d . . . see the way it fades out at the top? The same uneven a, it's slightly crooked; see that? The same machine, in fact. It can be verified by an expert."

"Well, stone the crows!" Swinton said thoughtfully. He stared at the typewriter—a clarification that might prove to mean only fresh complications. He looked at the papers on the desk.

"What's that?" he said.

Primrose picked up a sheet of paper containing several lines of writing; there were

words scored out and others written in to replace them.

"Looks like a poem."

Swinton took it. The writing was clear and elegant. He read it aloud, in the singsong drone most people adopt for verse.

"When the malicious die they leave a shell,
A hole, a bundle of rags and wind, a carcass,
A word for the birds to pick, a small clatter;
They leave no friend to end his days in sorrow,
No weight of faith to carry to the grave,
No massive truth to tell, or breadth of beauty;
How much does a soul weigh, that measures nothing?
Dung to dung, flung by a fierce justice,
Lies barren on the road that leads from me."

He looked at Primrose, who was enjoying the performance.

"I don't like it," he said, and added, "it doesn't rhyme."

Primrose protested. "That's a bit prejudiced, Inspector."

"I don't mean that. I don't like it because it's about Flecker."

"How d'you know?"

"It's exactly the same picture they've been giving me—Flecker malicious, Flecker friendly, Flecker left on the road, Flecker dead. That's funny, Primrose . . . How much does a soul weigh?"

was he comparing it with the weight of the body? "The road that leads from me . . . sounds very much like the place where the body was found. 'Flung by a fierce justice' . . . flung by a fierce Mr. French, d'you think? I wonder if Mr. French wrote it, and when." He put it in his pocket.

"You might be reading too much into it, Inspector."

"Maybe."

"Looks bad for French," Primrose said.

"Yes. I wonder why he's so carefree? Come on." He led the way back to the library, where they arranged themselves as before. Almost immediately a knock came on the door.

"Come in," Swinton called.

"Open it, Primrose, will you?"

Primrose opened the door on two girls, neatly clad and well groomed.

"One at a time, please," Swinton said. "Would you mind waiting out there for a moment or two?" he said to the dark, slim one. "Shan't keep you long. Come in," he added kindly to the fair, plump one.

She came in. She was composed and her face hinted a smile. Her name was Susie and she was afraid she couldn't be very helpful. They'd done out Mr. Flecker's room this morning after his departure of the previous night. Mrs. French had helped. She'd given them the linen from his bed. Bloodstains?

Oh, no! Nothing like that. Mrs. French had also given them a bundle of old clothes for the incinerator. No, it wasn't unusual. Yes, they'd put them in the incinerator. Naturally. There'd been nothing unusual or remarkable about the room. They always attended promptly to guests' rooms; there'd be no special urgency in this case.

The other girl, Philippa, told the same story. Swinton thanked her and let her go. Innocent or well schooled, he wondered. When the phone rang he let Primrose answer it.

"It's Simpson."

Swinton snatched the receiver. "Yes? Hello, Jack. Swinton here."

"What kind of a corpse is this you've given me, old friend? Looks like people don't like him."

"Yes, it does," Swinton said.

"What've you got so far?"

Primrose watched his face take on the granite look that meant difficulties.

"The chest wound is superficial," Simpson said, "just a scratch with a lot of blood. Enough to frighten anyone badly if they weren't used to the sight of blood. It was meant to be fatal, I think, done in the heat of the moment—done by someone who aimed where they think the heart is."

"Yes," Swinton said, "but what about the other?"

"Ah, now that's a different kettle of fish. That could have been instantly fatal—a vulnerable spot, the carotid, and the aim was excellent."

"What d'you mean—could have been?"

"Well, so it could—I'm just not sure yet what to say. I'm sure enough, but there's a very odd thing here and I want another opinion first."

"Before what?"

"Before I commit myself. It seems time is of the essence. I'll get hold of Hatherley—he's a consultant pathologist. I got your message about poison. The analysis might take some

time. It looks like your poisoner may be the one."

"Yes, it does, doesn't it?" Swinton said thoughtfully. "I wish you didn't have to be so damned mysterious. Oh, yes, yes, I know . . . thanks, Jack."

He replaced the receiver slowly and looked at Primrose.

"The chest wound is superficial. He won't commit himself further than that, except to say that the throat wound could have been fatal. Mystery piled on mystery. We'll have to wait for the analyst's report on the poison. There's something fishy somewhere—Simpson's getting another opinion about something—something he won't tell me about."

Primrose said, "Does Simpson think he might have been already dead when he was stabbed the second time?"

"That seemed to be the implication, and it would account for the lack of blood. Interesting, isn't it?"

"Then it looks like the poison?"

"Looks like it, yes. We'll have to consider it, anyway." He drummed his knuckles on the desk. "But how'd he get out there in his car—that's what I'd like to know." He looked at the list on the desk.

"Get Miss Atkinson. Blimey,

To page 57

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff,
dry scalp and hair dullness



Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

THE ANSWER: Loxene medicated shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, really cleans away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.



4/6 PER BOTTLE,
SUFFICIENT FOR
8 SHAMPOOS

Single treatment bubble, 1/3

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

L1818

Page 55

piping **HOT** and perfect Winter meals



AGEE Pyrex

goes direct from Oven to Table

And isn't your cooking good-looking! Appetizing "hot-from-the-oven" meals that bring cheer to the coldest winter weather... served straight to the plate from a dish of sparkling AGEE PYREX. This famous ovenware is available in all shapes and sizes, for every cooking need and family size. And remember, all AGEE PYREX is guaranteed against breakage in oven use. So make sure you have *all* the Agee Pyrex you need! Available from good stores everywhere!



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Prizewinners in the Agee
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*Choose from 54
individual pieces*

Sparkling clear and colours too—
Coral, Green, Biscuit

Manufactured in Australia
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Primrose, how many times has this bloke been killed?"

She was pale and soft and feminine, infinitely pitiable. She wore black, as though she were in mourning, or it may have been simply her style of dressing. She sat where Swinton indicated, in the chair facing him, her eyes downcast, her hands loosely clasped.

"You're very upset, Miss Atkinson, about Mr. Flecker's death?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him, letting the pause be felt, weighty with sorrow.

"Yes."

"You were fond of him?"

"Very."

Swinton fidgeted with the things on his desk.

"We don't know how he was killed, that's our problem!" he burst out.

She stared at him wildly, the pose forgotten. One hand clutched at her throat. "You mean . . . Haven't you got him, the body? Where is he?"

"Oh, yes, we've got him."

"Then . . . what do you mean?" She got up and stood at the desk, leaning on it with both hands for support, leaning towards Swinton, staring.

"You mean . . . haven't you looked at him?" she cried wildly.

"Oh, yes."

"I don't understand. I stabbed him! I stabbed him!"

She held her head in her hands and swayed and Primrose, very affected, sprang forward to support her. Swinton waved him back.

"Sit down, Miss Atkinson. This is very interesting. Where did you stab him?"

"In the bedroom," she moaned.

Primrose almost giggled and even Swinton had to suppress a smile.

"Where was he, Miss Atkinson, when you stabbed him?"

Was he lying down or standing up, or what?"

"Oh, what does it matter—I went in, he was sitting on the bed. Then he got up."

"And you stabbed him at the base of the throat?"

She said fiercely, "I stabbed him where he stabbed me, in the heart."

"You realise what you're saying, Miss Atkinson?"

"Of course I do. What does it matter now? Everything's over, finished. 'All my life before me.' She laughed bitterly. 'That's what they say. It's all over, done with.' She set her lips and closed her eyes, waiting."

"What did you use to stab him with?"

Her eyes opened wide. "The dagger, of course. Didn't you find it?"

He leaned forward on the

desk and looked at her. "What did you do with the dagger?"

"Why, I . . . I must have dropped it, of course. I didn't remember it till later. What else would I do with it?"

"I'm asking you, Miss Atkinson. Try to think. I know it must be very painful for you."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Primrose again suppressing a smile, and wondered why. "You stabbed him, and then?"

She got up and stood poised, re-enacting the moment. "I stabbed him, and then . . . I was appalled! Oh, I didn't mean to kill him, please believe me! I just wanted to hurt him as he'd hurt me. But as soon as I'd done it, oh, I couldn't bear it! I just dropped the dagger and fled."

"Sit down, Miss Atkinson."

Swinton found the histrionics unnerving. "Where did you get the dagger in the first place?"

"Why, it's mine. It belongs in my belt."

"Will you go and get this belt, Miss Atkinson?"

"Oh, of course, of course," she said warmly, "and please, please understand!" She hurried from the room.

"Phew!" Swinton mopped at his brow. "She talks like a radio serial."

"Well, why not?" Primrose said. "She's an actress; she's very young; she probably hasn't learned to discriminate."

"Oh, she's an actress, is she?"

Primrose shook his head at his superior's ignorance.

"Well, that's two of 'em, so far," Swinton continued, "fighting for position."

"Funny about the dagger."

"Let's forget it for the moment. We'll assume it's the one found in Flecker's luggage! How in the heck did it get there?"

"I've been thinking about that, sir."

"Oh, you have, have you?"

THE door burst open and Pamela came in breathlessly. "Here!" she cried dramatically, coming across and holding the belt out to Swinton.

"It was specially designed for me by a friend. The dagger fits in this sheath and the whole thing hangs on this ornamental chain. You know, Inspector," she added calmly, "I joked about murdering somebody with it, back in April at the other weekend party we had here, when he . . . when I was so upset. And now I've done it."

"What time was it when you went to Flecker's room and stabbed him?"

"Time?" she said vaguely.

"Yes. You must have some idea of the time?"

She seemed irritated that he should press for something so insignificant.

"Let me see. It was when I couldn't get into either of the bathrooms. Cynthia—that's Mrs. French, you know—is going to have another one put in. So I went into his room and stabbed him before I stopped to think."

"At what time?"

"It wasn't very late. I'd undressed . . . I was in my bathrobe, you understand? Soon after six, I should think."

"And you took your dagger with you in case you didn't find a bathroom vacant?"

"No, no, no, of course not. I just had it with me. I was in a turmoil. He'd been . . . I can't tell you how insulting he'd been. I'd thought of the dagger, so I took it out and looked at it, thinking how I'd love to rend him apart. But, of course, I had no intention of doing it. I just happened to slip it into my pocket. Then, when I couldn't get into a bathroom—I was so angry and,

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"Sit down, please, Miss Atkinson. Now then, you saw the note Mr. Flecker left—the note Mr. and Mrs. French found?"

"Yes, I saw it."

"The note said, 'something's happened, couldn't be worse.' D'you think Mr. Flecker was referring to the fact that you'd stabbed him?"

"How could he write a note if he was dead?" she said witheringly.

"Dead?"

"D'you think he might have been already dead when you stabbed him?"

"Dead? He was walking about. He laughed, I told you. He got up off the bed and looked at me, but he was scared stiff, really."

"The light was on?"

"Of course. I put it on."

"You'd been having an affair with Mr. Flecker?"

"An affair, yes." She spoke with the brave cynicism of youth. "We were Paolo and Francesca, he said. But it turned out to be just another affair."

"Miss Atkinson, you said you must have dropped the dagger and you don't remember it till later. What did you do then? Didn't you go back and get it?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I did. It was awful. I had to absolutely force myself. Just imagine coming face to face with a body you killed! I crept along the passage. It was while I was having my bath—that I remembered, I mean. It was agony. I couldn't let myself look at him. I opened the door. I had to put the light on to get the dagger. It wasn't there! It had gone!"

"You're sure he was there?"

She swallowed. "He must have been." She paused. "How could he get up when he was dead?"

"You didn't see him?"

"N-no. Not actually."

"What did you think?"

"Think? I couldn't think. I put the light out and got back to my room."

"What time was this second visit, Miss Atkinson?"

"Oh, I don't know. It was late. I left my bath till late. I didn't have much time to dress. I was relieved, Inspector . . . I thought perhaps I hadn't killed him . . . if he wasn't there, you see . . . yet I knew I had. He must have died . . . sometime . . ."

"Thank you, Miss Atkinson. That will be all for now."

She stood up. "Aren't you going to arrest me?" she asked dramatically.

"Not just now, Miss Atkinson. It's nearly dinner-time."

She burst into wild sobbing. "Oh, William, William! I love him!"

Swinton looked at her thoughtfully.

At five to seven the man arrived from town with the dagger. Swinton told him to stick around in the house; he'd probably be needed.

When they were left alone again Swinton fitted the dagger into the sheath of Pam's belt. It fitted perfectly, and the design of the handle matched the design of the sheath.

"I think she was telling the truth, in her melodramatic way. If she stabbed him at all—if she's not shielding someone, and I don't think she is—she stabbed him and fled, as she said. But how did the dagger get in his luggage and who bound up the wound?"

"Well, sir . . ."

"Not yet, Primrose. Get Simmonds, will you? I'd like to get it over before dinner."

"I'm starving," Primrose grumbled.

Simmonds came in with the scowl that was habitual.

passing his room, his hateful room, I saw red, I literally saw red, I tell you. So I just popped in and stabbed him."

"Didn't he put up any resistance?"

"None. And he laughed."

"How did he look?"

"Awful. He'd had a bad headache—a hangover, brought on by his own hatefulness."

"Might he have been already dead?"

"Dead?"

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"Thank you, Miss Atkinson. That will be all for now."

"Did you like Flecker?"

Swinton began.

"No."

"Did you hate him?"

"Yes."

"Did you kill him?"

"No."

"He harmed you professionally, didn't he?"

"Who told you that?"

"Never mind. I know. Is it true?"

"Yes, it's true." And he poured it all out, his old grievance, William's promise and final betrayal of faith.

"Do you know anything about these threatening notes Flecker received?"

"No."

"D'you know any reason for anyone to kill him?"

Simmonds laughed without mirth. "You kidding?" he asked.

"No. I'm asking you a question."

"Everyone had reason to kill him," he said viciously. "I'm glad somebody did at last."

"At the moment, Mr. Simmonds, we could pick on almost anyone. It's beginning to look like a group murder. Do you own a dagger?"

"Of course I don't."

"Have you seen a dagger lately?"

Simmonds shook his head. "Does anyone here own a dagger, to your knowledge?"

"Steve!" Simmonds breathed. "Of course!"

"What d'you mean?"

"I don't mean anything," he said sullenly.

"You'd better tell me, Mr. Simmonds."

"Flecker cuckolded Steve. We all knew. Steve's gone a bit mad, I think. Acting strangely for some time."

"And he owns a dagger?"

"Lots. All kinds of knives and daggers."

"What were your own movements between 5.30 and 7.45 yesterday?"

"I was in our room till half-past six exactly. I know that for sure, because I was wondering where my wife was and waiting for her to come back. I went and had a bath then, got back in about ten minutes or so. She was back then."

"So you were alone all that time?"

Simmonds started. "Well . . . yes. What difference does it make?"

"It may make all the difference in the world," Swinton said coldly. "Where had your wife been?"

"Oh, I don't know. Nattering somewhere, I suppose. I didn't ask."

"And after that?"

"We stayed in the room."

"I'll see your wife now, Mr. Simmonds. Will you bring her, Primrose, please? Thank you, Mr. Simmonds."

Simmonds stood up. "So he was stabbed, was he?"

"We think he was poisoned," Swinton said impassively, and began writing in his notebook.

Simmonds stared. Swinton ignored him and Primrose stood holding the door open, waiting. Simmonds had nothing to do but make an ignominious departure. He had the vague, discomfiting feeling that they thought he'd tried to incriminate Steve, and that they didn't like him for it. Poison, eh? Why ask him about a dagger? Did they suspect him? There was no chance to speak to Betty, to warn her what to say and what not to say. He watched her accompany Primrose with a feeling of panic.

As for Betty, she was petrified.

"Mrs. Simmonds," he said, "your husband has told me why he hated Flecker. We needn't go over that. Now, how did you spend the time between 5.30 and 7.45 yesterday?"

What had Jack said? If only

she knew. Better tell the truth.

real reason? She'd never consciously thought about it. She'd just tacitly taken it for granted. If she could take it so for granted, couldn't others? Would others have noticed the thing that had shattered Steve's peace of mind, shattered his judgment, unbalanced him until sometimes he'd had no control over what he said; this awful, all-embracing sense of inferiority that had seen its antithesis in William, in everything William did so successfully? Wouldn't they notice the difference now?

She looked at him sharply. He was wearing his relief and happiness at William's death like some gaudy cloak, flaunting it. The fool! Everyone must see it! At this moment he was chattering away to Jack Simmonds—Simmonds whom he didn't like—chattering about his plans, his poetry, some novel he planned to write. "Darling," she called loudly, "it's sweet of you making all this effort when we all feel so miserable, trying to keep our spirits up." She gave a brave little smile. "But we know how upset you are really, Steve. Let's be quieter, shall we?" Her voice held command.

"I don't want to be quiet," Steve shouted. "Why should I? I feel fine."

"Well, I don't, darling. I've got a headache."

"Have another drink. That's what you need."

He got up rather unsteadily and went the rounds with the wine. He stopped by Cynthia and said, "Come on."

"No, thank you, Steve. I don't want any more."

"You used to drink for William." He glared at her and everyone stared at him.

He's bound for damnation: he wants it, she thought. I must talk to him.

Betty rushed words in between them. "What does that Inspector mean," she said, "saying William was killed in a number of ways? How can you be killed in a number of ways?"

"What'd you mean?" Joanna said. "He was poisoned."

Pamela's hand jumped and her bracelets clattered against her plate.

"He was stabbed," she cried hysterically. "They know the dagger that did it."

Steve, who was still hovering about the table, strode along to Pamela and gripped her shoulder.

"What?" he cried, holding her until she winced with the pain. "How did they find it?"

"Break it down, Steve," Bill said calmly. He knocked Steve's hand away.

"They'll find everything," Pamela cried, and ran from the room.

"Now see what you've done!" Cynthia said bitterly.

"This is interesting," Bill said. He and Des were the only ones who hadn't yet been questioned. "Didn't they tell you how it was done?"

"Yes," Joanna said.

"No," Cynthia said.

"This man must have interesting methods," Bill continued. "Don't you all think it would be a good idea to compare notes? They're obviously trying to catch you all out. Let's form our own protection committee. Remember, Des and I know nothing at all. Where did they find the body?"

Steve was staring at Bill, enjoying this new game.

"In his car," he said, "some miles away."

"Why are they concentrating here?"

"They say it couldn't be a roadside job because there are no fingerprints on the car; evidently they've been wiped off."

Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 57

"Did they tell you how he was killed, Steve?"

"No. They said they didn't know yet."

"You, Cynthia?"

"They said they weren't sure."

"And they told you he'd been poisoned, Jo?"

"Yes."

"They told me he'd been poisoned, too," Jack Simmonds said.

"And they told Pam he'd been stabbed."

"And me," Betty said, "don't forget me. They told me he'd been killed in a number of ways."

"I don't get it," Bill said. "It's not very pleasant, is it, Cynthia?"

She shrugged. "I don't trust that Inspector."

"Another thing," Steve said. "The lists. They seem to attach great importance to the threats he got by post."

"What nonsense!" Bill said. "Some kind of stupid joke."

There was a silence. They looked at one another and were uncomfortable. The candles were no longer romantic and beautiful. They were just candles and one was sputtering.

When the maid brought in the coffee she was startled by the pale suspicion on their faces. They waited in silence until she'd gone. Steve offered liqueurs.

"Someone sent the notes," Des said.

"Maybe someone we don't know," Bill said.

"It was one of us," Des said obstinately. "Don't ask me to believe in a coincidence like that, a double coincidence. We had that first list here in April that said 'get rid of William,' then William receives the same thing through the post a number of times, then someone does get rid of him. Don't tell me the mailed notes came from someone quite independent of our little group. I simply don't believe it."

"No, of course not." This was Betty. "Now you put it like that it's obvious it was . . ." she couldn't finish the sentence.

"Has anyone seen these lists? Did they show them to you?" Bill asked.

"Yes," Joanna said. "Des is right. It must have been someone here, because there's another item the same—'see about tickets.'"

"Well, what about the writing—can't they check?"

"They're typewritten," Joanna said.

"Easier still," Bill said competently. "They can always check up on a typewriter."

"Yes," Des said thoughtfully, "but it's possible they may not have access to it, mayn't know where to look. It could be deliberately obscured, a clue like that."

"Oh, all this talk of clues!" Cynthia cried impatiently. "It's all such nonsense. I'm sure it was someone on the road. It's always happening. It's so obvious. He went off in his car, didn't he? How could he have got that distance away if he were dead? Dead men don't drive cars, and we were all upstairs."

A little sigh of relief whispered forlornly among the dead remains of the meal.

"I wonder who rang up?" Cynthia added.

"Rang up? When? Where?" Bill said.

"Last night. That Inspector asked me whether I'd phoned William at his flat. Apparently there were two calls recorded."

"Lots of people might phone him."

"It was somebody from here. Whoever it was said so."

Steve poured another cognac. "It was me, darling. Just checking up to see how the dear fellow was."

"Don't be silly, Steve. It was a woman."

"What time were these phone calls? Did they say?" Des asked.

"Yes, they did," Cynthia replied without interest, "about 9.15 and 11.15 roughly."

Joanna felt Des looking at her. He was remembering her odd behaviour last night, her absences at the times of the phone calls. He knew.

the note, picked up the bag, went downstairs, left the note in the hall and drove away."

"Carefully wiping all fingerprints from the car doors and everywhere else?"

"Well . . ."

"I gather he hasn't been stabbed for the second time in your theory?"

"That must have come after, Inspector. He drove a few miles, felt crook, and drove in among those bushes off the road. Then somebody else came along and stabbed him in the artery."

"What about Mrs. French?"

"She's far too calculating to kill. She's simply protecting him. I'd like to know what that bundle contained that she gave the maid to put in the incinerator. I think I do know."

"I think things look very bad for Mr. French."

"What about Mrs. French?"

"I think you're right about Flecker himself binding the wound, packing the bag with the dagger, and writing the note. It's logical if Simpson's evidence bears it out. But who came in later? That's the crucial question. Someone came in and stabbed him a second time, someone took the body and the bag down to the car and drove it to the place along the road. Someone propped him behind his own steering-wheel, then carefully removed fingerprints. It's nasty, Primrose."

Primrose watched his chief's big hands tearing at the helpless bread roll, and shuddered.

"We've still got Treloar and Baynes to see," Swinton continued. "But I can't see how their evidence can make much difference. They, too, will swear they didn't see the victim after 5.30. They might say they hated him or they liked him—that doesn't matter, either. Everyone hated him except Mrs. Simmonds, who says he was always sweet to her. I don't think that matters, either. She's an ineffectual woman; her husband hated Flecker, so unless she's a complete nitwit she must have hated the situation. I think

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When everything was to hand, covered dishes on a side table, the soup before them, he said, "Now then, I know you're itching to say something, Primrose, aren't you? You've got some theory about how the actress' dagger got in the bag, haven't you? . . . and how the chest wound might have been bound in the towel?"

"Yes, I have," Primrose said excitedly. He was never modest about his ideas and theories, and now spoke with authority as well as respect. "Well, it's this, sir—the chest wound was made while Flecker was still alive because it bled a lot. The other one Simpson's being so cagey about might have been made after he was dead. It looks as though the poison was effective between the two stabblings. Now supposing the victim himself bound up the wound? It's not inconceivable. He felt ghastly, must have, with the headache and the poison at work."

"Then someone stabs him, Miss Atkinson apparently, and rushes out, and he thinks, 'This is over the odds, and in desperation manages to get a towel—there'd be towels in his room—and bind up the wound to stop the bleeding. It was very roughly done—it was obviously done either hurriedly or awkwardly. It seems to me the most feasible explanation.'"

"What about the dagger—it was in his bag, remember."

"I mean that, too. He bound up the wound, thought to himself I must get out of here—that's natural enough, isn't it, with people rushing about with daggers—stuffed some clothes into his bag and the dagger, too. He might have thought he'd inquire about it later, have justice done on the person who stabbed him, particularly if it was Miss Atkinson. He was up and about when she did it, as she said—remember he was tired of her. They'd just had a great blow-off, apparently. Then he wrote

"We'd better transfer Mulligan to kitchen-ware until he gets rid of his cold."

Phillippa had set a small table in the library, gleaming with silver and glass. Swinton waved away the elegant chair she'd placed for him and brought over instead the large leather chair from behind the desk, more suited to his bulk.

"Just bring everything in and leave it, please," he said to the girl. "We don't want to be disturbed. Just some coffee in about half an hour."

"I'll have to bring in the soufflé, sir."

"Yes, all right, all right," he said impatiently, not fully understanding.

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Using DULUX Tube Tinted Colours

Ceiling: Doeskin
3 Walls: Driftwood
Feature Wall: Cactus Green
Window Trim: White

Using DULUX Colour Card Colours

Ceiling: Fiesta Yellow
3 Walls: Frosty Blue
Feature Wall: Suntan
Window Trim: White

FOR A GUN-TOTIN' TEN-YEAR-OLD

Driftwood, Doeskin and Cactus Green!

DULUX	USE ON	DRIES
SUPER-ENAMEL	Anywhere, inside or outside	GLOSSY
One coat SUPER-MATT	Any inside surface or on outside masonry	FLAT
SUPER-SATIN	Anywhere, inside or outside	SATIN
SUPER-LATEX	Any inside surface or on outside masonry	SATIN
HI-GLOSS	All outside surfaces	GLOSSY



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PAINTS

FOR COLOUR

AND QUALITY



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TONIC DURING CONVALESCENCE

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thanks to

Waterbury's Compound

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- Builds resistance to infection
- Enriches the blood
- Replaces mineral losses
- Aids digestion
- Stimulates appetite
- Helps regenerate health and well-being
- Provides material for tissue repair and growth

AVAILABLE ONLY FROM YOUR CHEMIST

Buy the economical family size bottle



Get Well, Stay Well with

Waterbury's Compound

Continuing . . . GOODBYE, SWEET WILLIAM

from page 58

Nothing suspicious; no weapon. "Just as I expected," Swinton said morosely. "I want to see Mrs. Treloar again first, Primrose. Then we'll wedge in Treloar and Baynes before I see Mr. French. I wonder what sort of dinner party they're having?"

"Pretty grim."
"I like that Mrs. Treloar—reminds me of Mary a bit. Not in looks, I know, but the same sort of quality. Don't know what it is. Look, apparently Flecker took something for his headache just before 5.30, just before they all dispersed, and Mrs. Treloar tells us she poisoned him. Query: Who gave him the headache potion?" Primrose came up brightly with the obvious answer, but Swinton didn't seem to be listening.

"There's a trick—a catch somewhere." His voice was glum. "That second knife must have killed him."

"It's quite likely the poison did, Inspector."

"Yes," he said slowly. "It's quite likely the poison did." But he wasn't going to think of the poison, wasn't going to let it stand in his way. His mind was busy—an idea was forming, a very daring idea. The murderer could play tricks, could he? Well, he wasn't the only one. If it would work . . .

If the supernumeraries had left him alone, Swinton was thinking, he'd have died just once. It was ironic. The man they all hated had made his exit, but too many people had helped him on his way. They'd managed between them to obscure the manner of his death, and the Government Medical Officer wasn't yet ready to tell.

That was ironic, too; it placed Swinton himself in a curious position—trapped for the moment in a no man's land between the goodies and the baddies.

THE door opened and Primrose brought in Mrs. Treloar. She was composed, but highly nervous.

Actually Joanna was thinking, this is it. They've proved he died from poisoning and I've confessed. Whatever will Des do without me! She waited for Swinton to speak; after all, it was up to him now.

"When did you give him the poison, Mrs. Treloar? And how?"

She spoke in a monotone. "Just before 5.30 yesterday, before we all went up to our rooms. He had a headache, you know, and I'd been pressing him to take something. The others did, too, playing into my hands." She smiled sadly.

"I said I knew just the thing, and when he finally agreed I came into the house—I had it in my pocket ready—and I got a glass of water and put it in—salts of lemon—with a soluble aspirin tablet. They fizz, you know. Then when I got outside again I dropped in the second aspirin and told him to drink it straight away—you have to drink it while it's effervescent. I may as well tell you that I regretted it immediately, but that doesn't alter the fact that I did it."

"Why did you do it?" She sighed. "I wanted to break away from this circle just because of William, but my husband couldn't see it. He's too nice to believe ill of anyone, and, anyway, he hadn't yet found out what William was saying and doing, and I couldn't bring myself to tell him. I don't think he'd ever have got over it. But it could harm him professionally, it had already done so. But he was fond of Mr.

French—we both are—Des decorated this house, you know," she said proudly.

She paused a moment and Swinton waited.

"He said Des was—well—effeminate," she burst out. "It's a lie, an absolute lie. But just that wouldn't have mattered—it's the damage it could do. William was the sort of man who spread these stories about—he actually took pleasure in it. I didn't want to come here in April—we had quite a tussle about it. Des won because he said Steve would be hurt. But I didn't mind coming this weekend because it was the last of William—he was going away. Then yesterday morning he told us he wasn't going yet, the trip was put off indefinitely."

"That alone wasn't the reason, though. Just before lunch I went for a little walk in the garden, just to get away from all the voices, all the shouting. He followed me. He tried to get fresh. He said wouldn't I like a real man for a husband. I said if he ever said anything like that again I'd kill him with pleasure. Then he went on to tell me how Des had lost a big commission."

"Then I really saw red. I slipped away as soon as I could from lunch and went to my room. I couldn't rest. You can't rest with a red rage boiling inside you. Then I remembered salts of lemon. Mother used to clean things with it, I remembered, and she'd never let us touch it, my sister and me, because she said it was a deadly poison. I thought this might be the sort of house that had it. I got up and looked in the bathrooms, but there wasn't any, so I went down to the pantry and storerooms."

"No one saw me. I found some, labelled. If I hadn't found it I'd have tried something else. The rest was easy, just a matter of hoping his headache would continue and persuading him to take something for it."

"You've very devoted to your husband, Mrs. Treloar. He's a lucky man," Swinton said.

This was the last thing Joanna expected him to say, and it touched her. She burst into tears.

"But it was a terrible decision to make," Swinton continued. "I must have been mad," she sobbed.

"Do you want to change your mind about those telephone calls to Flecker's flat last night, Mrs. Treloar?" he asked.

"Yes. It was me. When Steve said he'd gone I panicked. I thought he knew he'd been poisoned, and, of course, he'd know I did it. I rang to see how he was, to ask him if he'd been to a doctor, and if he hadn't to ask him to get one. I knew I'd have to take what was coming to me, but I didn't want him to die. It was terrible when he wasn't at home. I knew he must have died before he got there."

"You're not a very experienced poisoner, Mrs. Treloar," Swinton pursued. "You told us Flecker was dead before we announced it. By the way, did you notice anything odd about Mr. and Mrs. French when you met them in the hall last night, after they'd been to see if Flecker's car had gone?"

"Odd? I don't think so." She looked puzzled.

"Well, never mind. What about these threats Flecker received—know anything about those?"

"What does it matter?" she cried. "I've told you I did it."

Swinton smiled at her. "Now listen, Mrs. Treloar, I'm not at all sure you killed Flecker."

To be concluded

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 22, 1959

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS
 F9006.—Beginners' pattern for a child's easy-to-make top and panties. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ to 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4060, G.P.O. Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6144, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



F5407

F9006

F5402.—Sheath dress has an unusual buttoned neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material, ½ yd. 36in. contrast material. Price 3/9.

F5402



F5407 — Full-skirted dress has Empire influence in the high-style belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5406

F5406. — Shirtmaker dress has a double-buttoned bodice, fully gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5409

F5409. — Party dress with a deep-plunging back neckline is bow-trimmed in front. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5346. — Long-waisted dress has contrasting trimming on the bodice; the skirt is in wide inverted pleats. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material, ½ yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 989.—DRESS AND JACKET
 The full-skirted dress with its short tied-at-the-back jacket, is obtainable cut out ready to make in crease-resisting cotton. Color choice includes pink-and-white, lilac-and-white, aqua-and-white, coffee-and-white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 57/3; 36 and 38in. bust 59/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 990.—FRESHGREEN AND GUEST TOWELS
 The Freshgreen is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on white and cream Irish linen, or headcloth in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size: 24 x 30in. Price (in linen) 9/6, postage 8d. extra; (in headcloth) 6/9, postage 8d. extra. The guest towels are obtainable clearly traced to embroider on huckaback with a color choice of white, blue, lemon, pink, and nil-green. Size: 15 x 24in. Price 3/3 each, postage 6d. extra; set of three 9/6, postage 1/3 extra.

No. 991.—CUSHION-COVER
 The flower-design cushion-cover is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen or headcloth, with a color choice (in both fabrics) of white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size: 18 x 18in. Price (in linen) 12/9; (in headcloth) 8/9. Postage 1/3 extra.

990

No. 992.—DRESS AND BOLERO
 The dress and matching bolero are obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron poplin. Color choice includes turquoise, buttercup-yellow, spring-lilac, geranium-pink, emerald, pale pink, and mint-green. Sizes: 36 and 38in. bust 32/9; 34 and 36in. bust 34/1. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

991



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 20



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21—APRIL 20.

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a new approach.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21—MAY 20.

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in being a pioneer.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21—JUNE 21.

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday. Luck in the morning.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22—JULY 22.

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Mon., Wednesday. Luck in a good appearance.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23—AUGUST 22.

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in the background.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22.

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in the out-of-doors.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22.

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a new deal.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22.

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in ambition.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20.

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange, still. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck when you need it most.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19.

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, light blue. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in social affairs.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19.

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in short-cuts.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20.

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a wish come true.

★ Every homemaker has moments of discouragement. A new attitude can change this. Hurry through those dishes, make the beds, freshen your lipstick, and start on the creative side which appeals to you. Cooking is a great art with plenty of scope for your imagination. Greet the family with an exciting new recipe; watch your popularity rise.

★ If you are a voluntary worker, get the ball rolling. If you have an original idea worth exploiting, there's pleasure in store, and perhaps a little money as well; a clever novelty could catch on with the public. You may be the first in your neighborhood to grow a rare plant. Some of you start a new fad or pastime which gives pleasure to your friends.

★ The early bird is the successful bargain-hunter. Whether trying to match a ribbon or rent to flat, the forenoon is lucky. It may be fortunate for romance, since a little adventure, not considered important at the time, could lead to a remarkable friendship with marriage not far away. If unattached, you are likely to meet your future life partner.

★ You'll be judged by your appearance rather than on merit. Straggling hair, a spot on your cheek, rundown heels can be costly if applying for a job or anxious to capture the regard of a new boy-friend. Spend extra time and thought on good grooming. Avoid color combinations which are unbecoming. Your happiness may depend on details.

★ Freakish actions attracting unfavorable attention, a too-striking dress, the temptation to be the life of the party will be regretted later. Should you be left out when some of your crowd receive invitations, don't fret. Teenagers find parents disappointing of some of their associates. Don't make an issue of this. You'll have new friends soon.

★ Virgo subjects are never so happy as when out of doors. Chances for getting out are limited in winter, so every opportunity should be taken. Make plans now, organise picnics for the coming months. Keep a record of your past activities, paste those pictures in your album, invite fellow enthusiasts to make suggestions, win support.

★ The set-up is changing. You may resent this, but welcome it. Different things will be expected of you. Coping with the unfamiliar may be trying, yet you gain added experience. Your relations with those around you get off to a fresh start. Some friends drop out of sight; others become more important. Certain problems resolve themselves.

★ Discontent which spurs you on is a friend. Many a Scorpio is talented, intelligent, but lazy, yet your sign loves power, has ability to lead others. If you are stuck near the bottom of the ladder, set to work to improve your position. Study, make friends who have a good education and social background. Choose beneficial pastimes.

★ Struggling with a new gadget which suddenly refuses to function, or a dress pattern which puzzles you, or an urgent task when you have a cake in the oven, rescue come at the last moment. What looked like a tragedy may turn into a good story to tell. More important, a new friendship could evolve through a misadventure.

★ Hostess or guest, organiser or helper, nothing will be done without consulting you, for you are the practical type. Whether it's a family anniversary or a club dance you'll be busy with decorations, supper menus, programmes. Few matters will go astray under your leadership. Be patient with the willing who are inexperienced.

★ There may be an easier, quicker, more efficient way than the one you are using. Modern methods can be superior to tradition. Don't be afraid to experiment. The homemaker who studies her kitchen places equipment where most used. The Aquarian girl, due to smart planning, may rise, breakfast, put all in order in half the usual time.

★ You're the fairy-tale princess this week. If you were a Cinderella you now blossom out in a world eager to please you, make the most of it. Set the stage for a romantic proposal, clinch the business deal which has been hanging fire, or make a bid for promotion, distinction, success. After this, be ready to settle down and work.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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neckline with Kleenex tissues . . . and your collar when combing your hair. Buy Kleenex tissues in the new pretty colours . . . the aqua and pink are so feminine!



Darling . . .

. . . you're much too nice to do such a messy hanky wash

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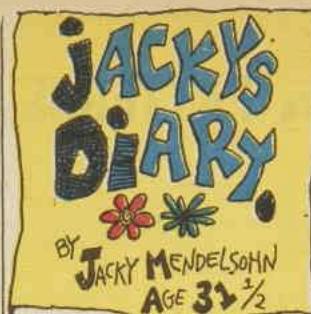
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She was called this cause she all ways wore a red coat which was good for when she went riding.



Except this time she was walking. She was going to visit her Grand Ma who was sick in bed with a basket full of goodies.



While she was walking in the woods, she met a talking wolf who talked & asked her where she was going. So Little Red Riding Good told him.



When the wolf got to the Grand Ma's house he busted down the door & garbled her all up.



Then he put on the Grand Ma's Night-Gown & got into her bed.



Finely Red Riding Good came in. Only her Grand Ma looked real funny. So she said



So then Red Riding Good saw it really was the wolf, so she started into cry the way girls do all the time.



ADD VICE
for **CHILDREN**

Before You Kiss Your Grand Ma, MAKE SURE YOU LOOK at HER TEETH first.

Your Friend **JACKY**.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





Ballet Baby

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- vitality

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Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I was. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They mainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Hood Office.) That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer Rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains.

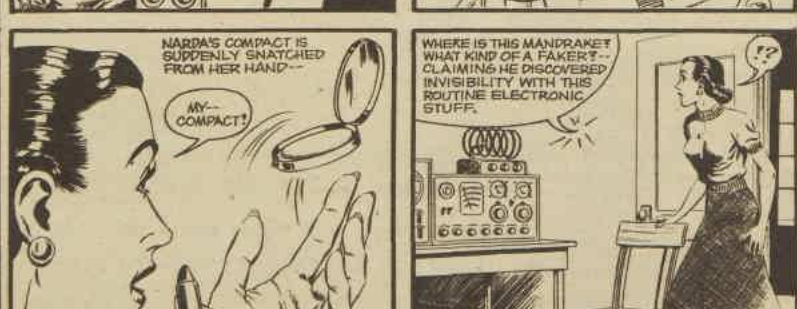
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13/11

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Comb through, set it in curls

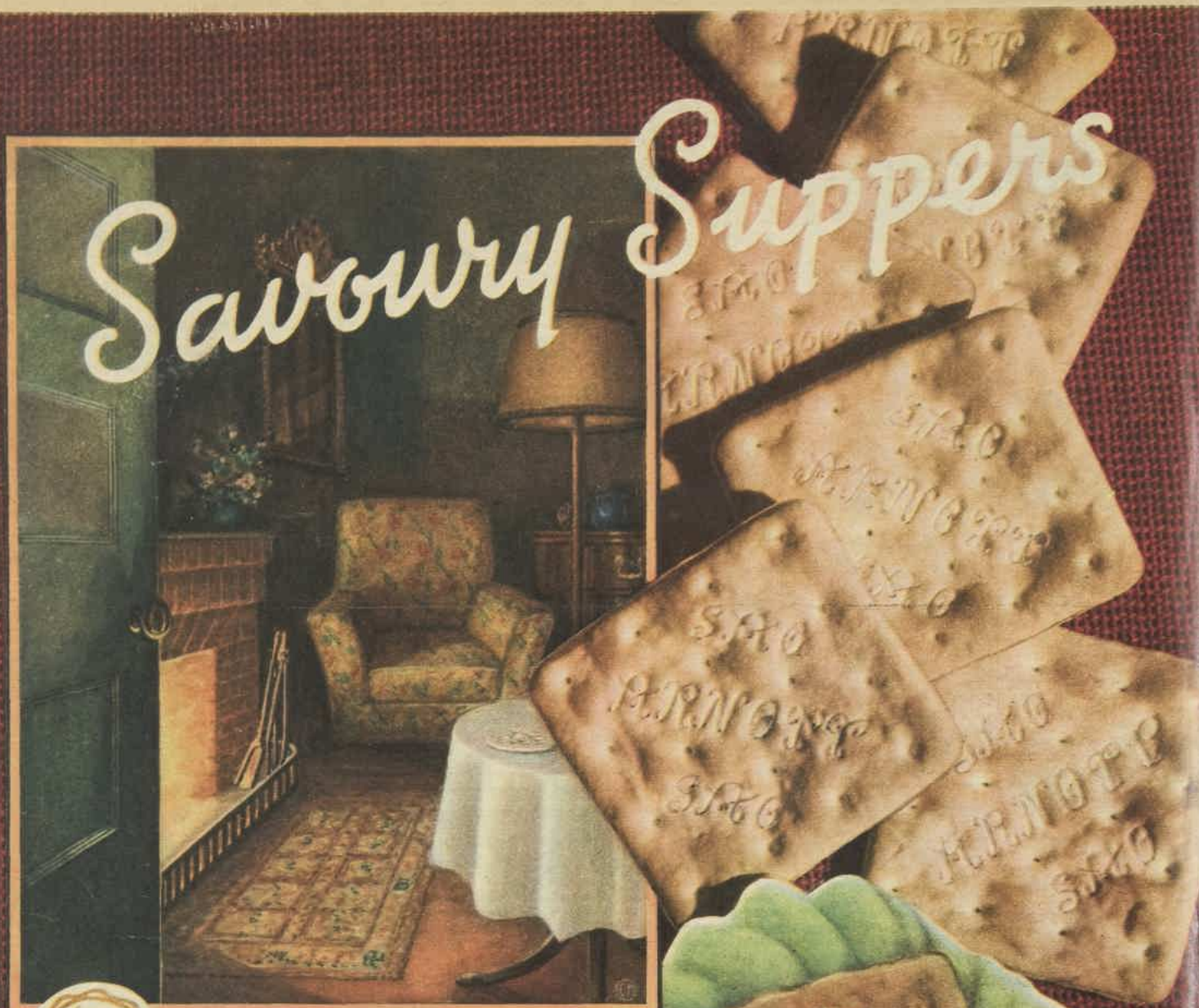


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Turn to Home Plan page for this week's "signature" plan.



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